RECOLLECTIONS

OF

THE LIFE

OF

JOHN O'KEEFFE,

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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RECOLLECTIONS

OF

JOHN O'KEEFFE.

CHAPTER I.

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IN 1781 I went to London; and from the window in the Coffee-house at the Golden-cross,

Charing-cross, saw the state coaches go by to St. James's Palace. It was the 4th of June, the King's birthday. But the success of my pen was now my great object, and I hastened to Soho-square. Mr. Colman was not at home, and I waited about half-an-hour in doubt and anxiety as to the fate of my play, for I had never heard from him on the subject, when he came in, in the highest spirits, was surprised to see me, and, shaking hands with a hearty welcome, said, "Glad to see you; I'm just come from your work, the rehearsal of 'The Dead Alive;' the performers all pleased with their parts, and in tiptop glee." It was acted about a week after, and justified all our hopes. At his request I sold him the copyright for 40*l.*; and received 60*l.* or something better, for my sixth night. The King commanded "The Dead Alive."

My brother Daniel had been settled in London some years (an eminent miniature painter). I took lodgings next door to him in Macclesfield-

street. Again I set to my pen, and in a short time finished my "Agreeable Surprise." This was the last piece I wrote in my own hand, my sight now beginning to decay. I offered it to Mr. Colman, but he was cool; having at that time in rehearsal a two-act piece, called the "Silver Tankard," by Lady Craven, (the Margravine of Anspach): it was very well written, had good songs, and fine music by Dr. Arnold, and was played often.

Though the season was nearly closed, Mr. Colman asked me for my piece, and I gave him my "Agreeable Surprise," which he immediately brought out. A circumstance scarcely credible happened the very morning of the day on which this piece was to be acted. A play-bill, wet from the press, was brought in, and laid upon the table, for Mr. Colman to read and correct; and we were both puzzled how to spell the word "Agreeable." "With one *e*," I said, "thus, *agreable*." "I think so too," he replied; "yet they have put two *ee*'s." Thus

we bandied the word from one to another, spelling it repeatedly, and at last were forced to send up stairs for a dictionary; when the two poets found they were in the wrong, and the compositor in the right. The first night, Dr. Arnold and I were in the box-lobby together, both much pleased with its successful progress. The tumult of laughter grew louder, and we were highly gratified; but when Edwin got up in the window and vociferated, "Stand out of the way, Domine Felix, till Rusty Fusty shoots the Attorney!" the roar of applause was so loud and universal, that both composer and poet stood for a few moments looking at each other in silent consternation. We did not know whether the uproar proceeded from applause or disapprobation: however, we were soon convinced of the former; and, the play over, we were surrounded by the dramatis personæ in full costume, behind the scenes, all joy and congratulations.

Macklin was in the pit the first night, and at

the dropping of the curtain was heard to say, "'The Agreeable Surprise' is the best farce in the English language, except the 'Son-in-law:'" which decision on its merits, coming from the author of "Love à-la-Mode" and "The Man of the World," and an excellent actor himself, did me no harm with his hearers. My brother was also there; but such the fear of our nearest relations for us in untried enterprise, that he, full of grave anxiety, asked a person who sat next to him, "Do you think they will ever let this be done again?"

During the rehearsal of "The Agreeable Surprise," one evening, after the curtain had dropped at the Haymarket Theatre, Dr. Arnold, Captain Topham, M. P. Andrews, and myself, walked to Westminster Bridge, took boat, and crossed to Vauxhall, where I had never been: coming out of the dark, I was really delighted and charmed by the lights, the music, the company, &c.

We saw Vernon there walking about be-

tween one of the acts of the Concert. The Doctor brought him into a dark alley, for him to sing to me a particular comic Irish tune for me to write to. I at once recollected the air, and wrote Lingo's first song to it—

"Of all the pretty flowers," &c.

Mr. Colman bought my copyright for 40*l*., which with my Author's night made about 100*l*. On an average, I received for these three pieces, "The Son-in-law," "The Dead Alive," and "The Agreeable Surprise," Author's profits and copyright included, about 100*l*. each. Had Vernon not been a capital singer, he would have been thought a first-rate actor; I think he was both.

Mr. Colman was ever friendly and attentive to me: constant invitations to Soho-square and Richmond, where I spent many cheerful days, particularly at the latter place. His house was next to the bridge, the gardens sloping down towards the Thames. I had sent over to Ire-

land for my two children, Tottenham and Adelaide. Mr. Colman was very fond of both, and had them frequently to spend whole days with him at Richmond, taking them and me rides in his carriage, and, when in town, to and from the theatre, where we sat with him in his private box, which was on the left hand as you face the stage, and close to the shilling-gallery: the private box on the right hand as you face the stage, and close to the shilling-gallery, belonged to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

Most of the nights to come of the Haymarket short season were fixed for the performers' benefits; but Mr. Colman purchased many of them from the performers, that "The Agreeable Surprise" might not be stopped. The King commanded that and "The Son-in-law;" and no other entertainment had the court and public throughout the evening. These two pieces were thus frequently performed: they took precedence alternately; and often before ten

o'clock the audience were at liberty to walk in the Park, &c. in the summer, well contented with the short dramatic fare with which I had furnished them.

About this period, my pieces made a jovial part of the private theatricals at Winstay. Mr. Colman told me he acted Lingo in "The Agreeable Surprise:" and one night, just ready to step on the stage in high humour, Sir W. W. Wynne, the master and manager, in frolic, snatched off Lingo's highly powdered wig, which, as Mr. Colman said, put him into a lofty passion. Sir Watkin ran away; and Lingo ran after, to demolish him. I received the following note from Dr. Arnold, on the subject of their private plays at Winstay.

"Dr. Arnold presents his compliments to Mr. O'Keeffe, and acquaints him that he has received a letter from Sir Watkin Williams Wynne, in which he is informed Mr. O'Keeffe's little opera of 'The Agreeable Surprise' is to be performed this Christmas at Winstay. And Sir W. W. Wynne begs Dr. Arnold will request the favour of Mr. O'Keeffe to write the words of an air for Compton to sing in the last scene. Dr. Arnold has just seen Mr. Colman, and requests his company on Friday next to dinner."

I often met Bensly at Mr. Colman's, and found him an exceeding well-informed, sensible, man; as an actor he was most correct to his words, and understood his author; his walk was the serious and sentimental, and very well it was for any author to get him into a new piece. At Cork I remember seeing Cautherley in a room, I had some conversation with him, but I never saw him on the stage; he was of a middle stature, well made, polished and refined in his manners.

In Ireland I was very well acquainted with Walker, who was much distinguished in London for his public readings: he was first brought over to Dublin by Barry; his line in the theatre was tragedy, in the second, and sometimes the first rate; he was a fine person, and had a full tone, and correct, clear articulation. Mrs. Walker, his wife, was Miss Miners; her cast, that of Mrs. Clive, in which she was very capital.

I knew Moody well; he was very solicitous

to form a club of the principal actors and dramatic poets, by their giving a dinner in routine at some tavern, which the giver had a right to choose. They enlisted me in this, but my sight was so impaired, and my studies requiring me to husband my health, spirits, and such intellect as I was master of, I never went but once: however, I gave my dinner at Fox's, in Bow-street; it cost me about 10*l*. This gay, witty, and convivial party, called themselves "The Strollers," but I do not think it lasted long; they spoiled it by admitting strangers, which was a damp to their own flow of humour. Part of Moody's Strollers' Club plan was, for the members to attend their festive meetings in dramatic character dresses: this fancy was however over-ruled by some, who thought that the stage alone was the proper spot for such gambols. Moody soon wound up his ball, and ended his days in peace and comparative affluence.

Many years before, a clamorous party rose up

against Garrick and his theatre, for introducing what was called the "Chinese Festivals." Moody stood bluff champion for him, and Garrick's gratitude induced him to be Moody's friend ever after. In 1783, I was sitting in my front parlour at Barnes terrace after my wine, (I had dined alone that day,) my papers on the table, waiting for my amanuensis, who had gone to his dinner in the next parlour, (I was writing Fontainebleau,) when the window was suddenly flung up by somebody on the outside, and a gruff voice said, " Send over the plates." In was thrust a covered plate of turtle : this was Moody, who had dined with a party at an inn near me. Birch, of Cornhill, was one of them, and he had supplied the turtle.

In the autumn of 1781, Thomas Harris, Esq. the proprietor and manager of Covent-garden theatre, sent Mr. Garten, his treasurer, to me, with a wish that I would write an opera for his house. I did not take it up warmly ;

but soon after meeting Mr. Harris by chance in the street, he put the question closely, and got my promise that I would comply with his wish; but not being prepared with any fable to build upon, I took up again one of my own, "The Banditti, or Love's Labyrinth." A few days after this interview, being in a room at the theatre with Mr. Harris and Dr. Arnold, the former said to me, "But, Mr. O'Keeffe, what am I to give you for this opera; your nights, and copyright?" Dr. Arnold instantly said, "Six hundred guineas."—"Well, I will," was the prompt reply; and I stipulated to pay Dr. Arnold for composing it, 50*l.* on the first night, 40*l.* more on the sixth night, and an additional 30*l.*, should it go nine nights, making 120*l.* in the whole; he to have the sale of his music. I have preserved among my papers all the original law-agreements, &c. of this and many of my subsequent pieces. As I could now make my own conditions for the prime of the season, my opera by agreement was not to come out

till February; but, the Covent-garden houses getting slack, Mr. Harris strongly urged me to move my pen nimbly, and let him have it before Christmas. I worked hard, and terrified was I at the voice of the evening muffin-man at three o'clock, at having done no more that day. I lodged at this time in Titchfield-street.

It was this year that Lady Hertford (Lord Hertford was then Lord Chamberlain) asked Mr. Harris to have "The Son-in-law" acted six nights at his theatre; nor was a lady of high rank to be satisfied with his answer that "The Son-in-law" was the property of the Haymarket. Mr. Harris requested me to mention it to Mr. Colman, which I, knowing how ill he would take it, declined. Dr. Arnold, however, ventured to ask; and Mr. Colman very unwillingly complied, urging how unreasonable it was to deprive his little theatre of attraction, when the heat of the weather and empty town required every pull to get an audience at all. "The Son-in-law" filled Covent-garden those

six nights, after which Lady Hertford asked for six nights of "The Agreeable Surprise." This vexed Mr. Colman exceedingly, yet he consented, when two more of "The Agreeable Surprise" were asked; and these two pieces, which had produced to me only 100*l.* each, filled Covent-garden theatre fourteen nights in the dull season, and propped a tragedy. I made no comment; but Mr. Colman regretted to Dr. Arnold, and many of his other friends, that he had not stipulated with Covent-garden for a night for me.

Dr. Arnold and Mr. Colman were that summer at Margate, from whence the Doctor wrote to me very often.

Margate 8th, (no month) 1781.

Dear Sir,

Mr. Colman and I did not arrive at this place till Saturday, the 6th inst. when I got your packets. We have been a great round, and have visited more watering-places in the space of ten days than many people do in ten years —Southampton, Brighthelmstone, Tunbridge-Wells, and Margate. We are well, and Mr. Colman desires to be kindly remembered to you. You say in one of your let-

ters, "you have a thought of stepping on to Margate." I think you cannot do a better thing. A few days in the salt water, may perhaps add to your own *salt*, as it will also to the pleasure of your humble servant. You have not numbered your songs, so that I am at a loss how and in what order they follow each other; pray remedy this in your next. Mrs. Pitt's air, "Saucy Fellow," is far beyond her exertion: if it is not well done, it will have no effect, and she never will do it well for want of musical powers.

You are too modest about the *entrée* of the theatre. Harris's mind is too much taken up to think of trifles: either write to him, or leave your name at the door: you have now an author's right, for, as he has undertaken to perform your opera, 'tis the same in fact as if it was now represented.

I hope my next frank will be well filled: would to heaven you could write closer, and find out better paper, that would bear the ink on both sides; for as your friend Colman says, your hieroglyphics, or Chinese characters, are nearly unintelligible.

Your's most truly,

S. ARNOLD.

Margate, Friday, 19th Sept. 1781.

DEAR SIR,

Yesterday, Thursday, 18th inst. I received your favour, containing the casts and airs in the second act. But the cast does not mention *Sanguino*, for whom you have written a duet in the first act. I have great reason to think by your last, which, by the by, has no date, that you have not received the last I wrote you: perhaps, I di-

rected it wrong. Mr. Jewell, therefore, who is down here, and intends going to London to-morrow, has promised to convey this.

We were in hopes we should have had the pleasure of seeing you at Margate. I am going on with the music; but there are some of the songs I must lay aside until we meet, as the questions I have to ask cannot be answered at the distance we are from each other. I think I shall be in London, unless I alter my plan, by Monday, the 29th inst. Your Opera is very strongly cast. Catley will certainly be of use; although I find she has not succeeded according to expectation in Macheath.—Apropos, I think they are playing the fool with the Beggar's Opera. I fear the Irish tune of "Can thoo Dhelish," is of too great an extent for Leoni's voice; but more of this when we meet. I long to hear the drama, as I am very much at a loss to think how you can write comic characters, that differ from each other, so as to employ Edwin, Quick, and Wilson.*

Mr. Colman wishes your pen a good journey, in which I most cordially join.

Believe me, dear Sir,

Yours most truly,

S. Arnold.

* Pedrillo, Spado, and Don Scipio. Dr. Arnold was at this time putting music to the Banditti.

"The Banditti, or Love's Labyrinth," was now brought out, cast to the strength of the company. The scenes were designed by Richards and painted by Carver. At the top of the play-

bills appeared, " By the Author of the ' Son-in-law,' and ' Agreeable Surprise,' " and the names of Carolan, the Irish bard, and other composers ; and Mr. Harris did intend (what was quite out of rule) to have no afterpiece, he was so perfectly sure of success ; when, to the surprise of every body, and astonishment and dismay of those concerned, it was completely condemned the first night.

The superb scenery and decorations, sweet songs and duets of Mrs. Kennedy and Leoni, the fine Italian Jew singer, one of these to the tune of "Voorneen Deelish Elleen Oge," this beautiful air, " Erin go bra!" at that time only known by its Irish words, were of no saving effect. The audience seemed to take offence at lightning flashing outside of the house through the windows of a dark room, though this at rehearsals was thought a fine preparation for the tempest and horrors of the scene in the forest, when the travellers are astray, and the banditti known to have issued from their cave to attack them.

They also disliked the character of Agnes, a good-natured talkative old nurse, my favourite, with which in writing I had taken the greatest pains. Mr. Richard Brinsley Sheridan, who happened to be sitting by me that night in an upper box, said, "As you see they do not like your old woman, you must contrive to give them as little of her company as you can;" which remark determined me, if I could without hurting the plot, (had the opera gone on) to omit her altogether.

Before the curtain dropped upon my defeat, I slipped out of the theatre, told my servant to call a coach, flung myself into it, and got to my lodgings in Titchfield-street, and in a state of confusion and utter despondency threw myself on my bed. I thought of my poor children, and the pang went to my heart. I was scarcely ten minutes in this situation when a coachman's loud rap was heard at the door, and before John could apprise me of my visitor, in bolted, into the house, up-stairs, and into my

bed-room, Mr. Harris and Dr. Arnold, with a cheering to my sorrow, and a condolence of comfort.

Mr. Harris, with the greatest kindness, took all the cause of the failure on himself; said he had hurried me in the writing; that to serve the theatre I had produced the opera three months before the time agreed upon for its coming out; that he had found my reputation as a dramatic author high with the public, and the temporary hurt it had suffered that night proceeded from my alacrity and industry to accommodate the theatre and oblige him. He generously added that he would keep to the letter of our agreement, and pay me every shilling of the six hundred guineas; requesting I would dismiss all trouble from my mind, and he had not a doubt but I should yet be able, with a few alterations, to render this opera successful and productive. This candid and liberal conduct needs no comment.

The next morning a messenger came from

Mr. Harris. It was an old Irish friend and school-fellow of mine at the Drawing Academy, who turned out from his waistcoat pockets one hundred guineas on the table, sent me by Mr. Harris, with a desire that I would draw without scruple on Garten, his treasurer, for such sums as I might occasionally want. My spirits were raised by this morning visit, and the kindness of Mr. Harris spurred me to activity. In about three weeks I re-wrote the opera, the parts were distributed, and a rehearsal called; but, alas! the performers, one and all, declared that in its new state it stood a fairer chance of condemnation than before: the parts therefore were again called in; and Mr. Harris, in the kindest and most friendly manner, insisted that I should perplex myself no more about it, but take the whole summer, and he was sure I could bring it round for his next winter. For better air and park-walks I took lodgings at Knightsbridge, where Mr. Harris often called upon me; and at his house I occasionally met several worthy

patrons of the drama,—Mr. Palmer of Bath, Mr. Dives, &c.

The first time of my venturing into a theatre after my defeat, Miss Catley accosted me from a front row in the lower boxes, loud enough, as I was many rows back, to be heard by all and every body, "So, O'Keeffe, you had a piece d—d the other night. I'm glad of it—the devil mend you for writing an opera without bringing me into it." On my second attempt, therefore, I wrote the character of a Lady Abbess for her, with a song and chorus of Nuns, to the tune of Stony Batter—so that, upon reflection, the unfavourable judgments of the performers on this my second attempt shielded me from additional mortification. A few minutes after Miss Catley had thus accosted me, Leoni entered the box, with a lady leaning on his arm. Miss Catley, catching his eye, called out, "How do you do, Leoni? I hear you're married,—is that your wife? bid her stand up till I see her." Leoni, abashed, whispered the lady, who with

good-humoured compliance stood up. Catley, after surveying her a little, said, "Ha! very well indeed. I like your choice." The audience around seemed more diverted with this scene in the boxes than that on the stage, as Miss Catley and her oddities were well known to all. She was one of the most beautiful women I ever saw: the expression of her eyes, and the smiles and dimples that played round her lips and cheeks, enchanting. She was eccentric, but had an excellent heart.

In 1781 I passed some evenings in company with Baretti and Zoffani, in the back parlour of the Orange coffee-house, the corner of the Haymarket, which room was reserved for select company. I had long before read Baretti's Travels in Spain. The result of his trial in London was an honour to the English jury, and gave me a higher veneration for the memory of the Irish-educated Alfred the Great, who had founded in England the Trial by Jury. Baretti was an agreeable, good-natured man, and, I am

sure, of a humane disposition—large fine person—concave, smiling Italian face. Zoffani was also an agreeable companion. I had previously much admired two fine paintings of his at Mr. Colman's house, Soho-square; scenes from Foote's "Mayor of Garrat" and "Devil on two Sticks." To this parlour at the Orange Coffee-house I was introduced by Dr. Arnold.

My health now got ill, from anxiety and labour of hard study, and I called in Dr. H. Saunders, who lived near Spring Gardens. He was one of the most eminent physicians of the day, and recommended to me by Mr. Colman. The doctor advised me to go to Margate, whither I went with my brother and my little son Tottenham, having placed my other child Adelaide at Mrs. Reubell's boarding-school, in Lincoln's-Inn Fields.

At Margate I ventured a daily swim; and that and the air soon brought my health round. Mr. Harris came also to Margate, and was happy to find me well enough to be at the pen

again. Having finished my opera to my own satisfaction, I laid it by for the ensuing season; and to fill up the interim and oblige Mr. Harris, (for I had no great ambition myself as to pantomimes,) I wrote a harlequinade for Covent-Garden, with dialogue, recitative, and songs, for the December following, and called it "Lord Mayor's Day, or a Flight from Lapland:" this was afterwards performed on Lord Mayor's Day with great success, and ran forty nights the first season. The whole strength of the comic performers acted in it,—Edwin, Wilson, Wewitzer, Brett, Robert Mahon in an Irish character, Mrs. Webb, Mrs. Martyr, &c. I wrote the parts expressly for the talents of each. The scenery was splendid and correct; during its preparations Mr. Harris and I passed a whole morning in the Tower, among armouries, warders, and horse-mounted kings. I had a good sum for it.

The late King commanded it three nights. This was the first piece of mine to which Shield

set music, and it was very beautiful. In the Lapland scene I exemplified the Pythagorean Metempsychosis by the rein-deer and magician.

Whilst at Margate, having still some leisure, I employed it on the plot of my first youthful attempt at the drama, "The She Gallant," to which I added songs, and, having made many alterations, called it "The Positive Man." Under this new title I brought it out the same season at Covent-Garden with very great success. Not knowing what to do with Mrs. Kennedy, and yet wishing to have her voice in an opera, I made a sailor of her, and wrote "Poll of Plymouth" for her to sing at a table, round which were assembled many jolly tars. I wrote also "Cupid's Drum," for Mrs. Martyr in Cornelia, both which were composed by Michael Arne admirably. These two songs sold well, which made me truly happy, as I greatly admired his talents.* He had before

* A Note from Mr. Michael Arne :—

"Mr. Arne's compliments to Mr. O'Keeffe, requests

this set a song of mine to music for Fatima in Cymon, which Garrick introduced into that piece of his, without knowing any thing of me; and to my surprise I heard it sung at Drury-Lane in 1778. I had written Rupee, in "The Positive Man," for William Lewis, but he kept out of afterpieces as much as he could; and it fell to Edwin, who gave Rupee's by-word of "Apropos!" with great comic effect. Lee Lewes and Fearon distinguished themselves in Tom Grog and Sam Stern, which scene, Mr. Colman declared, was the best sailor-scene on the English stage; and he was no bad judge of such affairs. It became such a favourite, that as soon as Lee Lewes and Fearon were seen coming on, a general peal of applause was given by the audience, which was succeeded by the greatest silence and attention.

As some of my works are now out of print,

he will send him all the verses that belong to the songs (*for the "Positive Man"*), as Mr. Arne always regulates both song and accompaniments, by considering the whole verses together.

and this play is seldom, if ever, acted; it may be amusing to my readers to peruse this scene, which, I may repeat without much boast, was the delight of the audience. I give it as a sample of my character-writing.

PART OF THE FIRST SCENE IN ACT FIRST OF THE POSITIVE MAN.

Grog. (*Lee Lewes*) Now must I cruise in the channel of Charing-Cross to look out for this lubber that affronted me aboard the Dreadnought.—I heard he put in at the Admiralty—Hold, is Rupee gone? if he thought I went to fight, mayhap he'd bring the master-at-arms upon me, and have me in the bilboes. Smite my timbers! there goes the enemy!

Enter STERN (*Fearon*), *crossing.*

I'll hail him—Yo! ho!—

Stern.—What cheer?

Grog.—You're Sam Stern.

Stern.—Yes.

Grog.—Do you remember me?

Stern.—Remember! Yes; though you're rich now, you're still Tom Grog.

Grog.—You affronted me aboard the Dreadnought; the Spaniards were then in view, and I didn't think it time to resent private quarrels when it is our duty to thrash the enemies of our country; but, Sam Stern, you are the man that affronted Tom Grog.

Stern.—Mayhap so.

Grog.—Mayhap you'll fight me?

Stern.—I will—when, and where?

Grog.—The *where* is here, the *when* is now; and slap's the word;—*(lays his hand on his hanger)*—But hold, we must steer off the open sea into some creek.

Stern—But I've neither cutlash nor pistols.

Grog.—I saw a handsome cutlash, and a pretty pair of barking irons in a pawnbroker's window; come, it lies in our way to the War Office.

Stern.—I should like to touch at the *Victualling* Office in our voyage.

Grog.—Why, han't you dined?

Stern.—I've none to eat.

Grog.—A seaman in England without a dinner! that's hard, damned hard! there's money—pay me when you can *(gives a handful of money)*.

Stern.—How much?

Grog.—I don't know—get your dinner—buy the arms—meet me in two hours at Deptford, and, shiver me like a biscuit, if I don't blow your head off.

Stern.—Then I can't pay you your money.

Grog.—True; but mayhap you may take off mine; and if so, I shall have no occasion for it.

Stern.—Right, I forgot that *(wipes his eyes with his sleeve)*.

Grog.—What do you snivel for?

Stern.—What a dog am I to use a man ill, and now be obliged to him for a meal's meat.

Grog.—Then you own you've used me ill. Ask my pardon.

Stern.—I'll be damned if I do.

Grog.—Then take it without asking. You 're cursed saucy, but you 're a good seaman: and heark'ye Sam, the brave man, though he scorns the fear of punishment, is always afraid to deserve it—Come, when you 've stowed your bread-room, a bowl of punch shall again set friendship afloat *(shakes hands)*.

Stern.—Oh, I 'm a lubber!

Grog.—Avast! Swab the spray from your bows! poor fellow! don't heed, my soul: whilst you 've the heart of a lion, never be ashamed of the feelings of a man.

This was a very favourite scene with their late Majesties.

Moody once told me that my song of "Poll of Plymouth" was the best song ever written in favour of the poor English Sailor: Mr. Colman thought so too.

Mr. Colman was, indeed, a man of strict probity; and always spoke what he thought. I remember, in one of our conversations I reminded him of something by saying,—"You said so;" he hastily answered,—"Well, if I said so, it was so." This was the full and prompt declaration of a man that, from the perfect knowledge of his own mind, was convinced he was incapable of speaking an untruth.

Whilst I was writing the songs for my "Siege of Curzola," in one of them I got myself into a kind of a simile upon the qualities of *Man* and the structure of a *Castle.* When I showed this song to Mr. Colman, who brought out the opera for me at the Haymarket, he read it over several times, silently, and patiently; and at last threw it on the table, exclaiming, it might be a very fine song, if I could understand it; but you have jumbled your tropes and figures so confoundedly, that the deuce is in it if I can make out whether you mean a man or a castle. And yet, to his translation of Terence, he prefixed a motto from one of my songs in "The Castle of Andalusia."

The point in choosing this motto was very good: that the translator has only to follow the master, the original Poet, through thick and thin, nor ever presume to deviate by choosing his own by-path.

"A master I have, and I am his man"—

A few days after the failure of "The Banditti" I was at his house, with Dr. Arnold and others, when the Doctor remarked that the opera had been cut too much. Colman with great quickness said, "Ah! but who was the cutter?" and looking up at me, with a laugh and a chuckle, added, "Eh, O'Keeffe! not the Cutter of Coleman-street." This is the title of one of Abraham Cowley's plays.

One day talking to him of the wondrous fine and sublime objects of the Lake of Killarney (where, by the by, I had never been), we mentioned the Turk Mountain, Thomish, Glenna, the Gardens of Muccruss, the Eagle's Nest, and Colman's Eye. On my remarking that the latter was a stupendous mountain, with a large hole in it, through which you might throw a church, and being named after Colman, an ancient giant, was called Colman's Eye: "Ay," said he, "that giant was an ancestor of mine:" and actually he seemed to pride himself in his Irish descent. But as to the gigantic stature of his ancestors, I

had a very imperfect guess at that, he himself being, though compact and neatly made, of very small size. His face was very handsome: I always thought the portrait of him by Gainsborough a most excellent likeness; I was also much pleased with a picture of him painted in Italy, where he was born. The whole-length figure of his nurse, sitting with a smiling and benignant countenance, dressing up a little hat and feather for the child, who, in petticoats, stands at her knee. It is a fine picture, but I do not know the painter; I saw it at the house of his son, George Colman the younger, in Piccadilly.

When I had had enough of Margate breezes, I returned to town with my brother and little boy. I had now finished my opera to my own mind, and called it "The Castle of Andalusia." Mr. Harris purposely engaged for it Signora Sestini, who had been the first comic singer of the Italian opera; and I matched her with Italian music of the most perfect kind, and

good broken English. To be near the Park and cow's-milk, I took lodgings in Spring Gardens. I hired a piano, and Dr. Arnold used to come and note down from my voice such airs as I myself chose to introduce, with his accompaniments, into my new opera. One morning he had played to me a beautiful Italian air to write words to for Lorenza. On his going away, the maid-servant of the house told me the gentleman who lodged up-stairs over my head would be glad to speak to me. I returned my compliments, and would be happy to see the gentleman. An elderly man, tall, and elegant-looking, in night-gown and slippers, came into my room, and said the air he had just heard played was his original composition; and added with much good-humour, that, as he understood I was a dramatic poet bringing out a new opera, I was very welcome to the air, and that, if I chose, I should have another of his, but that he hoped he might be allowed to publish them for his own emolument. Much

surprised, I asked the gentleman his name. He replied Giordani. This pleased me greatly, as many years before I remembered him and his Italian opera-party in Dublin: but being then a younker, and my pursuits falling upon the study of drawing and painting, I had not the slightest acquaintance with him. On afterwards communicating the circumstances of this interview to Dr. Arnold, he, with the disinterested frankness that was natural to him, cheerfully consented to allow Giordani the sale of his two airs, with my words and his own accompaniments. The first air is that beginning, "Heart-beating Repeating," the rival air of Giordini's celebrated "Di mi Amor;" and the second is "If my heart surrender."

A brother of Signor Giordani was with him when in Dublin: he was a first-rate dancer. They had their Italian opera at the Smock-alley Theatre; and soon after the opening, Giordani, the fine dancer, who could not speak English, came to the pit-door, and, as he had been made

free of the house, expected to be admitted to sit and see the play. The door-keeper, not knowing him, refused to let him in; at the same time people were entering, paying their money, &c. Giordani suddenly hit upon this expedient: stepping back, he gave a spring and caper in the first style of his graceful and elegant talent. The door-keeper immediately knew who he was, and with a low bow admitted him into the pit. This fine dancer, Giordani, was also a fine skaiter. He skaited a mile in a minute; and, on one leg only, faster than the most expert could upon two. He had a string stretched about four feet high from the ice, and in his full course used to go fairly over it. When he had his benefit at the theatre, he put in his bill that he would skait on the stage; and thus he managed it: he had a number of grooves made, and gliding through these, with his great proficiency in his dancing art, displayed all the attitudes of skaiting to the perfect delight of the spectators.

My countryman Mr. Thomas Carter was the composer of the beautiful air of "Oh, Nanny, wilt thou gang with me;" and M. P. Andrews's hunting-song, of "Ye sportsmen give ear;" and another air, which Miss Wewitzer sung in Rosetta, in "Love in a Village," which from her manner, was the greatest favourite of any song I ever heard sung upon the stage—the words are "Cease, gay seducers"—but Carter's is not the original air that came out in "Love in a Village." She only played in Dublin.

At one of the rehearsals of "The Castle of Andalusia," Carter pressed me to bring him in to hear the music:—this being out of rule, I refused, until he promised to keep in the dark behind the scenes. In the middle of the rehearsal I felt a tap on the shoulder; I turned, and there stood Carter in full sight, in the stage-box close behind me. Before I could express my surprise and vexation, he whispered—"O'Keeffe, introduce me to Harris;" at the

same time throwing his leg over the box, he jumped on the stage, and began to direct the band, applauding, grimacing, shutting his ears, and running backwards and forwards along the whole front of the orchestra—it being a rehearsal full band. "That horn too sharp—very well, oboe—that passage again—piano Mr. Tenor—bravo Crescendo! Ha, very well!" I was mortified and confounded, and soon after missed Dr. Arnold, who had previous to this been, as usual, diligently attending his duty with the band. All alarm, I crossed the stage to where Mr. Harris stood, at the opposite stage-box, and remarked, "Why, Dr. Arnold is gone!"—"To be sure," replied he coolly, "when you bring in Mr. Carter to direct his music." This gave me a lesson never to bring in either Tom Carter, or any other acquaintance, composer, or discomposer, behind the scenes.

Carter had been brought up in the choir of Christ Church Cathedral, Dublin, and was

organist to Werburgh Church. Any music he had never seen before, placed before him, upside down, he played it off on the harpsichord.

Wilde prompted all my pieces at Covent Garden Theatre. He was remarkable for going through his arduous tasks without seeming to be doing any thing. In person he was very fine, but broke his leg by a fall out of a chaise. "The Castle of Andalusia" was his favourite of all my plays. This was William Lewis's first season as acting manager, (in these latter times called stage manager,) and this opera of mine was the first piece brought out by him in that capacity: it did him great credit. He was ever friendly to me, as from actor to author; and judicious and most active in his endeavours for his manager. The scenes for "The Castle of Andalusia" were by Carver, a native of Dublin: the first scenes for Crow-street and Cork theatres were by him. An old scene of his painting remained in the Dublin theatre (Crow-street), which the carpenters pre-

served as a relic; so that, while they could wield a hatchet or handsaw, no painter dared touch it with his brush. Carver was at this time old and ailing, and Mr. Harris paid him a guinea for every day he was able or inclined to paint. As a landscape-painter, in England, he was of the first rank. The mode of the theatre is this: a copy of the drama is put into the hands of the artist who is to plan the scenes (Richards, an R. A. highly distinguished, had the office at this time); he considers upon it, makes models in card-paper, and gives his orders to the painters. The author is often brought into the scene-room to give his opinion on the progress of their work. The wardrobe-keepers, having also their copy of the play, produce the dresses of each character to the author. After this, the several performers when dressed, before the curtain goes up on the first night, make their appearance before the author, to obtain his approbation. Thus the *London* stage is the source and fountain of the English drama.

At length the important night arrived, and "The Castle of Andalusia" was performed for the first time. I was afraid to be there myself, but its success was decisive. It was acted thirty-eight nights the first season, the King commanded it, and I was again, in the opinion of the public, my friends, and myself, a very clever fellow. Dr. Arnold sold his music well, and well he earned his profits.

Daly, the Dublin manager, sent me a letter of congratulation, and an offer of 100*l.* for a copy, which I sent him by the fair songstress, Mrs. Billington, who was going to Ireland, and, at the request of Daly, called on me for that purpose. I also sent him the models of the scenery done and painted most accurately on card paper by little Harry Hodgins, who had been pupil to Carver, and was at this time one of the scene-painters at Covent-garden. I offered Hodgins a recompense, but he refused it. I remembered him in Dublin a boy, from whence he was brought to London by Carver.

His celerity in painting was wonderful: he could, by a knack peculiarly his own, paint a whole flat scene in a day.

Daly sent me the 100*l.* for a copy of my opera, and very handsomely sent Mr. Harris another 100*l.*

Extract from Mr. Richard Daly's letter to me on this occasion.

"*Dublin, Jan.* 12*th*, 1782.

"DEAR SIR,

"I have the happiness to inform you, that last night your opera of 'The Castle of Andalusia' was performed at Smock-alley, and never was there in any kingdom a piece so well received. The house was in a roar of applause during the whole, and continued so for many minutes after the falling of the curtain. It was given out for the next night, and an universal peal of approbation was given to your name. I spared no expense in the scenery and dresses, which are beyond description beautiful and picturesque, &c. &c.

"A very severe cold prevented Mrs. Daly the happiness of playing Lorenza. Lord M—— wrote an admirable epilogue for her, which she would have spoken, but for the above reason; Miss Jarrat played the part at a very short notice, and sung the songs with great applause. Pedrillo and Spado were capitally performed by Ryder and O'Reilly. In short, my dear Sir, I will venture to

affirm, that even *yourself* would be much pleased with the whole representation. Let me know what you mean to gratify the town with next, &c. &c.

"RICHARD DALY."

I remember Richard Daly a fellow-commoner in Trinity College, Dublin; he was of good family in the province of Connaught; but, when at College, was so given to commotion, that he was the terror of all public places. In the year 1772 I was in the green-room of Smock-alley theatre, when Daly, at the head of a college party, forced his way into the house at the stage-door, beat the door-keepers, and dashed into the green-room. Miss Pope (the celebrated actress, and of a most estimable private character,) was there, having come over from London to play a few nights. Under the impression of every outrage from the wild Irish, she was greatly terrified, when, for the honour of our Green Island, I brushed up my bit of Milesian valour, desired her to take my arm,

and with my sheathed sword in my hand (all wore swords in those days) I led her through the riotous group. They looked surprised, but made a lane for us, and gave no opposition. I saw the fair lady to her chair, and walked by her side to the door of her lodgings, where she thanked me for my knight-errantry. What renders the above circumstance remarkable is, that this very dread and disturber of all theatres was, as is shown above, afterwards himself an actor and manager of this very theatre of Smock-alley. I was very intimate with him, and found him a man of great humanity, and a zealous friend. He married the widow of a Mr. Lister, a man of fortune: her maiden name was Barsanti, a fine comic actress. Her father was an Italian, and translator to the Italian Operas in London. Mrs. Daly was capital in all Mrs. Abingdon's parts. I saw her play Arionelli in "The Son-in-law," and it being her fixed determination never to appear in

man's clothes, she dressed the character in the Eastern style, as Arbaces, in "Artaxerxes," which I first saw in 1762.

During the first season of "The Castle of Andalusia," Daly came over to London, and, eager to see it acted at Covent-garden theatre, he dined with me, and we went together to the upper boxes: the house was full.

He was naturally of an ardent and impatient character; but now, during the representation, he was so full of the subject, and his own cleverness as manager, that, according as the different characters came on and off, he said to me with great vehemence, "Why, O'Keeffe, instead of P. S. I make my fellow come on O. P.; and why does that Alphonso go off at the side-door? I make my fellow go off at the centre-door. That Victoria very beautiful; a lovely creature, but not so simply dressed as my Victoria. Now I make my fellow drop on his knees to her. Lorenza in fine voice! your Pedrillo does not kick off his slipper! now I

make my fellow kick off his." And thus the inspired manager, without giving himself the trouble to remember the names of his several actors, went on with "my fellow," and "my fellow," to the end of the opera. The persons near us were much diverted with this box-scene. Daly and I spent a pleasant day together at my abode; and, the next day, I dined with him at his lodgings, in one of the streets going out of the Strand, near the river: there was Mrs. Daly, Miss Daly their daughter, Dawson, Middleton the actor, Billington, and Mr. John Taylor, of Hatton-garden, my good and ingenious friend, who has so often obliged me by writing a prologue and an epilogue for my pieces. All, except the last-mentioned gentleman, are dead and gone.

In 1762 I had seen the Cherokees, then in London; they wore their own dress, and were objects of great curiosity. In 1782 more Cherokees came over from America, on a visit to England: the latter were not so wild in their appear-

ance as the former; they were accompanied by an Englishman, who had long resided among them, (and on this circumstance, some years after, I partly founded my two-act piece of "The Basket-Maker.") The Cherokees of 1782 were brought to a morning rehearsal at Covent-Garden: to show them the nature of the mechanism of the stage, they were let down one of the traps. They expressed neither surprise nor alarm, but with calm steady visages went down, and were again raised on the trap; they stepped on the firm part of the stage with dignity and composure. I stood close to them, and paid particular attention to the Cherokee-Englishman, whose name was Bowles: he was in the full Cherokee dress, and not to be distinguished from a native. I was told he had been the chief means of introducing civilization and Christian benevolence among them. He is my King Simon in "The Basket-Maker."

I partly constructed an entertainment of ac-

tion, song, and dialogue, for the Haymarket theatre, called "Harlequin Teague; or, the Giant's Causeway." Mr. Colman asked me to join him in the doing of this, from his conviction that I must be better qualified than any body else, from my knowledge of the localities of my beautiful, green, and native sod. I made Charles Bannister sing a duet as a giant with two heads: one side of him was dressed as a fine gentleman, the other side a hunting squire. This two-headed giant of mine, as to blunder, might be somewhat in the Irish way. I had worked up a scene in the Teague dialect pretty highly; a part was performed by William Egan. Our pantomime did very well, and I made Mr. Colman a present of my share in it, which he returned some time after by giving me, unasked, a night at the Haymarket. At the top of the play-bills appeared these words—"For Mr. O'Keeffe, Author of 'The Son-in-Law' and 'Agreeable Surprise,' in considera-

tion of the very great advantages derived from them to this theatre." This friendly and handsome gift brought me a good 100*l.*

To oblige Signora Sestini, I made a sort of translation of "La Serva Padrona," in which she had been distinguished at the Italian opera; I called mine "The Servant Mistress," and it came out at the Haymarket for her benefit. I had nothing for it, but was happy to be of service to Sestini, who was so inimitable in Lorenza, in my "Castle of Andalusia." I know nothing of what became of the copy of this piece.

I dined and passed an evening in company with Rauzzini, the fine Italian composer, (about the year 1783,) at Parsloe's Club-house, St. James's-street. I was brought by my friend Mr. Paul, of Bath, a great musical amateur: he urged Miss Wheeler (Mrs. Parsloe's daughter) to try her talent on the stage, and she succeeded capitally. She acted Celia in my opera of "Fontainebleau:" her grand bravura song,

"Search the wide Creation round," I wrote, and Shield composed, purposely for her. Rauzzini was her master: he sung that evening some Italian songs in fine style.

In 1783 I brought out my little opera of "The Shamrock" for William Lewis's benefit, having chosen the subject from a wish of contributing my small share of honours to the installation of the Order of St. Patrick, at this period founded under the auspices of Lord Temple, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.—The piece was made up of Irish characters and customs, pipers, and fairies, foot-ball players, and gay hurlers.

I chose the airs (Irish) myself, and it was a pleasing performance. Little Miss Morris did the principal fairy (Fairy Frank). Wroughton afterwards took it for his benefit.

His royal highness Prince Edward (afterwards Duke of Kent) being a Knight of St. Patrick, and as I had written "The Shamrock," founding it on the first installation of that illus-

trious Order, I wished to dedicate it to him. I applied to his governor, who very kindly asked his Majesty's permission. The King said he would have no objection, had his son been older, but remarked, that Prince Edward was a boy too young to receive a dedication. Fifteen years after I had the honour of a long and very handsome letter from the Duke, written with his own hand, from Halifax, Nova Scotia, on his being applied to for his name as a subscriber to the publication of the four volumes of my dramatic works. This was in the year 1798.

I soon after went to reside at Acton, where I had a good garden to my house, a number of walks, and at one corner an arbour, with a large marble table in it, where John, my amanuensis, sat with papers and "pen and ink-horn" before him, whilst I, walking among my flowers and shrubs and fruit-trees, (Thalia was aided and cheered by Flora and Pomona,) dictated to him in a loud voice, never considering who might hear me from the adjoining houses, roads, and

gardens, and the acres of pea-fields that stretched behind the house over to Turnham Green. John went on with his double employment of eating the fruit in my garden and writing what I dictated, and finished the copy of what I intended for an opera; but on showing it to Mr. Colman, and mentioning my musical purpose, "Opera," he said, "it is a good five-act comedy; if you will let me have it, I will bring it out this summer." I gave it to him. This was "The Young Quaker." It was acted, July, 1783. I did not go to see it the first night, but sent my servant to bring me back the result. I stayed at home, passing the time anxiously enough. As soon as the curtain dropped, Mr. Colman packed off John to me at Acton with the joyful news of its complete success. I ventured to town a few nights after to please myself, as I thought I had some right to share in the amusement I had given to the public, and was indeed gratified by Edwin's Clod, John Palmer's Reuben Sadboy, Parsons's Chronicle,

Wewitzer's Shadrach Boaz, and Miss Frodsham's Dinah Primrose. This was her first appearance in London, and most graceful, modest, and interesting she was in my beautiful Quakeress.

The first night there was throughout the play only a single hiss, and that only from one person: this was at Edwin in Clod, stopping at a table to drink a glass of wine. Edwin said to me the next day, "Never introduce drinking into a piece that comes out in the summer theatre; for in the gallery they are so confoundedly squeezed, and hot, and parched, that last night a great thirsty fellow envied seeing me alone in a large room with a bumper of cooling wine at my grasp."

I received my third, sixth, and ninth author's nights, and Mr. Colman purchased the copyright from me; and when Daly afterwards sent me 50*l.* for a copy, Mr. Colman consented I should accept it, expressing in a handsome letter his pleasure at any occasion of making a return to me for the great advantages

he said his theatre had derived from my productions, the profits of his small house being so inadequate to the recompense I deserved. The King commanded "The Young Quaker."

William Lewis was always very desirous to act Reuben Sadboy, but as the comedy belonged to the Haymarket Theatre, this was unattainable; however, at his earnest request, I asked Mr. Colman's consent, but it was refused; this being one of my five Haymarket pieces locked up in MS. One motive for Lewis wishing to act this part above all others, was, his remembering our merry bouts at Mac Manus's, and the Nob at the Turk's-head, Limerick, with the very spirited Quaker I had in recollection when I wrote the character of Sadboy. So much at the high-go was he at all wild gambols, that we called him the mad lad; and really my Reuben Sadboy, with all his capers, is a quiet, civil youth, compared to the said mad Reuben. Daniel Considine's parlour was a place of pleasant resort for us; the house was on the quay of Lim-

erick; one night when Reuben was of our party there, he got, as some of the company thought, noisy and troublesome, and most of us wished that he was at home. One of them being a good ventriloquist, and also an excellent mimic, hit upon a method to get clear of him; he counterfeited the voice of a man, who, a few days before, had had some words with Reuben in a Coffee-house, and contrived by his art to make the voice seem as if it was outside the house; Reuben listened, and heard exclamations of "A stupid Quaker! a ridiculous Reuben! a trouble-the-house wherever he is."—Some of us who knew how this was done, and the cause, rather enjoyed it, but the object of the joke arose into unquaker-like irritation. "Ay," said he, "I'll teach that scoundrel: I know who he is. Stop there, you Sir,—I'll play the red hot devil with you;" and out of the parlour he ran into the street. The ventriloquist and others immediately rose and bolted the door. After a few noisy calls of Reuben in the street, he re-

turned and knocked hard for re-entrance; this was denied him; however, we were all heartily sorry afterwards for this stratagem turn-out to poor Reuben; the night was dark, and he, in his furious wish to find and lay hold of the rude man who had affronted him, fell into one of the canals of the Shannon, and was very much hurt.

I had also a motive for wishing Lewis to play young Sadboy, my sincere desire that my opinion of the Slave Trade, in two speeches in that comedy, might be spoken on the boards of the great winter house, particularly on Lewis's benefit, when I knew the Theatre would be full. These are the words:—

"*Chronicle.*—Well, since you're restored to your father's favour, you're welcome to mine, whilst you have fields of tobacco, and droves of Negroes to hoe them.

Reuben Sadboy.—Then, I hold half your favours on a very loose tenure:—while Liberty is the boast of Englishmen, why should we still make a sordid traffic of our fellow creatures?—No, my good Sir! on my return to America, every slave of mine shall be as free as the air he breathes."

I wrote the above speeches *forty-four* years

ago :—but the chain has many links, and while clemency and humanity *talk*, the sable hand and foot are still galled by the manacle and fetter! In my piece of the Basket-Maker are these four lines in the finale :—

"Hail fellow! *black*, yellow,
Souls are all of one colour."

CHAPTER II.

Princess Amelia.—Handel.—"The Birth-day, or the Prince of Arragon."—"The Definitive Treaty."—The Irish Parliament.—Hely Hutchinson, and Dr. Lucas.—Thomas Conolly.—Mr. Rowley.—The English Parliament.—The Duke of Hamilton.—"The Halcyon," a POEM.—"The Poor Soldier."—Carolan the Irish Bard.—The Duke of Leinster.—Masquerade at Leinster-House.—Dublin.—Sir. H. B. Dudley—"Harlequin Gulliver."—M. P. Andrews.—Peeping Tom.—Johnson the Treasurer.—Garten.—Jewell.—Mr. Harris, and Mr. Colman.—Bacon the Sculptor.—Baron Wenzel.—Mr. Brande.—John Hunter.—Mr. Percival Pott.—Want of Sight Adventures.—Portraits.—Sir Joshua Reynolds.—Dr. Rose.—Dr. Burney.—Madame D'Arblay.—The Turkish Ambassador.—The Abbey.—Dr. Kennedy.—"Fontainebleau."—LETTER.—John Ledger.—Mr. Harris, and an Author.—A Prussian Clergyman.—"Tom Five-cards."—The Blacksmith of Antwerp.—"Love in a Camp."—Barnes.—"The Beggar on Horseback."—LETTER.—Omai.—Wewitzer.—"Siege of Curzola."—LETTERS.

PRINCESS Amelia, daughter of George the Second, frequently passed my house at Acton,

to and from Gunnesbury-lane, where she lived: her house stood on the left-hand going from Acton to Turnham Green. I have often seen a large group of poor people, men, women, and children, at a side-door in the wall at Gunnesbury-house, receiving portions of soup, beef, and bread, distributed to them by her Royal Highness's order.

About half a mile from my house, at Acton Wells, lived Handel; and that place thus became the grand rendezvous of the court and all the lovers of sublime music of his day. Mr. and Mrs. Mattocks (about my time) lived there.

On the 12th of August 1783, the day the Prince of Wales reached his twenty-first year, I brought out at the Haymarket Theatre my two-act opera of "The Birth-day, or the Prince of Arragon," which I had written (at Acton) purposely to commemorate that happy occasion. I dedicated it to his Royal Highness, and a copy of it, in a suitable court-dress, proper to appear in the august presence, was presented to him

by Colonel, afterwards Lord Lake, a relation of Mr. Colman. The latter meditated on my presenting it to his Royal Highness myself, but, from the state of my sight, I had not courage to press for the honour. In this little opera, John Palmer did the Prince, Mrs. Bannister Seraphina, Miss George, a pleasing actress and first-rate singer, Florina, and Wilson the old Courtier, Don Leopold. "The Birth-day" succeeded with the most brilliant effect.

On the signing of the definitive treaty at the time of the general peace in 1783, I wrote a drama in one act, which I called "The Definitive Treaty," and managed thus. I personified the respective wrangling nations of the world, belligerent and neutral, (but indeed none were suffered to be the latter,) by characters as assembled by chance at a table-d'hôte at Spa; and produced incidents very exactly similar to the original causes and progress of the wars that were at this time terminated:—showing the part each nation took, what they gained,

and what they lost. All this, each in the single character representing his particular nation —a Dutchman, a Frenchman, a German, a Swiss, an Italian, a Spaniard, a Portuguese, a Swede, a Dane, a Russian, a Prussian, a Turk, an American, an Englishman, a Scotchman, and two Irishmen; and afterwards the manner how all was made up and peace concluded:— the complete affair in the shape of a tavern party, squabbling over the bottle, with skirmishes of bloodshed and battery, kicked shins, broken heads, and tattered garments; when, good-humour reviving, a general shake hands concluded the piece, leaving some of them with black eyes and broken noses: and showing how some *paid* their bill, and others *bilked* the house.

Mr. Harris was more pleased and astonished at my political knowledge and clear observation in the conduct of this piece, than in all I had ever written before (or indeed since), yet was afraid to bring it out. "Ah! O'Keeffe," he said jocularly, "I suppose we shall have you in Par-

liament one of these days." But when a London manager made this shrewd remark, he did not know that when I was a boy of eight and ten years old, my passion was to hear the debates in our Irish Parliament: I used to stand at the door of the House of Commons, watch the members going in, consult their countenances, which my skill in drawing qualified me to do, and when I saw a good-natured face of hope, I used to ask him to desire the man to let me in, and so tripped up stairs to the gallery. Many an awful and momentous debate have I heard, particularly that between Dr. Lucas and Hely Hutchinson, when the latter said calmly to his fiery opponent, "Rest, rest, perturbed spirit!" a challenge from Lucas was the consequence.

At the same period I also often heard the Irish patriot, Thomas Conolly, of Castle-town, (who married the Lady Louisa Lenox, sister to the Duke of Richmond.) Conolly was eloquent, and powerfully impressive; in action he

stretched his right leg out, leaning forward, and raising and moving his right-hand with energetic motion. He wore his long hair combed down, and without powder, at a time when every body else powdered and frizzled very much. His house at Castle-town, near Dublin, was the darling seat of hospitality, and generous benevolence, to all around.

I was present in the Dublin House of Commons when a question of great national importance was interrupted by something started respecting theatrical affairs, on which Mr. Rowley, one of the members, gave an apt quotation from the Duke of Buckingham's "Rehearsal:"—

"And now to serious council let's advance,—
I do agree—but first let's have a dance."

The only time I ever was in the English Parliament-house, was when William Woodfall brought me into the House of Lords. A few minutes after our entrance, a man in office whispered me: "Sir, you should not have

come in here without your hair being dressed." I was a good deal ashamed; and at that instant a tall well-looking man passed me with a rush by, and full at his ease. I looked at him, and turning to my monitor said, pointing to the figure before me, "Why, that man has not his hair dressed—look at him, rough-headed, and no powder."—"Oh that," said he, "that's the Duke of Hamilton."

A few years after I had some pleasing conversation with this very Duke of Hamilton when he visited the boards of Covent-garden Theatre; he used to come to the rehearsals of my comedy of "The World in a Village."

But to return to my forbidden drama of the "Definitive Treaty." I bethought me that *the talent* when given, is to be used, therefore wrote a Poem which I called "The Falcon and the Halcyon." The first part, "The Falcon," is very long,* but I here give the latter, "The Bird of Peace."

* "The Falcon" consists of 1100 lines, of the same measure as "The Halcyon."

THE HALCYON, A POEM ON PEACE.

Written by me in 1783.

NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

Now the bark may safely ride,
Or as safely skim the tide,
So it 'ware the sunken rock,
So it 'ware the second shock;
Step the deck, or climb the shroud,
Tho' the fresh breeze whistles loud;
Let it whistle, let it bawl,
Crackling sails keep up the brawl.
Let the cockswain guide the helm,
Steering for the distant realm;
Every dot upon the chart,
Be one universal mart,
For the purposes of life;
Not to barter strife for strife:
Sell or buy a welcome free,
Scorning base monopoly.
Let's not mar the Maker's plan,
Who hath given a world to man,
Rain on every spot to fall,
And his sun to shine on all,
Stinted here, or there replete,
All in compensation meet;
Commerce great and unconfined,
Souls unite and kingdoms bind;
Commerce-killer, ruffian war,
Go for ever from us far!

Ploughshare, as thou art, remain;
Never be a sword again.
On the craig, where eagles build,
Let appear the waving field;
Till the eight-inch point of rock,
Where the wild birds else would flock;
Spungy swamps and marshes drain,
Sprinkle them with plants and grain;
Blast the rock, and clear the moor;
Occupation give the poor;
Bid all live, and all employ,
Every face, a face of joy.
Gaily now the merchant-ship
Cross the channel takes her trip,
Views her port without a fear,
Of the daring privateer.
Let the bark now safely ride,
Or in safety skim the tide;
Be the channel to the keel,
What the road is to the wheel:
Kingdoms hence in kindness vie,
Wants of this let that supply.
Permanent our peace shall be
Built not on duplicity;
Janus with thy double face,
Triumph not in our disgrace,
Mutual faith thy temple close,
Gentle peace avert our woes.
Let the glutted tiger rest,
Blessed halcyon keep thy nest;
Blessed themes the lyre employ,
Raise to Heaven the song of joy.

For celestial our acclaim,
Peace is ours, from Heaven it came.
  David, when thy pious will,
Bade on Sion's holy hill
Rise a temple to the Lord,
Thus forbade Jehovah's word,—
"No, my own anointed king,
Not for thee this blessed thing,
As in wars thou wert engaged;
In my name tho' war was waged,
Sacred work must be profan'd
Wrought by hand with blood distain'd,-
Spotless yet is Solomon;
Leave that honour to thy Son."
Hovering dove the olive drop,
Rest not on the mountain top
With the honey-culling bee,
Rove the vale from torrents free,
Let the many-colour'd bow
Like an arch of triumph show.
In the welkin let it shine,
Covenant of peace divine,
Such as beam'd the gracious morn,
When a Saviour Christ was born.
  Hail, sweet peace! enthroned queen,
Sober, gentle, and serene,
By thy God and ours enthron'd,
And with virgin lilies crown'd.
Peasant early quit thy shed,
Leave thy sleeping wife a-bed;

Frugal, innocent, and kind,
Leave thy sleeping babes behind;
Nor return to drop the latch,
Peace will keep both ward and watch.
Hie thee cheerful to the field,
There the scythe or sickle wield,
Let him sing and work, the while
Brimming flaggons make him smile;
Bind the wheat, or cut the hay,
Well is won the guiltless day.
Scores of prisoners let him take,
With the prong, and with the rake,
With the weed dispute the ground:
Now the captive sheaf is bound,
And the linnet quits the tune,
And the hymn is to the moon,
Sung alone by Philomel,
Whilst beats time the distant bell.
Curfew sounds no harsh command
To the Norman-conquered land,
Signal in our peaceful days
For the cheerful hearth to blaze;
Bids the thrifty spouse prepare
For her mate the wholesome fare;
Let her welcome at the door,
From the field, her infant corps,
Loaded with the golden grain,
Such the trophies they had ta'en,
Gleaning gave the noble spoil,
To reward their wondrous toil.
These the joys of peaceful home,
Where no wheedling sergeants come;

Peasants go and merry make,
Once a year at country wake:
Treat the maiden that you love,
With the ribbon, garter, glove;
Fiddle play, and lead her up,
Bid her kiss the frothing cup;
Drive thy cattle to the fair,
Neither comes the sergeant there.
Now thy parent very old,
Shall not with a sigh be told,
That their prop, their darling son,
Has from home with soldiers run
Poverty! thou bird obscene,
Hungry, abject, and unclean;
Hence all vile and sordid thing
From our lofty cliffs take wing;
Pure gale scorn, and dainty air,
Scorn the loathed freight to bear,
Fall, or ere thy wings expand,
Never visit other land,
Drop beyond low water mark;
Hide thee in the ocean dark;
Come not where our joys increase,
Come not near the realms of peace,
Nor deserve we such a curse;
Stay with idleness, thy nurse.
Industry, without repine,
Dig the waste, our golden mine,
Turn the wheel, the shuttle ply,
Let the name of famine die.
Industry! fit human pride,
With thee plenty loves to 'bide:

War had frighten'd both from home,
Back to thy lov'd mansion come;
Oh return! 'tis peace invites,
Courts thee with those bless'd delights.
Such as Belial never knew,
Peace has now prepared for you:
Nor with gluttony appear,
Bring the frugal banquet here,
Viands spread on verdant banks,
Render to the Giver thanks:
Sober, though full cheerful yet,
Cheerfulness is plenty's debt;
Sober tho', yet bring the bowl;
Joy, devotion of the soul,
Tune the minstrel's votive lay,
With the olive twine the bay,
Curling vine and barley-corn,
Rose of love, the brow adorn.
Poison'd laurel, yield thy place,
Nor e'er shade the human face;
Peace, the conqueror of death,
Now bestows this civic wreath.
Slowly is the veil withdrawn,
Which discovers twilight dawn;
Phœbus rising by degrees,
Low in east the shepherd sees,
Till progressive sheets of light,
Spread the blue one ample bright;
Bright and brighter still it grows,
With meridian splendour glows,
And its zenith when attained,
Hath its point of glory gained.

So, surmounting death and sin,
Man may here his heaven begin;
With his shades the light may blend,
Softening as he shall ascend,
Peace his guide thro' each degree,
To celestial purity.

My piece of "The Shamrock" having been only a temporary subject, and the occasion gone by, Mr. Harris regretted that the fine Irish airs of Carolan, which I had selected, and which had been taken down from my voice by the composer, (airs never before heard by an English public,) should be lost: on which I suggested to him the idea of my working at it again, and bringing it out at his theatre in another shape. I did so, and completed my "Poor Soldier." Shield did the accompaniments to the airs of Carolan, which I had chosen, and those of his own original composition; and the melodies altogether were beautiful, except the introduction of the song, "How happy the soldier who lives on his pay." I always thought that a great blemish to the piece—the words are not mine,

neither the music Shield's. "The Poor Soldier" was acted forty nights the first season. The king commanded it. Carolan the Irish bard died only a few years before I was born, but I spoke with many who knew him, and had heard him chant his minstrelsies.

Mr. Harris asked me what he was to give me for my night and copy-right of "The Poor Soldier." I told him three hundred guineas: he answered, "You shall have it." With his consent I let Daly have a copy, who remitted me fifty guineas, which sum I thought Mr. Harris had a right to, and I gave it to him. I was much pleased to hear that Shield had a good return from the sale of his music: his labour, genius, and cheerfulness, gained him as much deserved reputation as if all the melodies had been his own composition.

Miss Harper, (Mrs. John Bannister), who had been my Cecilia, Laura, Victoria, &c. was very happy in Norah; her manner was peculiarly her own—so simple, that she sung the

notes, all the notes, and nothing but the notes. My name as author was given in the play-bills the first night of the "Poor Soldier," which was thought by the public great presumption—seeming as much as to say—"As it is O'Keeffe's, we must receive it;" yet, as Mr. Harris said to his friends, "the public did receive it, and were heartily glad to get it."

Wilson, who played Father Luke, while the audience were in the highest degree of good-humour, came to me in the green-room, and remarked, "Ah, we get on very well hitherto, but it will go at one line." "What's that?" I asked. "The Sheep, two to one against you." "The best line in the piece," I replied, laughing, to encourage him, and went and placed myself at the side-wing to watch the characteristic courtship of Edwin and Mrs. Martyr in Darby and Kathlene. This was over-anxiety on the part of Wilson, for his Father Luke produced most excellent effect. At some of the last rehearsals

Mrs. Kennedy rehearsed in her soldier's dress, to familiarize her to it.

I laid the scene of "The Poor Soldier" at Carton, the seat of the Duke of Leinster, a few miles from Dublin. I understood this piece had great success in every part of Ireland, as well as England, Scotland, and America.

In the year 1775 I was at a masquerade at Leinster House, Dublin. The Duke received the different groups at the head of the great staircase; I, in the dress of Touchstone, advanced with, "salutation and greeting to you all." Previous to my coming to London in 1777, as the Duke had before this often honoured me with conversations, and so on, I called upon him in Kildare-street, and asked him to give me a recommendation to some of the London managers. He replied, though he wished me very well, yet he knew nothing at all about them. And yet Mr. Harris was the vehicle of bringing his Carton into high notice

all over the world; this Duke was smooth and quiet in his manner.

The most favourite of my songs in the "Poor Soldier" was "the Twins of Latona," sung by Charles Bannister, in Captain Fitzroy.

I have often been in Bannister's company: he was a good-natured man, with much genuine wit, and yet inoffensive. I was in the boxes at Drury Lane Theatre when his son, John Bannister, made his first appearance in 1778, in the character of Zaphna, in the tragedy of "Mahomet:" he had received instructions from Garrick. Charles Bannister the same night played in the opera of "The Camp;" and, at his entrance on the stage, was, in compliment to his son, congratulated by the cheering acclamations of the whole house. The beautiful and ingenious Mrs. Robinson acted Palmira in the above tragedy:—I greatly admired her.

A pantomime, which I first called "Harle-

quin Gulliver," and then "Friar Bacon," came out at Covent Garden. This same "Gulliver" entértainment had the *big* people of Brobdigna g and the *little* Gildrig; the *little* people of Liliput, and the *big* Quinbus Flestrin. I had a good deal of song and dialogue in it, with a kind of Liliputian parliament, for which a number of children were trained, and their speeches taught them. I was offered by Mr. Harris 50*l.* for the pantomime; but having heard that, M. P. Andrews, M. P. had received 100*l.* for a pantomime of his, called "The Enchanted Castle," I fancied I had as good a right to a hundred as any member of parliament; and expressed as much, although I gave every credit to Mr. Andrews for his entertaining opera of "Summer Amusements," which was brought out, with the greatest success, at the Haymarket, in 1781; but Captain Barlow, the then treasurer, told me I was wrong; and the treasurer is a man to be believed: besides, I knew Barlow

was my staunch friend, and I had a great respect for the character of Mr. Andrews; so I said no more about it.

I brought out my two-act piece of "Peeping Tom" at the Haymarket Theatre, and this became as prime a favourite with the public as any of mine. An out-of-the-way circumstance happened the *first* night of its representation. Charles Bannister, Edwin, and Wilson, had dined out of town, I think at the Spaniards, a tavern between Hampstead and Highgate, nor ever recollected their theatrical duties until reminded by accidentally seeing their own names in the play-bills stuck on the turnpikes, announcing a new piece by Mr. O'Keeffe, called "Peeping Tom," to be performed that night. They dashed into town in a postchaise together, Peeping Tom, Harold, and the Mayor of Coventry, repeating their speeches and singing their songs to the stage-coachmen, the hackney-coachmen, and gentlemen-coachmen, postilions, grooms, and waggoners, all along the road.

During the composition of the music by Dr. Arnold, I told him I wished to introduce a favourite air of Carolan's, and had written words to it. He asked me the name of the air, as he might probably find it in some old collection. "It is called the Irish Lamentation," I said. —"And what are your words to it? and who is to sing it?"—"Peeping Tom;—and these are my words:—

"Merry are the bells, and merry do they ring.
Merry was myself, and merry could I sing,
Merry is your ding dong, happy gay and free,
With a merry sing song merry let us be."

"And this is your *Irish* lamentation!" said the doctor, laughing heartily. I immediately sung the same air, but very slowly, and giving it the real pathos, which had such an effect on him, that it almost brought tears in his eyes. And it really is one of the most plaintive, sweet, and heart-rending strains ever composed. The King often commanded "Peeping Tom."

I was with Mr. Colman in his private box

the first night of its representation. He was delighted with its progressive success, yet declared: "You have done wonders, O'Keeffe, for Edwin before this; but in Tom of Coventry you have wrought the humour so high, that even Edwin, with all his tip-toe stretch, is unable to reach it." Yet, most surely, Edwin was capitally humorous in the said Coventry tailor.

A long while after the first run of this play in London, I happened to meet at the lodgings of Captain Edward Barlow, my old friend and countryman, a Mr. Johnson, he had been prompter at Drury Lane, in Garrick's day, who got him to be a purser in the navy; but at this time he was treasurer of the theatre at Liverpool. We were asking him how the new pieces went on at his theatre, their success, &c. "How did such a piece succeed with you?"— "Oh, went to the devil at once."—"Indeed! and how did such a piece?" mentioning another.—"Oh, that went to the devil too."— "Ha! and how did the new farce of 'Peeping

Tom' get on?"—"Oh, went to the devil sooner than any of them."—This caused great laughter in the room, and Barlow introduced him to me (the author), whom he knew nothing of before.—Garten, the treasurer of Covent-Garden Theatre, had also been a purser in the navy; and one day at dinner at Mr. Colman's, many ladies being present, the conversation turned, among other sea-affairs, upon the nature of the shark. To the surprise of the company, Garten gravely observed, "A shark is very good eating;" and upon remarking our doubtful smile, he added in a still graver tone, "Why, 'tis as good eating as a dolphin." We looked at each other, and with comical seriousness the word passed round the table—"Did *you* ever eat a dolphin?—not I,—nor I,—I never ate a dolphin."

Garten was at this time old;—Mr. Harris, in the prime of life.—Garten's manner was, when ordered to pay, (he not being much versed in reasons why or wherefore,) to say in Mr. Har-

ris's hearing,—"Ay, there now, because last night there seemed a sort of a show of a tolerable house, he 's never satisfied, but pulling the bit of money out of my fingers." Mr. Harris's usual good-humoured answer to this was,—"Oh, never mind what Garten says; when you want money at the treasury, get it from him; never mind his shut hand." Garten was most zealous for the interest of his employer.

Being one day on Covent-Garden stage, at rehearsal, (nothing of mine,) Mr. Harris was standing on the opposite side of the stage, on his affairs. Mr. Dives happened to be close to me, and looking forward, with his two hands on the top of his cane, ejaculated, "There you stand, Tom Harris, and not an honester man breathes on the face of the earth!"—This was only a confirmation of my opinion. Mr. Harris, and Mr. Colman, having the little iron key of the cash-cupboard, and the grand golden key to the Temple of Fame, in their possession, as managers, like Captain Bobadil to Downright.

it was with me—"Tall man, I honour you!"—Yet, from my observation of their personal character, besides the above minikin and important consideration, I had a great esteem for both; and was sorry that there seemed to remain with each, some part of the misunderstandings which originated in their contest, when joint managers of Covent-Garden. I set about to do away this and bring them to a happy reconciliation, and was joyful enough in completely succeeding: in one of the managerial conflicts, the four competitors, Harris, Colman, Dagges, and Rutherford, were in a room together; in the heat of argument and struggle for supremacy, Colman snatched up the poker, and exclaimed,—"Well, I can stir a fire better than any man in this room!" thrust the poker between the bars, rattled the fire about, ran out of the room, down stairs, and out of the house: but after all this, I brought the two together. Mr. Colman and myself received cards of invitation from Mr. Harris, to dine at Powis-house,

his residence at Knightsbridge. Our party consisted of Mr. Colman, Mr. Palmer, Member for Bath, Mr. Dives, of Soho-square, Dr. Arnold, William Lewis, William Jewell, (Mr. Colman's treasurer,) Jonathan Garten, (Mr. Harris's treasurer,) and myself. We had a pleasant day, quite merry, and talked wisely. To give a rest to the bottle, Mr. Dives and Mr. Lewis played billiards, and Mr. Harris and I betted a few shillings. A very fine billiard-table was next to the dining-room: this house had been the residence of the Countess of Yarmouth. Mr. Colman retired soon; however, we staid supper, and my purpose of good-will between my two friends was from that day complete. Jewell was an exceeding polite man, and always friendly to me.

About the year 1783, I travelled in the diligence to Margate with Bacon the sculptor. He was very agreeable and classical in the turn of his conversation. He told me some anecdotes of the King (George III.) highly compli-

mentary to his Majesty's good sense and judgment, and the benevolence of his heart. I had my son Tottenham with me in the diligence, and Mr. Bacon, on questioning him in Plutarch, was much pleased with the boy's answers.

On my return to town I applied to Baron Wenzel the occulist about my sight; and sent him his demand of twenty-five guineas:—he was to have twenty-five more had he succeeded, but asked his additional fee of two guineas as physician:—this my brother, who took him the money, would not pay.

My most excellent and truly zealous friend, Mr. Brande, of Soho-square, thinking that electricity might help my sight, brought me to John Hunter for his opinion; he did not object to the trial being made, but gave no hopes of success; and some time after, I seated myself in the chair at Mr. Brande's house, and held in my hand the electrical chain. At his hospitable table I have at different times met

Macklin, Counsellor Mac Nally, my good friend Mr. O'Bryen, Captain (and Counsellor, for he was both) Robinson, (who being a Dublin man, sung very good Irish songs,) Dr. Kennedy, of Great Queen-street, and many other literary characters.

I went also to Mr. Percival Pott, who had then the first name as surgeon, but he instantly pronounced that neither medical aid nor art could help me, and since that I tried none. The first cause of this injury to my sight was from a cold I got by a fall off the south wall of the Liffey, Dublin, in a dark December, by going out to sup at Ring's End, when the play was over: thus drenched, I sat up with my party for some hours in my wet clothes, and in about a fortnight the effects appeared in a violent inflammation of my eyelids. I then tried many remedies, each crossing the other, which increased the malady, and my persisting to use the pen myself impaired my sight beyond all hope.

Although, from the opinion of the first medical

people, my complete recovery of sight was quite hopeless, yet I never had an ambition to be pitied; and, indeed, effort to be envied, rather than pitied, often proves a successful stimulus to the greatest actions of human life. It is true, that since the decay of my sight I never made a boast that I could see as well as other people; yet to avoid exciting compassion, my show of better vision than I really possessed was, about thirty years back, often attended with most ridiculous and whimsical effects, at which, on reflection, no one laughed more heartily than myself.

Being with my brother at Margate, in Austin's reading-room, at a great table covered with newspapers, magazines, and such like, I wished Daniel to give me some news by the help of his optics, and having just sight enough to see the white papers on the green cloth, I hastily caught up a newspaper that lay spread on my right-hand, and with my left stretched it out to my brother, saying, "Read

that for me." A loud and surly voice the same instant came to my right ear from lips not two feet from me. "What the devil, Sir, do you mean by snatching the newspaper out of my hands; I haven't done with it." I was too confounded to attempt an apology, but rising, walked off; leaving my brother to calm him by explaining the state of my sight which led me into the mistake of my only seeing the newspaper, and not the gentleman who was reading it; his anger instantly changed to politeness.

When I lived at Acton I sometimes walked to Oxford-street to buy my working tools—a quire of paper, some pens, a bottle of ink, or any other stationery I might want. Being one day on the foot-path, pushing on before my servant, who always attended me in my walks to town, a figure came up full against me with a stamping kind of rough noise: I stopt, and looking up far above his head, said, "I think the road might do for you and not come upon

the foot-path." An angry voice from a face level with my own, replied, "But I believe I have as good a right to walk on the foot-path as you—who the plague are you! indeed!" I endeavoured to explain by saying, what was fact, "I beg pardon, but I thought you were on horseback;"—an unlucky error caused by my having been greatly annoyed and endangered the day before, by a man riding on the foot-path, close upon me. This mistake did not wind up so agreeably as the first, for he stumped on muttering.

And yet I used to make my way, and safely and nimbly too, by my servant John walking rapidly before me, through the most crowded streets of London. His method was, if a handle of a barrow came across him, to move it aside; if any thing on a person's head, whether hamper, trunk, furniture, &c. to put up his hand and turn it away, still keeping on without saying a word, or turning his own head about, and I posting after him through a *gauntlet* of people

of all kinds, who stopped to abuse and call him fifty names, such as, "Impudent scoundrel! rascal!" &c. all which my *walking* harbinger never seemed to hear or notice, and on we clearly went. This was from apple-women, fish-women, porters with knots on their heads, &c.; thus, in the throng of a London street, he cleared a lane for me.

At the time I was writing "The Shamrock," which I intended to come out on Lewis's benefit, I lodged in Pall-Mall, and every day at noon, taking a few turns for air in the Mall, at particular times, a voice came suddenly and loud in my ear, pronouncing the word "Shamrock!" this occurred often, as I passed up and down the Mall; I could not distinguish the speaker, and it was some time before I could recollect the voice: it was William Lewis, whose anticipation of an approaching good benefit put him in high spirits, nor was he disappointed.

According to the privilege of an author franking a friend to the theatre now and then, my

brother, one morning, asked me for an order; but having already written and given away to *my* acquaintances and *their* acquaintances, more than was strictly proper, I refused. The same evening I unexpectedly went to the play myself; I was alone, and being in the lower-boxes, towards the close of the third act, a gentleman coming in, and standing near me, I looked up, half turning round, and said, "How the deuce did you get in?" A strange voice answered, "How did I get in Sir! why with my money; How did yourself get in?" I unfortunately mistook him for my brother; and this last mistake might have led me into a more dangerous dilemma than either of the former, had not another gentleman, in the adjoining box, who knew who I was, and, consequently, the imperfect state of my sight, kindly explained; thus saving me from pistol work, either on the strand of Clontarf, or behind Montague-House, or in a little tavern-room across a table, or any other field of battle, west of Mother Red-cap's.

Some such adventure as the following might have befallen me at Covent-garden and Drury-lane Theatres.—At Crow-street, Digges was playing Hamlet; in the first scene he broke a blood-vessel; the play was immediately obliged to be changed; the comic performers of "She Stoops to Conquer" happened to be in the house, they instantly dressed, and the apology and reason of change was expressed to the audience, who being satisfied, the comedy went on. A country gentleman, I think from Connaught, having come to see Digges in Hamlet, was in the pit, but went out to buy some oranges in a shop, at a cheaper rate, as he thought, than of the women in the house, having left Hamlet and the Ghost in their conversation: on his return to the pit he sat down, heard laughing, looked up, and to his astonishment, saw Tony Lumpkin, Tim Tickle the bear-leader, and Minidab, who "grinds the music-box," revelling over their jorum, at the three jolly pigeons; he was confounded, and took it into his head that instead

of returning to Crow-street, he had got into Smock-alley House.

At one period of my life, a witty companion of mine advised me never to walk the streets on a quarter day, "For," said he, "you'll have your dramatic pate cracked, (and your comedies, and songs, and puns, and equivoques, dropping and flying about the streets,) by the people running away with their furniture." The constant advice to me of this very comic gentleman, who kept his hearers in a state of high merriment by his wit and grave repartee, and who knew the world and the town well, was, "Come, come, O'Keeffe, don't laugh, don't laugh; we can do nothing if we laugh."

In 1782, Mr. Lawrenson took a good likeness of me, half length, as large as life, in claret-coloured coat, green waistcoat edged with gold, hair full dressed, and, at the suggestion of Mr. Brande, of Soho-square, who recommended Mr. Lawrenson to me, a MS. "Agreeable Surprise" in my right hand: this picture was the same

year in the Exhibition; the right eye was injured many years ago in moving from place to place, by some unlucky leg of a table or chair coming against it; but even with this great blemish it retains its prime age of thirty-five years old, whilst the original is—but it is well for me that I cannot see my present face of seventy-nine in a looking-glass.

Mr. Parkinson also took a very good likeness of me as large as life, in a straw hat lined with green; and my brother did miniatures of me and my children; these I have at present—they were also in the Exhibition.

Coming into my parlour in Stafford-row, Buckingham-gate, one day, tired with my walk, and my spirits wearied by a long rehearsal, I found a gentleman looking very close at a picture which hung up; he bowed, and then went again to the picture, looked at me, and said something, I don't know what. We were completely at cross purposes: my eyes could not distinguish his features, and his ears could not hear my voice; he was deaf, and I could not

see. In the midst of our embarrassment, my landlord came into the room, and addressing him very respectfully, yet loud, said, "Mr. ——, the picture-dealer, lodged up-stairs." The stranger then turned to me, made an apology, and went out of my parlour. When he had left the house, I asked my landlord who the gentleman was. He answered, that it was "Sir Joshua Reynolds." I then too late regretted my not having known this before, that I might have enjoyed a little of his company, as I greatly admired the works of his pencil. Fortunate, thought I at that moment, that *my* infirmity is not on *his* side of the question!

One day walking with Mr. Colman, and admiring his beautiful garden at Richmond, he told me Sir Joshua Reynolds had been with him the day before, and also liked his parterres and hot-houses extremely; ("and by the way, O'Keeffe, my gardener is a capital one, and your countryman; he brings out pine-apples and melons for me at very little expense.") Mr.

Colman added, that he had been a good deal annoyed by a timber-yard to the left: besides the noise, it was a disagreeable object, so, continued he, "I raised up that fine screen of trees to hide it. I was pointing out this exploit of mine yesterday to Sir Joshua,"—"Ay," said he, "very well, Colman, now you cannot see the *wood* for *trees*."

In 1784 I knew Dr. Rose, of Chiswick, at whose school I had placed my son. The doctor was much and deservedly respected as a man of learning, and justified Murphy in his eulogium on his tombstone. Mr. Charles Burney was at that time usher to Dr. Rose, and I asked him to take my little boy out in his walks, that he might benefit by his conversation; which request of mine, Mr. Burney was kind and good-natured enough to comply with. After Dr. Rose's death, Mr. Burney set up a school at Hammersmith, from whence he removed to Greenwich: he was afterwards Doctor of Divinity. He was brother to Miss Burney, (Ma-

dame D'Arblay,) the author of Evelina, Cecilia, and Camilla; novels, which in my novel-reading day, gave me great pleasure.

At one of Salomon's Concerts, in Hanover-square, I saw the Turkish Ambassador, magnificently dressed, with two attendants, walk into the room, sit down, listen to the whole concert with the most profound gravity and stateliness, and then walk out again.

In 1784 I was happy to be one of the subscribers to the first Commemoration of Handel at the Abbey, and went myself to that most sublime treat. I recollect giving Dr. Arnold very tolerable trouble: he, with great kindness, met me at the gate, in his official paraphernalia, and ushered me into what might be thought a very safe and desirable situation—just opposite the seat of the royal family. Though a passionate lover of music, the immense burst of sound really frightened me, and I rose to leave the place; but how to get out through titles, magnificence, elegance, and beauty, all listening in

rapturous silence! "I shall draw the attention of every body—I shall expose myself," thought I; and apprehension operated with such power upon my fancy, that fear of illness made me really ill. From the length of the entertainment, I was overcome by langour; however, I patiently suffered to the end of one chorus and another song; at length courage or weakness compelled me to rise, and make to the door, though I blundered exceedingly in my progress, for the large windows, admitting the broad sun-beams on the variety of gay figures round me, made it all one glare. I seemed in a huge lantern: my limbs were enfeebled, and I felt ready to fall, when somebody, I don't know who, pronounced my name: the whisper spread, and in a few moments I had half a dozen hands of kindness stretched forth to lead me out. The fresh air at the door revived me, and the conscious certainty of getting out when I wished, quite restored my spirits. I walked about gently, heard an air or song as I pleased, and quitted

the Abbey with a determination never again to be thrust into a great assembly, unless with some intimate acquaintance at my elbow. Being in full dress, I went and came in a sedan-chair.

When Handel's Commemoration was afterwards removed to the Pantheon, I with some friends was again present; and was this time fortunately placed by Dr. Arnold, the conductor of the whole, near the door, that, should I be oppressed by the heat, I might the sooner get away. I was also a subscriber to the first meeting at the Freemasons' Tavern in honour of the Institution of St. Patrick, whither I went with my old friend and countryman, Dr. Kennedy, of Great Queen-street, who was one of the first founders of that national meeting.

I now turned my mind to an opera for Mr. Harris, who consented to give me for it six hundred guineas, and I agreed with Shield to pay him 120*l.* for doing the music. The opera came out, and went off the first, and every

night after, with the most brilliant *éclat.* This was " Fontainebleau, or Our Way in France." The King commanded it on the ninth night. Mr. Sarjant, one of the band, was very excellent on the trumpet, and was heard to great advantage in my song of " Let Fame sound her Trumpet," set by Shield, and sung by Johnstone in the character of Captain Henry in this opera. Johnny Beard, the famous manager, and first singer of his time, pronounced it to be the best trumpet-song he had ever heard, and declared he would have been happy, when his pipes were in tune, to have had such an air for his own voice. The success of " Fontainebleau" was unexpected, as I had two points against me:—William Lewis's dislike to play in a singing-piece, being no songster, (he always told me the only thing he envied in me was my fine voice,) and his partiality for gay dress to set off his really good figure, face, and manner. " Here," said he, " you have made me walk about a beggar-man, out at elbows, and all the

dressy flirts and beaux round me with their applauses and encores.' Yet the well-merited applause Lewis gained in the part of Lackland reconciled him to his ragged coat, and made him a greater favourite with the public than any part he ever appeared in before. To put him in good-humour, I made Colonel Epaulette dress him up very fine in the last act.

My second rub was this: Edwin took it into his queer head that I had written a better part for Quick than for him, who had hitherto carried all my affairs so famously. This threw him into such an ill humour with me, that, during the rehearsals, by Mr. Harris's advice I kept out of his sight as much as I could; and yet, when Edwin did perform Tallyho, his success was so decisive, that he was the first to thank me for having written for him this flower of the turf. Wilson distinguished himself greatly in his character of Sir John Bull, as did Mrs. Webb in Lady Bull, and little Mrs. Wilson in Dolly Bull. This part was afterwards most

successfully acted by Mrs. Mattocks. Wewitzer, who in Frenchmen was complete, did Colonel Epaulette; and Mrs. Kennedy, as Mrs. Casey, was quite at home in her inn, the British Lion at Fontainebleau. The double *equivoque* of Colonel and tailor exceeded every laughable hope.

The next day I received the following letter: to which had the gentleman put his name, it probably would have been attended to.

To John O'Keeffe, Esq.

Theatre Royal, Covent Garden.

"Sir,—It is a common circumstance for foreigners to ridicule our dressing and imitating of French character. They have now a fine opportunity of laughing at the dress of Wewitzer in 'Fontainebleau'—I mean his *English* dress. As I disapprove of the style of it, I will mention to you what perhaps will induce you to make him alter it. When I was at Paris, the rage for the English style of dress was at its height. Walking one morning in the Thuilleries, the Duc de C——— (*not* de Chartrés) joined me. I was in boots. The Duke requested I would give him a pair of English boots; and this way he dressed the next time I met him: Hair dressed *au dernier gout,* with ear-rings, brown coat, broad green and white striped waistcoat, black velvet small-clothes, with my new neat

low-topped English boots. This is fact. Or, if you dislike the above French idea of an English dress, any dress but the present of Wewitzer's; for which I would dismiss my groom for want of a proper taste. With every admiration of your wit and humour,

"I am, with much cordiality, yours, &c. &c. &c.

"Bedford Coffee-house,
11 at Night."

This being an anonymous letter, of course no notice was taken of it by either me or my friends.

In the writing of this opera I had some idea of going over to Fontainebleau myself with my brother, who knew France so well; and mentioned my intention to Mr. Harris, who advised me to stay where I was, and not think of groping my way on French ground. During the whole course of my thirty years' acquaintance with Mr. Harris, his judgment was of that sterling cast which mostly led to happy result. His industry was unwearied. After labouring through perhaps a three hours' rehearsal, his manner was to stand in the centre of the stage, put his hands into his coat pockets,

and thus give out—"I am now going away—has any body any thing to say to me?" This invitation, fully addressed to performers, prompter, band, composers, carpenters, tailors, scene-men, lamp-men, scene-shifters, door-keepers, treasurer, and poet. And here I may mention John Ledger—the trusty, useful, and honest John Ledger—who was somewhat of the Will Thomas mentioned in the old verses recording the wits of Button's coffee-house:—

"I'll tell him so, sir, says Will Thomas, Will Thomas."

In 1784 a Reverend Doctor brought with him from Ireland, his native country, five tragedies and five comedies, all to be acted at Drury-lane and Covent-garden: he plagued me much to bring him to Mr. Harris at Knightsbridge; but, before I could do so, the doctor himself found means to slip through Hyde Park turnpike. The circumstances of their interview I had from Mr. Harris himself, who thus humorously hit upon an effectual method to get rid of him and his ten plays.

One of his tragedies was called "Lord Russell," and one of his comedies "Draw the long bow." Mr. Harris received him at his house with his usual politeness, and sat with great patience and much pain listening to the Doctor reading one of his plays to him; when he had got to the fourth act, Mr. Harris remarked that it was very fine indeed—excellent; "But, Sir, don't you think it time for your hero to make his appearance?"—"Hero, Sir! what hero?"—"Your principal character, Lord Russell. You are in the fourth act, and Lord Russell has not been on yet."—"Lord Russell, Sir!" exclaimed the Doctor; "why, Sir, I have been reading to you my comedy of 'Draw the long bow.'"—"Indeed! I beg you a thousand pardons for my dulness; but I thought it was your tragedy of 'Lord Russell' you had been reading to me." The angry author started from his chair, thrust his manuscript into his pocket, and ran down stairs out of the house. When I again met the Doctor, he gave a most

terrible account of the deplorable state of the English stage, when a London manager did not know a tragedy from a comedy. I laughed at his chagrin so whimsically detailed to me, and he was all astonishment and anger at my ill-timed mirth. This Reverend gentleman (his dramatic mania excepted) was a man of piety and learning; and I believe Mr. Harris's witty expedient effectually cured him of profane play-writing, and changed a mad scholar into an edifying divine. He translated some of the books of Milton into Greek, which were, I understood, printed at Oxford.

In the Autumn of 1785 I was asked to a venison feast, to meet a large company of convivial, pleasant, and distinguished persons. It was at a house near the corner of Gerard-street, almost opposite Newport-alley. My brother brought me there, and with him came a Reverend acquaintance, a young Prussian clergyman: from my dramatic successes the whole party were inclined to think me an acquisition

to their society: there were some of the first performers present, and some small wits, and large wits and literati. The joke and glass and song went round, and many wished to speak to me, and I to speak to them; but, through the wonder and high admiration of the Prussian clergyman, I was made a complete nullity, and almost sent to Coventry; for, when I attempted to speak, he placed himself in an attitude of vast attention, and called out in an audible voice and foreign dialect;—"Mind, all be silent!" This produced much mirth: and if any of them made an attempt to speak to me, he winked and grimaced, and in a half-whisper said, "Let him alone, let him alone! he has a *tought*—let him alone!" This was one of my grand vexations of celebrity. King was of this party, also Charles Bannister and his son, Edwin, Moody, Baddeley, &c. John Bannister, that excellent actor and worthy man, enlivened the company with giving his imitations, but my busy, wonder-struck Prussian clerical, with his

great delight in my high reputation, deprived me of the pleasures of the day.

To return to "Fontainebleau," a Dublin buck of the first head, whom we called "Tom Five-cards," and who also cut a prime figure in London, was partly my model for the character of Tallyho. In the morning of one of his frolicsome nights, he and his party staggered and rolled into Covent-Garden market, about eight o'clock in the morning; the market-people were all in their affairs, with their fruits, flowers, &c. This merry set of gentlemen mounted themselves on the little horses and asses which had brought the vegetables to market; one snatched up a cabbage or an artichoke, and others bunches of carrots, onions, and turnips, and then kick'd and drove their steeds out of the market, with a trot and a gallop down Southampton-street, across the Strand; and, with "Tom Five-cards" at their head, entered a shop, from thence into a back-parlour, where the master and mistress and family sat at their

breakfast: they rode round the tea-table, flourishing their cabbages, &c. over their heads, and so trotted out again into the street, where, by this time, the acclamation and uproar after them, and all round them, were universal; but thus they made what they called a triumphant wind-up to a jolly night.

No harm to give, out of "Fontainebleau," my general opinion on gaming and nationality. *Tallyho* says, "He's nick'd me, that has nick'd thousands." To which Captain Henry replies,

> "I fancy the first real good ever produced by gaming; our winning is but a decoy, its joys built upon the grief of others, and our losses stop but in ruin or dishonour."

Speaking of nationality, Lackland says,

> "Well said, Bull! but mind I'll have no illiberal prejudices in my family:--general national reflections are unworthy the breast of man; and however in *war* each may vindicate his country's honour, in *peace,* let us not know a difference but the Straits of Dover."

"The Blacksmith of Antwerp," in which I fancied I had written good parts for Edwin, Quick, and Wilson, in the characters of Otho,

Jacob, and Dipembeck, did not stretch beyond a third night. The subject was the well-known story of Love changing Quintin Matsys from a blacksmith to a painter. A copy of his picture of the Two Misers, which obtained him his mistress from her father, was shown on the stage. The original picture, painted by Quintin Matsys, is, I believe, at Windsor Castle. This piece was a favourite of my own, but the public and I differed as to its merits.

Having long had it in idea to do a sequel to "The Poor Soldier," I completed it, and called it "Love in a Camp, or Patrick in Prussia."

My point was the grand review at Breslaw by the Prussian king, Frederick the Second, under whom our present Duke of York had part of his military education. Shield composed the music, and the piece became a great favourite with the public. Some years after, when the King went to the play for the first time on his recovery, and commanded "Love in a Camp," thinking it a fair occasion of joyful congratula-

tion to the kingdom, I added a speech to the character of Captain Patrick, which my old friend Johnstone spoke with powerful effect, and it produced from the audience the most loyal effusions.

Of all the high jokes in "Love in a Camp," and, begging pardon for my vanity, it has its share, Mr. Harris's favourite line was, "Kick the cat out of the way," this being part of the preparation to receive the great Prussian Marshal, Ferhbellin, at Mable Flourish's head-quarters at Breslaw.

A few days after, I saw Kearsley the bookseller, in Fleet-street. He was civil and obliging, but I could not get him up to my price, in bargaining to sell him the copyright of my "Love in a Camp;" so I sold it to Mr. Harris, whom I met a few days after, accidentally passing through Queen-street. After salutation, I said, "My Patrick and Darby, and Father Luke, are now *safe landed* from the Oder;—are they to go to type, or not?"—

"No," he said; "I buy the copyright. Garten will tell you the price. Good-b'ye. Speed your pen!"

By the by, Kearsley would have given me more than the price that Mr. Harris paid me, but I remembered Lewis's advice and remark,—"I make it a rule," said he, "through my dramatic life, never to quarrel with a manager:" which reminds me, that one of the best lines, in my opinion, in Reynolds's excellent comedy of the "Dramatist," is, '*You're* not a manager;'" which few words imply a great deal in the dramatic way.

The "Life and Times of Frederick Reynolds," lately read to me, afforded me a great deal of amusement, and confirmed me in my opinion of his talents.

The mention of the drama leads me to remark on the great improvements in stage dress. When "The Earl of Warwick" was first performed in Dublin, Mrs. Kelf, a most beautiful woman, and a fine actress in both tragedy and comedy, played Lady Elizabeth Grey.

She dressed from a picture of Vandyke, and her appearance had a novel and most pleasing effect, it being quite a new thing to dress in the habits of the times or country when and where the scene was laid. I saw Barry play Othello, the Venetian Moor, in a complete suit of English regimentals, and a three-cocked gold-laced hat!—and Thomas Sheridan, in Macbeth, dressed in scarlet and gold English uniform; and when King, he wore a Spanish hat turned up before, with a diamond and feathers in the front. All the characters in the play of "Richard III." appeared in the same modern clothes as the gentlemen in the boxes wore, except Richard himself, who dressed as Richard, and thus looked an angry Merry-Andrew among the rest of the performers. In the play of "Henry VIII." none wore the habits of the times but Henry himself: his whole court were apparelled in the dress only known two hundred years after.

Some of the great performers had peculiar tricks of fancy in their acting. Digges, in

Macbeth, preparing for his combat with Macduff, always put his fingers to the bosom of his waistcoat, and flung it entirely open: this was to show he was not *papered*—a previous defence, which was thought unfair and treacherous; he then with his open right hand gave a few taps to the side of his hat, drew his sword, and fought until he was killed.

I shortly after removed to Barnes, eight miles from London, where I had a pretty house on the Terrace facing the Thames; the parlour seemed like a drawer pulled out from a table, and had a large white stone ball at each corner. I furnished it myself; but it was a bad move from Acton, as I had now either to cross the water at Chiswick ferry, or foot it over Barnes Common, to get to town and return home, which I was often forced to do very late at night; and this was dangerous. But I had one convenience, my vicinity to Richmond, in my walks through Sandy Lane, East Sheen, to Mr. Colman's house. At Barnes I wrote "The Beggar on Horse-

back," which was brought out at the Haymarket the same season, and succeeded to my best hopes. I laid the scene in London, and had a good equivoque with strolling managers in it. Edwin was excellent in Corney, as were Parsons and Baddeley, in Codger and Cosey. The King commanded it the first season.

The evening of the same day on which I had presented this piece to Mr. Colman, I received from him these few lines:

"Soho-square.

"My dear O'Keeffe,—The moment you left me, I sat down to read your "Beggar on Horseback," which pleases me extremely. It is new and whimsical beyond measure, and will want no alteration; so set to your opera as soon as you can, and moreover come and spend the day with me to-morrow, for I long to have a laugh with you over Corney, Cosey, and Codger. Bring your little boy and girl with you, and I 'll send *them* home early.

"Yours ever, GEORGE COLMAN.

"I am engaged to L——'s christening to-morrow, he lives in your neighbourhood, so I can carry you home after dinner."

At Barnes I composed a grand spectacle for Covent Garden, called "Omai;" the incidents,

characters, &c. appropriate to the newly-discovered islands in the southern hemisphere, and closing with the apotheosis of Captain Cook. The effect of this piece was most happy. Shield's melodies were beautifully wild, as suiting his romantic theme; and the dresses and scenery were done from drawings of Mr. Webber, the artist, who had made the voyages with Captain Cook. With Mr. Webber and Commodore Phillips I had much conversation on the subject. Loutherbourg planned the scenery. He had previously invented transparent scenery—moonshine, sunshine, fire, volcanoes, &c. as also breaking the scene into several pieces by the laws of perspective, showing miles and miles distance. Before his time, the back was one broad flat, the whole breadth and height of the stage. "Omai" was acted forty nights the first season. Loutherbourg had 100*l.* for his designs, and I another 100*l.* for the composition of the piece, besides the sale of my songs, which brought me about 40*l.* One of the most fa-

vourite—"Ye chiefs of the ocean, your laurels throw by," was sung by Brett, and addressed to all the South Sea Island warriors at the close of it; during which last scene, a picture of Captain Cook was exhibited on the stage. Wewitzer, who performed one of these warriors, came out with a kind of grand extempore declaration, as if it was the original language of some of the islands: this had a sham English translation, which was printed in the book of the songs. Wewitzer did this piece of state harangue-pomposo wonderfully well. Their Majesties commanded "Omai" often.

Wewitzer's manner, in this oration, reminded me of a piece of rhetoric which I heard on the first night that a debating society was established in Cork. Macklin was in the room, and stopped the orator in the middle of his speech, by remarking with strong emphasis, that "the men ought to quit their seats, and turn, and look about them, and not sit there while a number of ladies were at the back of

the room, and half of them standing." This certainly was a solecism, especially in a city where true politeness is prevalent. This institution was begun by a young man, a bookseller, of Cork; he had tried the stage, but he managed *this* debating society much better.

Signora Sestini being engaged at the Haymarket, I planned and finished a three-act opera, with leading characters for her and Edwin; the title was "The Siege of Curzola"—the island in the Adriatic, on the coast of Dalmatia, in the territory of the Venetians. The event on which I founded my plot happened in the year 1588, the men hiding themselves, and the women defending the town from the Turks. This was during the dreadful wars between the Turks and Venetians, and much about the time of the terrible battle of Lepanto—the siege of Famagusta, in the isle of Cyprus, defended by Bragantine, against Barbarossa, the devil of a Turk with an iron hand. Ah! poor Bragantine! his fate———

Sestini performed Signora Baba, and with

Edwin, as Cricolo, the Barber-Soldier, was inimitable in song and dancing-duets; the piece opened with all the characters, in the Venctian style, dancing in a pleasure-garden. I gave Dr. Arnold an Irish tune for this dance and song, and it was capitally sung.

John Palmer played Pompeio, the Podesta's son, admirably; Mrs. Wells, Theresa, the Barber's Wife; and Miss George, the young heroine. I had my share of the third, sixth, and ninth nights, in all about 100*l.* (One act of this "Siege of Curzola" was mislaid or lost, the other two acts I sent to Mr. Harris in 1803, making part of the consideration in my bargain with him for my Covent Garden annuity of twenty guineas.)

I never was at Bath, and yet have been frequently on the point of going there. Whilst Mr. Colman, sen. was there for his health, I had the following letter from him: —

"My dear O'Keeffe,

"I am sorry that the continuation of Tott's illness stops your journey, and wish he could have come with you as a

New Bath Guide. Go on with your piece, at least, and be assured that there is no idea of any change in the present administration. Report is a lying gossip; for I am told she has lately given me a second stroke, though I have been ever since my arrival to the present moment in a state of gradual, but effectual recovery. I have this day begun to bathe; and if the bath answers as well as the pump has answered, I shall ascend the throne without stumbling or tottering, and wield the sceptre with a hand as firm and steady as at any period of my turbulent reign. Poor Harris, I hear from good authority, has been very ill indeed, but has for some time been pronounced out of danger.

"I am not sorry you will summer it at Barnes, as you will, I hope, often visit your neighbour at Richmond, who will run there as often as possible, and from whom you will always find a hearty welcome. With good wishes to you and your brother, I remain, dear O'Keeffe,

"Yours most truly,

"G. Colman."

"Bath, March 21, 1786"

A few more letters from so celebrated a literary character as Mr. Colman, may be acceptable to the reader.

Dear O'Keeffe,

I am just returned from my daily toils in your service, and I hope you will contrive to be with us early in the week; for on Saturday next I mean "Tom of Coventry"

to peep into day-light, and I trust he will peep with success; though Parsons, as I expected, has given up *Crazy*. No matter! Wewitzer will, I really think, do full as well—on the whole, perhaps better; as, from the other too much might perhaps be expected. I wish you would eat your mutton at Richmond on Sunday. The sooner you come the better. Enclosed are this year's receipts to the "Young Quaker," the *highest* balance is your due. Adieu, my dear O'Keeffe: ever depend on every attention from

Your very faithful and affectionate

G. COLMAN.

Soho-square,
Friday, past 2 o'clock.

FROM THE SAME.

Richmond, Thursday.

Set your heart at rest, my dear O'Keeffe, about "The Siege of Curzola," and only regret that the papers will perhaps, for a time, prevent the applause and attraction that it will hereafter excite. On Saturday, I suppose, you will venture to the House; for the success of Monday and last night have established the piece, which, I dare say, will rise on every representation. On Sunday, what can you do better than come and spend the day with us at Richmond?

Ever your's, heartily,

G. COLMAN.

FROM THE SAME.

MY DEAR O'KEEFFE,

Why did you give yourself the trouble to write, when you could so easily have told me, or rather have brought the piece with you. I am desired to thank you for the music of "Patrick in Prussia," and hope soon to see you, and wish *to have the Plague*.*—Adieu.

G. COLMAN.

FROM THE SAME.

I was as much disappointed as Mr. and Mrs. T———, at not meeting you there on Thursday. Can you come to Richmond, and take a bed there any day next week? I wish much to settle something with you for *the 15th of May*.

Your's, most heartily,

G. COLMAN.

Gower-street,
Twelfth day, 1787.

FROM THE SAME.

Indeed, my dear O'Keeffe, in my present state of health, added to other pressing circumstances of business, you are the only person whom, on the present occasion, I should

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* My Comedy of "The Plague of Riches," which I altered afterwards to the Opera of "The Farmer."

have been anxious to assist with my poor efforts: my anxiety, however, had half conjured up the ghost of a prologue,* which vanished on the receipt of your last. But if you will call here about twelve to-morrow, I will endeavour to raise the spirit again by that time, and if it appear worthy to walk in your circle, so much the better; if not, you shall lay him at your pleasure. In three words, *at twelve to-morrow;* in the mean while, in two words, Good night!

FROM THE SAME.

MY DEAR O'KEEFFE,

I have read your nearly illegible MS. The piece, both from its completion and length, is not, I think, fit for songs. It stands much better as plain dialogue.† Your sea characters, Grog and Stern, are excellent. But the *Obstinate Man* is not a good title: some naval title will suit it better. I think, with a little careening of yours, the bottom is sound, and the ship will hold water. A fair wind, brother sailor!

Ever your faithful

G. COLMAN.

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* Prologue to "The Man Milliner."

† The "Positive Man." I did not quite agree in this opinion with Mr. Colman, who with candour afterwards adopted mine, and Michael Arne set the songs I wrote for it, in a masterly style.

CHAPTER III.

Charlotte-street, Portland-place. — Shop Adventures. — Margate.—Pratt.—The Thuilleries.—" The Man-milliner."—" The Plague of Riches."—" The Farmer."—Mr. Colman.—Ramus.—" Tantara-rara."—"The Prisoner at Large." — Poet Laureates. — " The Siege of Troy." — " Valentine and Orson." — " The Highland Reel." — LETTER. — " The Toy, or Hampton Court Frolicks."—Frederick Pilon.—EPILOGUE.—" Aladdin, or the Wonderful Lamp."—Quick's Benefit.—The French Revolution.—" The Grenadier."—Westminster School.—Dr. Vincent.—Rev. Mr. Dodd.—Westminster Play, " King John," and " High Life below Stairs."—School Row.—Drogheda School barring out.—" The Czar."—" All to St. Paul's"—" The Basket-Maker." — Edwin's Funeral. — " Wild Oats." — Mrs. Pope.—" Modern Antiques, or the Merry Mourners." —Leaving London.

I NOW quitted Barnes, and removed to London, where I took a house in Charlotte-street,

Portland-place; then the last house but one next the cross street nearest the fields, on the left hand. This I furnished entirely new, according to my own taste in those affairs, and chose, and purchased the whole of the furniture myself, excepting that for kitchens and attics. I wanted two pair of handsome pillar candlesticks, and went into a capital silversmith's to buy them. The shop was the corner of an alley. I thought he asked too much, and wished to get them cheaper. There was another silversmith's at the opposite corner; and I was going away, when the owner said to me, "Now, Sir, you are going to the shop yonder; and if you do, and should come back to me, I'll not sell you mine at all." Another time, wishing to buy a new hat for my son, my brother brought us to a shop under the Piazza, Covent-garden. "Ah," said I, "Dan, I'll not buy one here, I know I can get one much cheaper in the City." "Well then," said Dan, "come, we'll go to the City," and off we posted to Cheapside. I

went into a shop, purchased a new hat for my boy, and, looking into the crown at the paper pasted within it, I saw the same name of the hatter under the Piazza, Covent-garden. Dan laughed, and the man said, " It is all one concern, both the shops are mine." " And now," added Dan, " as you have forced us into the City, you must step on to Cornhill, and treat Tott and me to a basin of soup at Birch's." This latter incident at the two shops gave me the idea of the similar one in the " Man-milliner."

In Charlotte-street I spent many happy days; and though in the mornings I continued to study hard, in the evenings I enjoyed the society of my brother and our mutual friends, and most frequently at my own house; for, from the year 1781 up to this period, I have always found myself, from the state of my sight, embarrassed and embarrassing, when visiting at other people's houses. I feel no where at home, but at home.

My children came to me during their holi-

days, and greatly added to my comfort; but unhappily for me, this did not last long. Affairs entirely private, and strictly domestic, compelled me to change my plan respecting them; and on consulting my brother, who always had a knack of running to Paris and back again to London once or twice a year, (some relaxation to his painting studies,) he persuaded me to send my son to Paris for education. I consented, and he took both my children to France. Tottenham he placed, by my desire, at the College du Plessis, belonging to the University of Paris; and Adelaide at Montreuil-sur-mer, in the convent of St. Austreberte. I went with them as far as Dover; and, leaving them to cross the Straits to Calais together, I went with my niece to Margate, where I took lodgings. Pratt the poet, I was told afterwards, had lately lodged in the same house. Many years before, I knew Pratt in Dublin. He was then a young man of a promising genius for the drama, and, as such, came over as a bird of passage with Mr.

Thomas Sheridan. Pratt played in Dublin by the name of Courtenay Melmoth. He came out in the part of Mark Antony. Sheridan did Brutus. Sheridan's terms were, half the profits over the charges, for a certain number of nights. Pratt soon after returned to England, where he brought out a tragedy, called "The Fair Circassian," at Drury-lane with success. I liked his poems of "Sympathy," and "Humanity."

On my brother's return to England from Paris, he related to me his French adventures. Previous to putting my son to College, he took him to see all the fine sights in Paris and the environs. Amongst others, the Royal Family going to chapel at the Thuilleries. At the very instant the King (Louis XVI.) was passing them, my awkward son (then eleven years of age) whisking out his pocket handkerchief with the carelessness of an English school-boy, a large crust of bread came out with it, and struck the King's foot. He smiled, and looked at the English boy; while my brother,

ashamed and alarmed, whispered him, " Had I thought you would have disgraced me so by your Irish-English manners, I would never have brought you to the French court, I can assure you, Tott."

My two-act piece " The Man Milliner," produced at Covent-garden Theatre, was dismissed by the audience as soon as the curtain rose—not a word was heard. Every haberdasher from Hammersmith to Bow, and from the Elephant and Castle to Highbury-barn, filled the house; the men-milliners' shops all over town were shut up at three o'clock, and the owners were resolved to have their own way for once in dramatic choice. It was remarked, but too late, that giving it that title was beating the drum for certain condemnation. I was in one of the upper private boxes with William Lewis, who told me (Mr. Harris being out of town) that, in case of the slightest opposition, his orders were not to repeat the piece; and so walked out of shop—" The Man Milliner!"

Though this failure gave me little concern, yet I was forced to work close, to retrieve lost time, and I soon finished a five-act comedy, "The Plague of Riches." This I took to Mr. Colman: he did not like it. I offered to cut it down to three acts—to two acts. "No, no hope at all in it; it will do no good; you will never bring it into any form likely to succeed. Very sorry, O'Keeffe, but try at another piece." I told him, what was true, that a five-act comedy was a thing of too much labour to be given up in despair by its author, and that I would make an effort that it should yet succeed in some shape or other. I took the MS. home with me, and, in the vexation of the moment, putting my fingers over incidents, pages, and whole scenes, lopped off three acts, wrote songs in the course of a few days, had the whole copied fair by my amanuensis, and sent it to Mr. Harris, with its new title—"The Farmer." It was acted forty nights the first season. All the performers were in high spirits with their

parts. Edwin's Jemmy Jumps, and Mrs. Mattocks's Betty Blackberry, were the highest treat the public had been gratified with for some time. Blanchard sung my "Ploughboy," and Darley my song of "Ere round the huge oak," with great applause. I had previously written the latter song, at Mr. Harris's request, for Reinhold, who did Fairfield, to sing it in "The Maid of the Mill," that character having no song. Michael Arne had then the conduct of the Covent-garden musicals, and set this, with five more I wrote on the same occasion. So I thought it now but justice to myself to take it into my own piece. Mr. Harris purchased my night for 100*l.*, and gave me 50*l.* more for the copyright, besides which he allowed me to sell Daly a copy for 50*l.*

"The Farmer" was greatly approved of by their late Majesties, they often commanded it.

Mr. Colman was one of the first of my friends to wish me joy on the success of "The Farmer," but seemed entirely to forget I had first offered

it to him, and was vexed and disappointed when I reminded him I had done so, as a five-act comedy called " The Plague of Riches."—"No, no, O'Keeffe, don't talk to me in that way. I don't know what you offered me of Riches and Plagues; but as to Farmers, you never offered me *that* Farmer."

It was during the first run of " The Farmer" I had an interview with Mr. Ramus, the King's page. Mr. Harris, who always dined at the theatre on the command nights, sent for me to his own private room, where, over a glass of wine, he introduced me to little Ramus. This interview (unsought by me) proceeded from a good-natured intention, and a look-forward on my road of life, of Mr. Harris, well knowing how precarious the trade of a dramatic writer was.

Ramus was a great favourite with the King; and whilst we were over our wine, their Majesties were diverting themselves with the scene between Valentine and Jemmy Jumps, where both are borrowers and neither lenders.

In 1788, I produced, at Covent-garden Theatre, a piece, called "Tantara-rara Rogues All," founded on a French play of the same title: the best actors were in it, but it failed. While the ill-humour of the audience was at its height, the performer who did Carty, was puzzled a long time at opening a desk—some error of the scene-men—for it was clumsily contrived: and this delay raised the clamour to such a height as not to be abated. So "Rogues All" made a clear stage; and I consoled myself with the idea, that after all it was only a translation; and that I deserved my defeat, by turning "rogue" myself, and stealing from the French, though the English audience would not be the receivers.

"The Prisoner at Large" was brought out at the Haymarket in 1788 with great success. The King and Queen commanded it. Williamson did Lord Esmond, and Mrs. Stephen Kemble, Adélaïde, both perfectly well; and Edwin played Muns with his accustomed

spirit of high comicality. I had the piece printed, by Messrs. Robinson, Pater-noster Row, on which occasion, I received from Edwin the following letter:—

"Dear Sir,

"I request you to accept my thanks for your very elegant and polite mention of me in the publication of 'The Prisoner at Large;' and beg you and your friends to rest assured I think myself highly honoured by it, and that if I have the happiness to experience the applause of the public, it is derived from the humour of your pen, and your judgment in knowing how to write for me.

"I am, dear Sir, with the greatest respect for your abilities, your much obliged servant,

John Edwin.

"Piazza, Covent-garden,
Sept. 12, 1788."

"The Prisoner at Large" has often been acted at Covent-garden Theatre.

On the demise of Whitehead, I had an interview with Lord Salisbury, (then Lord Chamberlain,) in Arlington-street, and asked him to make me poet-laureat. With much complacency he told me, he had not the smallest objection; but that he had previously given his pro-

mise to another. This was the learned Dr. Warton. So I put in no more claims for the Daphne wreath. Mr. Pye deservedly succeeded Warton; and my son's school-fellow at Westminster, Robert Southey, is now adorned by, and adorns the laurel.

At Mr. Harris's suggestion, I composed a grand piece of action: the subject, the Siege of Troy, which opened at the giving up the daughter of Chryseïs, and ended with the wooden horse adventure, Troy in flames, the death of Priam, &c. In this piece also I had dialogues, a pleasing show of Paris's dressing-room, the taking leave of Hector and his wife, &c. I also worked up another dramatic romance—"Valentine and Orson;" but, on account of the great expense the theatre must incur in an attempt to produce them, they were both given up; and I set joyfully to work on something more to my wishes—a three-act opera. I finished the whole of the dialogue, and sent it to Mr. Harris before I began upon the songs. He wrote me word it

had "good stuff in it," to write the songs without delay, and, as fast as I wrote them, to send them to Shield to set to music. I did so; and, when completed, called my opera "The Highland Reel."

Lewis read the piece, as usual, to the performers in the green-room. I kept away, but within hearing of the laugh. Meeting Mr. Harris on the stage, when the reading was over, he and I alone, I said with becoming diffidence,—"I think the reading has gone off tolerably." "Tolerably! call you it?" he said; "I never heard such *in*tolerable peals of laughter from any performers, at the first reading of a piece, in my life." He shook me by the hand, and we parted in happy spirits. The opera came out shortly after; and the public were of the same opinion with the performers as to its comic merits. It was acted thirty nights the first season. Mr. Harris gave me for it three hundred and fifty guineas.

Miss Fontenelle did the bold, high-spirited

Moggy, well: it was her first appearance on any stage; and a niece of Mrs. Kennedy's, a Miss Reynolds, (her first appearance also,) appeared in the quiet, modest Jenny. The music was made up of melodies of Allan Ramsay, Grétry, Corri, and Shield. Edwin came out, with all his whim, in Shelty the piper, as did Quick, in Mac Gilpin. Blanchard did Charley, arch and well. Frank Aickin, in the Laird of Col, the head of his clan, was proudly characteristic; and Charles Bannister, in Serjeant Jack, had Handel's grand drum march to vociferate.

My son having sent me over from Paris Grétry's music, I chose two or three fine airs of his for my opera.

During the rehearsal of "The Highland Reel," I had a pleasant day at Dr. Kennedy's, where I met Mr. and Mrs. Corri—Miss Reynolds (Jenny) was I think, Corri's pupil. Wm. Woodfall was the great patron of Miss Fontenelle; he recommended her to both Mr. Harris and me. It is to be lamented that my Sandy, the

real young Laird of Col, was afterwards drowned in passing from one island to the other.

Had I never read Dr. Johnson's and Boswell's Tour to the Hebrides, which I greatly admired, I should never have written "The Highland Reel," or brought the House of Grissipol, to Covent-Garden Theatre.

I was at "The Highland Reel" with a friend the first night, in a dark slip, even with the Shilling-gallery. In the midst of the high glee of the audience, two men who sat before me, unconscious that the author was within hearing, were laying wagers with each other, that it would never be acted after that night. I was so vexed at their absurdity and ill-nature, that when the curtain dropped, with loud peals of applause, I was tempted to stretch out my hands, knock their two heads together, and run away. Soon after I received a letter from a younger brother of my friend William Egan, at Edinburgh :—

"From Mr. George Egan.

"Edinburgh, 1788.

"Dear Sir,—With sincere and heartfelt satisfaction I beg leave to congratulate you on the great success of your 'Highland Reel;' which, from every account, both public and private, has added new fame to that you had before acquired. The accounts here are extravagantly favourable; and sincerely do I hope the profit may be equal to the merit of the piece. Wishing it may long continue a fashionable dance, and that fortune may ever attend you as your partner in many such happy productions,

"I am, &c.

"George Egan."

"To John O'Keeffe, Esq."

My five-act comedy of "The Toy, or Hampton Court Frolics," (which I afterwards cut down into three acts, called "The Lie of the Day") came out next. Mr. Harris gave me for nights and copyright three hundred and fifty guineas.

I wrote the Toy in Duke-street Grosvenor-square; when finished, Booth, the transcriber of the Theatre, said to me in James Brandon's parlour—"Well, now I've made the copy for Mr. Harris, and the prompt copy, and if I had

three hundred guineas at this moment in my pocket, I would lay them down on that table for your comedy of "The Toy." Remarkable enough, this was the very sum my third, sixth, and ninth nights brought me, besides fifty guineas for my copyright. Miss Fontenelle and Mrs. Kennedy, in Sophia and Katty Kavanagh, played their parts very well. I wrote an Irish song for Mrs. Kennedy, which she sang with great effect.

A vague report, or hearsay, many years ago, stated that my comedy of "The Toy" was an unfinished play of Mr. Pilon's, put into my hands by Mr. Harris. This assertion is totally devoid of foundation: I know nothing of Pilon's play. "The Toy" was my own planning, and every word my own writing. I never plumed myself with strange feathers:—I allow that some of the performers *ran the garron*, and that I had not worked up the humour high enough, and that Edwin was not at home in Metheglin, which, I admit, was too much like Malvolio in

Shakspeare's "Twelfth-night;" but I had taken great pains with some of the characters, particularly that of Aircourt for Lewis, Alibi for Quick, and Sir Carrol O'Donovan for Frank Aickin. I went purposely with a party to dine at the Toy at Hampton Court, where my scene is laid; for I never spared pains to make myself master of information: that is in every man's power, though genius is not: therefore, a slovenly inattention in those who thrust their performances on the public deserves the contempt they are likely to receive; for, however indulgent our opinions may be on our own works, the public voice, *unbiassed,* is always right, and Fame never yet approached the door of the unworthy. I here aver as a fact, that my five-act comedy of "The Toy" was, in incident, plot. character, and words, entirely my own composition, and that I took no part of it from the work of any one else. I may here add, that of all my dramatic pieces, upwards of sixty in number, the comedy of "The Toy" is that

which pleases me the least; and with respect to the title, (not my choosing) a more ill-chosen one never appeared to any play,—the other title of "The Lie of the Day" is scarcely better.

In the writing of this comedy, Lewis was very importunate with me to show him off, in a simple Yorkshire lad, a young London man of fashion, and an Irish hero, in all which I succeeded to his wish by writing Aircourt for him.

The Epilogue I wrote for "The Toy," to be spoken by Miss Fontenelle, in the character of Sophia, was not spoken; it is as follows:

"I han't much time to chatter here to you,
Yet take a hint of what I mean to do:
As Sol from clouds more brightly darts his rays,
So, long pent up, I'll burst into a blaze.
For dress, ton, life, I've a prodigious passion,
I'll make a pretty little woman of fashion.
Round the gay circle fly my cards about,
Sunday I fix on for th' enchanting rout.
At charming loo my company I set,
Or every heart beats high at dear piquette.
To nodding friends I'll in my chariot bob,
Splash up the dirt, and rattle through the mob.
Or in state chair my high head low I stoop,
My chin just popping out between my hoop:

My six tall footmen strutting on before
Knock flambeaux round, and beat the *open* door.
Mind I'm a lady first, for, ere I marry,
My Hal shall promise that he'll be Sir Harry.
My pleasures quite in style, all brilliant, gay,
Yet still so vulgar as to like a play.
The playhouse crowded, how we're squeez'd and tumbled,
Box, pit, and gallery, such jargon jumbled!
So pleasant too the conversation round ye.

(Mimicks the several characters.)

"Are you there, Jack?"[1] "Hah, Tom!"[2] "The deuce confound ye!"[3]
"A charming girl, that yonder!"[4] "La, what brutes!"[5]
"Is this seat taken?"[6] "Dem your dirty boots!"[7]
"Were you at Ascot, ma'am?"[8] "I go to races!"[9]
"Hey, shut the door, there!"[10] "Lady Dumplin's places!"[11]
"Silence!"[12] Book o' the songs, ma'am?"[13] Ah, such nonsense!"[14]
"Hiss again, I'll knock you down!"[15] "You!"[16] "'Pon my conscience."[17]

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1 A sailor.
2 Another sailor.
3 Women in gallery.
4 Buck in the boxes.
5 Lady in green boxes.
6 Country gentleman.
7 Foppish officer.
8 Man of the turf.
9 Old lady.
10 Finical Fop.
11 Box-keeper.
12 Noisy fellow in upper gallery.
13 Fruit woman.
14 Critic.
15 Irishman.
16 Critic.
17 Irishman.

"Wins Desdemona, Stories all he told her."[18]
"Suddenly taken ill."[19] "Who's bottle-holder?"[20]
"Hip!"[21] (Sings) "And you to bless this charming creature."[22]
"Cursed hot."[23] "How cold!"[24] Open the ventilator."[25]
"His Lordship went this morning, Sir, for Dover."[26]
"A fine good-natured fellow!"[27] "Throw him over!"[28]
"Take off your bonnet, Ma'am."[29] "He'll then adore me."[30]
"I shan't sit down, 'till they sit down afore me."[31]
"What act is this?"[32] "I drank tea in Pall Mall."[33]
"A brazen romp, that little Fontenelle!"[34] (*Bell rings.*)
My clack's cut short, for there's the prompter's bell.
Good night, kind friends, to you, and you, and you!
Here I could prate for ever——but Adieu!

The Christmas following I produced, at Covent-garden, a very successful pantomime, called "Aladdin or the Wonderful Lamp," founded

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[18] Citizen's wife in the pit.
[19] Apologising Performer.
[20] Pupil of Humphries.
[21] Sailor.
[22] Carlos, in Duenna.
[23] Fat Citizen in pit.
[24] Affected lady.
[25] Man in gallery.
[26] Man of Fashion in lower boxes.
[27] Drunken Buck in upper boxes.
[28] Men in slips.
[29] Man in pit.
[30] Frail Fair in upper boxes.
[31] Yorkshireman.
[32] Drunken man.
[33] Fop.
[34] A starched prude.

on a story in the Arabian Nights' entertainments. Also a piece from the same Oriental source, for Quick's Benefit.

Thus, in one season, I brought out a five-act comedy, a three-act opera, a two-act after-piece, and a pantomime; all successful. Dryden could not furnish the theatre with one play a-year; therefore, though no Dryden, I may be allowed, at least, to exult on the score of industry—to get a little ready money.

The world was now full of the political changes in France, of which, before they rose to such horrors, people of good sense, humane intentions, and perfect friends to monarchy, did not think much amiss; and I was induced to compose a drama in which I worked upon the subject of "The Man in the Iron Mask," in a regular story with correspondent incidents, local customs, characters, dialogue, and song. I was enabled to do this well from original materials, and genuine anecdotes, supplied me by my son and his French tutor, L'Abbé ——, who had at this

time (1789), by my desire, brought him over from Paris; my daughter having the year before been fetched over to me from France, and its horrors, by her governess. My son Tottenham had seen the cannon go by to batter the Bastile, and heard the terrific explosions, and the appalling shouts of the people. He and the Abbé were ear and eye-witnesses of many of the circumstances, which I brought into this piece of mine, called "The Grenadier." I gave it this name from Dubois, a grenadier of the National Guard, having been the first to mount the wall and enter the Bastile; but when the flame of liberty in Paris seemed to be converted into hell-fire, and patriotic men into demons, Mr. Harris very prudently thought it advisable not to touch upon the subject; and though the scenes were painted, the music composed by Shield, and the piece rehearsed several times, we went no further with it. I printed it, however, in my four volumes, as a curiosity replete with authenticated information.

Edwin was greatly delighted with his part, a French cobbler, and practised his songs, when I was at his lodgings, with high glee, he accompanying himself on the harpsichord: he was a fine musician. Mr. Harris, Shield, and I, attended all the rehearsals of "The Grenadier" with great assiduity, and our hopes were sanguine.

The first time I went to see the paintings in Hampton Court palace, as I walked through the galleries, with a sad foreboding of his fate, I wished, from my whole sincere heart, that Louis XVI. had been then walking there also.

Mr. Harris was the first who told me the dreadful truth; and we were both so much affected, that we parted in silence, and I returned home, though we had met by appointment on business.

With great interest I had read the whole progress of the French commotions; and this was much heightened by the weekly letters I received from my son at Paris; who, in his broken

English, and boyish expressions, amply detailed to me what was going forward.

He had at that period quitted College, and was living at the Palais d'Elysée Bourbon,* Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré, with his tutor, who was chaplain to the Duchess of Bourbon, and who permitted that gentleman, for his own emolument, to continue the care of his two pupils, young Count de Fiennes, and my son: and here I may remark, that the education of the latter in Paris, for three years, cost me above two hundred pounds a-year, every half-year paid beforehand, through the houses of Messrs. Ransom, Morland, and Co. Pall Mall, and M. Perrigaux, the banker in Paris.

Amongst other English friends who called on my son when at the College du Plessis, Paris, was Mr. Palmer, of Bath, who gave him a guinea, with sterling gold advice. He was also much

* Successively the residence of the Duke de Bourbon, the Government Printers, Murat, Bonaparte, the Emperor Alexander, Bonaparte a second time, the Duke of Wellington, and at the present moment, once again the Duke de Bourbon.

taken notice of at the balls of the English ambassador, one of which he opened with the daughter of the Englishman of rank at that time in Paris on a diplomatic capacity.

When my son returned to me from Paris, he could scarcely speak a word of English, and was dressed in the full high Parisian court-fashion ; scarlet coat with cut-steel buttons, white fringed waistcoat, pearl colour small-clothes, white silk stockings ribbed with light-blue, large silver buckles, laced handkerchief, small hat, and muff, which I advised him to give to his little sister before he walked down Piccadilly. Though I endeavoured to keep him out of squabbles with our neighbours, they used to call out to him over our garden-wall,—" Ah, Mounseer, don't you jabber to us, now that you 've brought your saucy head safe over ; better be civil, and remember the lantern-post, Mounseer !"

When Tottenham had recovered his English, and become reconciled to sober English dress, I placed him at Westminster-school. In the morn-

ing, I had an interview with Dr. Vincent, who received me very politely, and, indeed, with kindness: he was prepared for my visit, by the Rev. Mr. Dodd, usher of the Fifth Form; and that very evening my son was admitted into the upper fifth. I engaged Mr. Dodd as his tutor, at the customary stipend. Tottenham's Latin exercises were soon thought of that consequence, that Dr. Vincent had them laid on the table for the boys to read and profit by: he was also a good Greek scholar. My purpose was, that he should stand out for college, and, according to the forms of the school, was prepared to do this; and I engaged one of the King's scholars for his *Help*. The three young gentlemen who personally applied to me on this occasion, were Mr. Theodore Hook, Mr. Lenden, and Mr. Winkle: the latter had it—but poor Tottenham lost his election by his *French* Latin; for when the question was put, by his hesitation, the boy the next below answered quick, and stepped above him. A terrible disappoint-

ment to both him and me, as my hopes of his being elected off from college to the University were thus clouded. The wish was, that he should stand out for it the next season, but I gave it up; however, he went through the fifth, the shell, and had his whole year in the sixth, where Dr. Vincent himself presided.

My son once brought me into the school to see the nature of it, and showed me Dryden's name, cut by the poet himself, on one of the forms: I touched the letters with pleasure and veneration.

When the boys at Westminster school played "King John," and "High Life below Stairs," my son performed Constance, and obtained great applause from the audience, which was composed of persons of the first rank in the kingdom; parents and friends to the boys, and a great many literary characters. Sir Archibald Macdonald wrote a prologue for one of them to speak, in which I had the honour to be flatteringly mentioned. In this youthful West-

minster Play, Mr. M. G. Lewis acted Falconbridge; Mr. Charles Wynne, Pandulph; the elder Bunbury, King John; Henry Bunbury, Prince Arthur. This is the very gentleman who was commissioned to acquaint Buonaparte with his St. Helena destination, in 1815. During their rehearsal, little Bunbury objected to leaping from the walls of his prison, the scene opened and discovered him on the ground, under the walls, supposed dead. M. G. Lewis was manager, and director, and treasurer; he wrote an epilogue, and spoke it himself. I borrowed Tottenham's dress for Constance, from Mrs. Egan, wardrobe-keeper to Covent-Garden Theatre. He did not play in the entertainment.

I may here remark, that, for reasons which will be well understood, no play can be better selected than "High Life below Stairs," for noble and wealthy school-boys to perform. M. G. Lewis did my Lord Duke; Henry Bunbury, Mrs. Kitty; Mr. Wynne, Lovel; and, I believe, one of the Paget family, Sir Harry.

Both play and farce were excellently acted. I was there, and most highly gratified.

Whilst my son was at Westminster, there was what is called a row, in which they fixed upon a lone uninhabited house on Mill Bank: this, they pretended, was a depot for smugglers and coiners and disaffected rogues; however, at last they settled it was the town of Troy, and divided themselves into two parties, the Greeks and Trojans, giving themselves names out of the Iliad, according to the native character of the boy. The Trojan party went into Troy, the Thames was the Scamander; and the marsh of Tothill-fields, their Isle of Tenedos. Ilium was taken, and the whole house, except bricks, tiles and flooring, all demolished.

About the year 1770, I remember a rebellion, or barring out, as it was called there, of the great school at Drogheda: the boys took possession of the school and house, and held it for some days; they had baskets hung out at the windows, into which the trades-people put provisions for their sustenance. The master was

indulgent enough, some years after, to bespeak a play for them at the theatre: it was Macbeth, and performed by day-light; the curtain went up at twelve at noon, the house was lighted up, and thus a play did not interfere with their early sleeping-hours.

I next produced a three-act opera, called "The Czar Peter:" it came out at Covent-Garden for Mrs. Billington's benefit. I had my third and sixth night, and thought it was taking its run, when one morning passing through the Piazza, Covent-garden, to my dismay and surprise I saw, close to the door of the Shakspeare Tavern, a large play-bill, announcing another play for that evening, which showed me that mine was stopped.

The music was fine, some of it original Russian airs, and others composed by Shield. Mrs. Billington introduced into it Handel's "The Prince unable to conceal his pain," and sang "No harm to know it, you know," written by me for Ottokesa, and set by Shield.

Johnstone, who had not at that time stepped into an Irish brogue, (a countryman's shoe) looked Colonel Lefort admirably, and sang in true falsetto style; and Mrs. Martyr for the first time sang "Bold Chanticleèr proclaims the dawn." The thought was Shield's, who wished me to write a hunting bravura, which he would adapt in his composition to her Staccato style and voice. Incledon has since laid hold of it, and with great effect warbled it all over the world, only altering the dog's name from "Fleet Ringwood," to "Old Towler." And with all deference to my excellent friend Shield's taste, I must say, the song, both in words and music, is better adapted for a man than for a woman.

During the writing of "The Czar" I went to Deptford-dock-yard, not to see the ships on the stocks, but to lay in my stock of information for my imperial shipwright, Peter the Great; and to see the small house where he resided: one door of it opening into the dock-yard, and

another into a little lane. Some years after, going to town in the Richmond stage, a Russian gentleman, in the suite of the ambassador (for whom he had been to take lodgings on Richmond Hill), was my fellow-passenger, and amongst other information told me, that the Czar Peter used to cross the Thames, and pass an hour or so on a little bench at the door of a small alehouse at Blackwall. When Peter left England, the landlord had a sign of him painted, and hung up at his door. In lapse of time this sign was neglected and thrown among rubbish. This gentleman heard something of the circumstance, went to Blackwall, inquired, found, purchased, and had this identical old painted board sent over to Petersburgh to the late Emperor Alexander.

Extremes meet; it is remarkable enough that Shuter, the low Comedian, when at Cork, chose to sit at a particular alehouse door, on the road going to Glenmire, toping and joking and distributing his cakes and ale to the laughing

crowd of countrymen, women, and children, round him: the people of Cork used to point out to me and others this seat with great exultation.

In this opera of mine, "The Czar," I had written the part of Couvanski (without songs) for Lewis, and intended it to be acted as a high-spirited, volatile, dashing young Russian spark; but, notwithstanding the great addition Lewis's popularity had received from his acting Lackland, in "Fontainebleau," nothing could prevail on him to appear again in an opera, and I was forced to cut away and sober-down the part of Couvanski, and add songs to it. It was cast (I believe, against his will) to Blanchard, for whom to display his distinguished accomplishments of dancing and fencing, I wrote a song, which was capitally set by Shield.

By Mr. Harris's wish, and the acquisition of Wilson again to the theatre, I compressed "The Czar" into two acts, and called it "The Fugitive," with two comic German songs for Wilson;

but, though I altered the plot, changed the characters, and thrust the Emperor Peter and his dock-yard out of it, it did nothing.

In 1789, on his Majesty's going to St. Paul's Cathedral, I brought out at Covent-Garden Theatre a little piece, full of whim and joy, called "The Loyal Bandeau," for Mrs. Mattocks's benefit; and my purpose was fully answered, in showing my own loyalty, and in serving so excellent an actress. I laid the scene at the top of Ludgate Hill;—it had many comic characters and pretty songs.

I wrote a two-act piece, "The Basket-maker," for the Haymarket, in which John Bannister performed Wattle; but the piece was neither applauded nor hissed, nor laughed at, nor cried at, and I would have a play of mine either applauded to the roar, or nobly hissed off at once, and die game—no flat wine; sweet, or vinegar, let it be. I may here remark, some ran the garron in this play.

I received a card of invitation to attend Ed-

win's funeral: he died at his lodgings, in Bedford-street, the right-hand corner entering Bedford-court. I went, and found many of the performers and others assembled in the front room up stairs, all of course in black, and dejected enough at losing their soul of mirth. I here met with Dodd the actor, whom I had not seen for many years: I ever admired him greatly in his high comic gentlemanly characters, in which he was unrivalled. We talked together of *his* son (the Rev. Mr. Dodd, at that time Usher of the fifth form in Westminster-school,) and of *my* son, then a boy of fourteen years of age, in that form. Mr. Dodd spoke of Tottenham, his son's pupil, with pride and pleasure, which gave me great satisfaction.

When the funeral procession was marshalled at the door, William Shield and I were placed the two foremost pall-bearers:—I held the pall with my right-hand, Shield held it with his left. William Lewis was on the same side with me, and walked next to me. I cannot answer for

the order of the other performers, but they were all there. As Edwin was buried in the churchyard (of St. Paul's, Covent-Garden), we had only to cross Bedford-street, over to the nearest entrance to the church: the whole solemn and awful business was by torch-light, which would greatly have puzzled and perplexed me, on account of my dim sight, had not Lewis contrived to keep me out of harm's way. Poor Edwin's remains were lowered into the earth, and the parties separated in quiet and contemplation. I have a very good print of Edwin, as Lingo; and I had a very excellent coloured print of Munden, in Jemmy Jumps, but in my numberless migrations I lost it.

I next went hard to work upon a five-act comedy, which, when completed, I called "Wild Oats." According to the usual custom where an author has to request a friend to write a prologue or an epilogue, I sent a MS. of the comedy to George Colman the younger, and

received from him the following cheering letter:

"DEAR O'KEEFFE,

"There is no resisting your unmerciful mercy. You may depend upon the epilogue. I have read your 'Wild Oats,' which I think very, very pleasant: I have no doubt of its success, and may venture to wish you joy beforehand. Your's truly,

"G. COLMAN, jun.

"21st March, 1791,
St. Alban's Street."

It was brought out for Lewis's benefit-night, and his Rover and Mrs. Pope's Lady Amaranth met the full approbation of the audience. Wilson's John Dory, and Munden's Ephraim Smooth, Mrs. Wells's Jane, and Blanchard's Sim, were a capital treat; and all the rest of the performers did their very best. I received from Mr. Harris, for my author's nights and copyright of "Wild Oats," 450 guineas. This play was acted for the benefit-fund at Covent-Garden, some years after.

In 1770, I first saw Miss Young (afterwards Mrs. Pope); she came over with Macklin to Dublin, and played both in tragedy and comedy; she was universally admired and respected. Her Lady Amaranth, in my "Wild Oats," was excellent: her invariable method was to read over to me the parts I purposely wrote for her, before she acted them. Edwin and William Lewis pursued the same plan, and I think it a very good one for audience, actor, and poet.

The same season I brought out at Covent-Garden, "Modern Antiques, or the Merry Mourners;" and by the golden coin this favourite piece turned into the treasury, I did not regret that I had made Quick the fiddle of it: though I had screwed up the pegs higher than usual, not a string snapped to the end of the jig.

About this time I was invited by Lord Barrymore to partake of merry meetings at his house at Weybridge, where was a great assem-

blage of title, fashion, and beauty; but my unfortunate pair of eyes, even at that period, made me so awkward with strangers, both to them and myself, particularly since I had lost my brother Daniel,—(he died in 1787 of a consumption)—that, with thanks to Lord Barrymore, I declined going, and left them to their private theatricals, in which I heard afterwards they succeeded admirably. Indeed, many years before, when I was young, and my sight perfect, I did not accept a similar invitation to Shane's Castle, county Antrim, about one hundred miles from Dublin, given me by John O'Neil (afterwards Lord O'Neil, killed in 1798, in the national ferment.)

I now became weary of London and its vicinity, which I had not quitted since my last visit to Margate; and when Covent-Garden theatre closed in June 1791, I resolved to indulge my children and myself with a sea-side excursion. Having had many favourable accounts of West Lulworth, from a friend who

had lately been there, I fixed on that distant and sequestered place to lay in a stock of health and spirits for a few weeks, and quitted London.

Before I set out on my "Rambles in Dorsetshire," no harm to mention, as caution, what happened to Johnstone, during the rehearsal of "The Czar Peter."—Studying very late one night in bed his part of Colonel Lefort, he fell asleep with the paper in his hand; it caught fire, and curtains, bed, and all, were soon in a blaze: he lodged in Russell-street, and luckily the market people had already begun to assemble in Covent-Garden; the fire was put out, but Johnstone's life was in great peril.

In writing the part of Col. Lefort (so famous in history), I took great pains both in dialogue and songs.

CHAPTER IV.

Leave London for Dorsetshire, 20th June, 1791.—Salisbury.— Blandford. — Bryanstone.—West Lulworth.—The originals of "Toby Thatch," "Kitty Barleycorn," and "John Grum," in the "London Hermit."—Lulworth Cove.—The Look Out.—The Golden Fleece.—Hills and Valleys.—Bindon Hill.—The Garden of the Inn.—Skaiting.—Fowling.—Balloons.—Lulworth Castle.—The Chapel.—The Village Churchyard.— East Lulworth.—A Roman Fortification.—Hanbury Hill.—Escape of the Royal Family of France.—A Visit to Nestor.—King George III. at Lulworth.—Horse Races on Bindon Hill.—Winfrith Village.—Sportsmen from London.—Lost in a Fog.—The Merry Shepherd.—Horsemanship.—The Jolly Bowl.—Toby Thatch's Journey to London.

We breakfasted at Bagshot, and dined at Popham-lane, twelve miles from Winchester, on very fine salmon from Southampton. At Salis-

bury, whilst our coffee was preparing, my son and I, leaving Adelaide and my little boy in the care of their servant, went to see the inside of the Cathedral; but we were so particularly directed down this street, and up the other street, that we could only hope to see it the next time we might come through Salisbury, and contented ourselves, on our return to the inn, with a distant view of its beautiful spire. By eleven at night, we drove up to the Greyhound inn at Blandford; and the next morning were much gratified with the sight of the full market-place directly under our windows. I was told that some hundreds, perhaps thousands of women and children here, are employed in a manufacture of shirt-buttons. After dinner we went to see Bryanstone, the seat of Mr. Portman, who owns and gives name to the square in London: the house and grounds appeared to me delightfully situated on the banks of the river Stour, which here forms a cascade. We also saw the demesne of Mr. F——, a gentleman

from the East Indies, and that of Mr. S——, brother to a London banker.

The next morning, after breakfast, anxious for a plunge in the sea, the grand business of my journey, I put forward for West Lulworth. The villages of Bere Regis and Chamberlain's Ford are wide, and lie across the road. I would advise all who travel this way without men-servants, as in our case, to bring some young native lad behind the carriage, to open the gates, for our drivers had to dismount not less than a dozen times. To reach Chamberlain's Ford, we crossed a common, three miles wide, which furnishes peat for fuel: this, though I was told not equal to our Irish bog-turf, is providently laid up as an excellent store by both farmers and cottagers. The centre of the common commanded an extensive view, to the left, of Corfe Castle and Wareham, and on direct were seen the battlements of Lulworth Castle, emerging from the trees. The country here grew charming, the air peculiarly sweet from

hedges composed of honeysuckles, blue-bells, and wild roses. Wool-Bridge, over the river Froome, gives name to a small village: our last parcel of cottages was called Coombe; and now drawing near East Lulworth, the sea broke full upon the view in ample magnificence; yet the sight was sometimes obstructed by hills, which, before I quitted Lulworth, became familiar acquaintances of mine, having traversed them over and over.

We drove through East Lulworth, passed close to the Castle, and two miles further brought us to the door of the Red Leo—our journey's end, where, by letter from London, accommodation had been secured to me by the friend I mentioned, who had here spent a few summer weeks, fishing, fowling, boating, &c.

The first person who accosted me at the door of my chaise was my "Toby Thatch," in my comedy of "The London Hermit." I alighted, and entered my new abode, of which, having

first settled with the postboys, who returned to Blandford, I took a minute survey. I found it of the smallest, a lodging more adapted for a young single man bent on a short rural retirement, than for a family-man such as I was; but it was too late to be off the agreement, which had been entered upon for six weeks, and I resolved to make the best of it, particularly when my host and hostess put on all their good-humour and grateful cheerfulness to receive me. The beautiful "Kitty Barleycorn" in my "London Hermit," appeared in the shape of a neat well-looking country girl, the servant of the Inn; and "Toby Thatch" was assisted in depositing our trunks in the dormitories by the identical "John Grum" who cuts so *loquacious* a figure in my aforesaid comedy, and which character Lewis had so great an ambition to perform. "I thinks these trunks will stand here very well, don't you, John?" said Toby—"Um!" was John's re-

ply.—"They bes mortish heavy, an't they, John?"—"Um!" was again John's satisfactory answer.

In these three characters, all traits of personality in "The London Hermit" end; the rest are taken from the broad and full picture of life and nature, to be met with every where.

As board was included in our terms, and I paid liberally, I may for the honour of Red Leo state here, that our three meals a day, breakfast, dinner, and supper, were excellent, delicate, and abundant, from the first day to the last.

Eager to look about us, my son and I went out for a walk, and resolved to enjoy the pleasure of exploring every place around us without any guide: we found our way through the village, down Brook-lane to the Cove, a circular basin, (the minikin miniature of our Cove at Cork,) surrounded by high cliffs, except towards the sea, where a narrow opening admits and gives shelter to a number of fishing and pleasure-boats, cutters, wherries, and other small craft,

and yet ships of considerable burden could enter, and ride here in safety. As this cove was to be my duck-pond, I walked round the beach, and chose the best spot for bathing. The shore in most parts of the circuit being rather steep and sudden, seemed to require some caution in those who could not swim; and I now warned my son never to attempt bathing alone. He could not swim, and, though tall and thin, was never given to any violent athletic sports; yet was allowed to excel in dancing, fencing, riding, driving, and indeed in all Paris and Westminster-school acquirements.

The tide was high when we first visited Lulworth Cove; the large billows, named here White Horses, had a grand appearance, all froth, spray, white foam, and fury, curveting through the bold Marine gate, as I called the grand sea-entrance of the Cove, and bursting on the beach. As you face the gate, a high craggy rock, covered with green turf, rises boldly to the right; this is aptly termed "the Look Out," and used

as such; the summit being a station for sailors and others, who may be seen there in groups, with their telescopes, watching the ships in the channel. On the summit was a flag-staff.

We returned to our abode with appetites sea-sharpened, and sat down to a roast loin of lamb, delicate boiled chickens, tongue, green-peas, young potatoes, a gooseberry pie, thick cream, good strong home-brewed ale, and a glass of tolerable port-wine. This was a meal of genuine materials; for, attached to and belonging to the owners of Red Leo, was a large farm, which supplied us with bread, milk, cream, butter, poultry, eggs, fruit and vegetables. Half an hour concluded our meal, and we sallied forth again to the Cove, through a narrow winding lane near half a mile in length, part of it skirting a verdant hill, and edged on the left by some pleasant well-built cottages: one of these near the end of the lane, I thought very handsome; a pretty railed-in garden before it, added the odour of choice flowers and shrubs

to the universal fragrance that reigned here; and near it a small brook, bursting through the rocks, turned an adjacent mill; then, winding along in its passage to the Cove, fell over a pile of enormous stones, its gurgling obliging the lark with a very pleasing accompaniment. A few days after, I was offered here a small comfortable new house, just finished building, on the left hand near the mill, for 200*l*. As I had more than double that sum with me in my trunk, no bad thing had I bought it; but the great distance from London, and my affairs, was one grand motive for declining it.

It was dusk when we returned home, where we found waiting for us a supper of the Lulworth-staple, lobster and crabs, to which was added, cold lamb and cucumbers, gooseberry pie, butter, milk, and bread. That over, I was conducted by my hostess herself to my chamber, through a longer lobby than I expected from the outside view of our hotel. The room was not large, but very neat, and I never enjoyed a

sounder or more refreshing sleep in my life, than I did this, the first night, under Leo's roof.

At eight o'clock the next morning I awoke refreshed and happy; and on coming down to my rustic parlour found my young companions seated at the breakfast-table, rather impatient at my delay. No wonder, for our hostess and "Kitty Barleycorn" had placed on the table a very inviting breakfast, of Souchong tea, sugar, honey, cream, milk, home-made bread, and rolls, butter, and eggs; and in the centre of the table, a large nosegay of flowers, fresh gathered from the garden at the back of the house.

Our meal over, my son and I went down to the Cove, where I enjoyed a noble swim, but did not venture out at the Marine gate, or I might have missed the entrance, which to me would have been fatal. But no persuasions could prevail on him to become my pupil in this art; he contented himself with bathing, and then lay down on the pebbles watching me.

On leaving the water, and resting a little after the fatigue of dressing, we walked up westward a little of the Weymouth road, (a cross road,) turned into the fields on the left, and ascended a very steep eminence called Hanbury Hill, the land-side covered with sheep, and that towards the sea an extensive rabbit-warren, a kind of noble amphitheatre, three parts encompassed by the surrounding lofty hills, and the rest open to the sea. Here we sat down; Tottenham counted the ships in the channel, and I was amused by the rabbits that sported around us, seeming as paying visits to each other from their respective burrows. On the very summit of Hanbury Hill is a tumulus, or circle, about ten feet in diameter, of large loose stones, which seem to have been thrown up from the centre: a gigantic skeleton had been found there.—The hill behind our inn belonged to the inhabitants of Lulworth: many of them had patches on it called *knaps*, larger or smaller, each divided from the other by a grassy rising, termed a

launchet. All around us bore an agreeable verdure; and one of the hills, a little farther from the sea, was covered to its summit with fine wheat.

From the top of this hill you perceive, to the west, Weymouth, and the Isle of Portland, which seemed almost under your eye; and to the east, if clear, the Isle of Wight. Alas! my poor eyes! but I was resigned and cheerful, and from my recollection of Nature's appearance in her gay attire, which Ireland had so often afforded to my early days, (yet unfaded in my imagination,) a remembrance of the maps, and my son's information, I formed a tolerable idea, picturesque and geographical, of the prospects around me.

This hill, breaking off abruptly very near the summit, formed a precipice exceedingly dangerous, as the grass was slippery, and, once set going, you could not stop yourself. This was sometimes fatally experienced by cows, sheep, and rabbits;

indeed, from one of our walks on the shore, we saw with astonishment cattle browsing on the very verge of the perpendicular cliff. (There are no cliffs all round the coast of Ireland.)—I never till now discovered Shakspeare's meaning in the line—" Half way down hangs one who gathers samphire." I always thought the—" half way down *hangs*"—was a man clamber-ing the cliff; but we here saw one actually em-ployed in this "dreadful trade:" suspended by a rope tied round his middle, there indeed he literally hung: I named him the Golden Fleece. Fatigued with our climb, we again sat down on the smooth forehead of the hill: before us, the great expanse; above, the blue serene; around, the melody of birds; scarce a breath from the still bosom of the deep, and the vertical sun shed-ding his glories on the scene. Neither the scream of sea-gulls, crows, and puffins, could prevent me falling into a slumber, and, in a sort of sweet demi-dream, I could hear the rushing

pinions of the birds that must have flown by very near me, and felt the rabbits that I fancied ran over me.

In the afternoon we again walked to the Cove. The cliffs that encompass it are, for the most part, very high and steep; but, about half a mile round from the entrance to it by the lane, we found a practicable ascent, though rugged; this, with a few stops for breath, brought us up into a valley. Somewhat new *going up* to a valley; but we rose from the Cove, and the valley is formed by a very large hill to the left, and a rise to some bold cliffs on the right. When at the pinnacle of our high valley, we turned our eyes to a prospect so beautiful, that, with my little knowledge of such affairs, I marked it a most advantageous site for a gentleman with a good rent-roll, to build a house upon.

From hence we looked down upon the Cove, ay, and on the lofty piers of the Marine gate, and then began to climb, on our left, the acclivity

I mentioned, called Bindon Hill: a hard drag; but we reached the top, and sat down to admire the prospect. When below in the Cove, we scarcely felt a breath of air; but now the gale of wind came against me strong, full, and refreshing. I named Bindon Hill, Mall Hill, from one level grass walk, as smooth as a bowling-green, on its summit, extending from the highest cliff of West Lulworth Cove, to that of East Lulworth, full two miles. I paraded it with fearless admiration; but to those who could add the joys of vision, how delightful! Even mine were more than the best of mortals deserve, so I thanked the Giver. I was so pleased, that I could scarcely be prevailed on to descend, though the Western sun led the way.

In the morning we rose early, and, instead of going down to the Cove, reconnoitred our garden, which was laid out behind the house on the side of a hill, intersected by a broad green level terrace, well bordered with peas, beans, currants, gooseberries, raspberries, &c.; this, when

inclined for air and sunshine at once, became, afterwards, my favourite walk. To get to it, I ascended a flight of twenty steps, in form and proportion scorning the confined rules of architecture:—the balustrade (the branch of a tree) going but half-way up, my disappointed hand grasped only air, and, losing my support, I suddenly disappeared, but soon banished the fright of my companions, by showing my head in a row of cabbages. From the upper step ran this terrace, above which was another of the same extent; and there, crowned with jessamine, honeysuckle, haw-blossom, and ivy, you might rest on a bench, from which, though it never felt the plane, you enjoyed a prospect that you might only *wish for* in a finely painted Chinese alcove. After a few turns to and from a rustic arbour at the other end of the upper walk, here I sat, till aroused by a loud voice on the heights behind me: it was my son, calling me to breakfast. The meal over, on going up to my room, I found my bed-room door blown off its hinges

by the wind, and Toby Thatch, with proper tools, putting it on again. On remarking to my landlady that Toby had a variety of trades, and could never want employment,—" Ay, Sir," said she, " he can turn his hand to any thing; he's a cabinet-maker, and a limner, and a joiner; and he's a painter, and a schoolmaster, too; and besides that, Toby's a choice footpad!"

On this, I own, I laughed very much, and though convinced it was a mistake in terms, told her I did not much relish the idea of having a footpad to secure the door of my bed-room.—" Oh! I do not mean a robber, Sir; Toby's very honest, but he is a great walker:—if you had any message, he would walk you off to Poole, or to Dorchester, or Blandford, or Weymouth."

The next morning was fine, and I took my swim before breakfast. Here, at Lulworth, were in perfection summer water-delights. Petersburgh, and even London, have their winter water-delights; as skaiting seems to be, to

those who use it, a most pleasurable amusement. When I was first in London, in 1762, I made an attempt at it:—through indulgence to the poor watermen out of bread, when the Thames was frozen, the Ranger of St. James's Park permitted them to have benches on the canal, and hire skaits to those who wished to use them—(this custom may probably still exist.) However, I thought I could do as others whom I saw skimming and flying along. I sat down on the bench, hired a pair of skaits, the waterman buckled them on me,—up I stood, struck out most valiantly, up went my feet, down came my head bump upon the ice, and a very hard knock it was; so I took off my skaits, gave the man a shilling, his fee for an hour, and walked off:—thus began and ended my skaiting, for the whole of my life.

I would be also a fowler in my young days: —being out on a shooting party with a friend, near Mullahide, I took his gun; it was ready charged: perceiving a water-wagtail hopping

before me, I took aim, drew trigger, saw the poor bird maimed, and tumbling about on the ground; and dashed down the fowling-piece, by which the barrel broke, and for which my friend was very angry with me (it being a very excellent piece):—thus began and ended my shooting, for the remainder of my days.

Had balloons been then in fashion, most likely I should have ballooned it; but all I ever knew of those delights was seeing Lunardi's balloon hanging up in the Pantheon. I had come to town from my house at Barnes to the rehearsals of "Peeping Tom," and had lodgings in Portland-street. The morning of his first ascent I was left all alone, every body had run into the streets to see the balloon; I went to the window, and, hearing the voices and exclamations of the people below me, felt new sensations of awe, wonder, and astonishment, at this, then, almost miraculous enterprise. But to return to Lulworth.

From the liberality of Mr. W—— his Castle

was allowed to be shown to strangers, every Wednesday, from ten o'clock until two, which indulgence drew a variety of company from all parts of the country. On our first Wednesday at Lulworth, we went to see it, and found there many parties assembled for the like purpose. As we passed through the Park, we saw a gentleman at a distance alone, and reading;—he was walking into one of the alleys. This was the owner of the Castle,—a good and benevolent man, of whom we heard the highest character from every one: he had now made a voluntary surrender of his dwelling for four hours, to the unrestrained curiosity of strangers. We ascended a noble flight of steps to the door, and were met by the housekeeper, whose duty it was to show the Castle. She pointed to a book lying on a table in the hall, and desired us, as customary, to put down our names: with this wise and judicious regulation I desired my son to comply. Our conductress (the very opposite to my Mrs. Maggs,

in "The London Hermit,") entered on her office with skill and propriety, and led us over the whole Castle, other parties joining us, but still in distinct groups. What pleased me most was the King's-room, so called from Charles and James having slept in it: I sat down near the window for half a minute, and looked round me with great interest.

The Chapel was a very beautiful building, standing in the park, unconnected with any other, a small distance from the Castle to the west: it had not been long built, was of an oblong form, and entered by a vestibule. In the corner was a board with these words, "Your prayers are desired for the soul of ——;" on the left was a small marble font, and you walked up to the altar, through rows of forms, placed for the accommodation of all who came thither to attend divine service.

On quitting the Chapel we took a circuit of the Castle, a fine grand white building, encompassed with a stone balustrade; the edifice

shows four handsome fronts, with a large circular tower at each corner; the lofty fir-trees were kept at a distance by a wide gravel walk, and opposite each front a vista opened to the sea and country, giving the distant spectator, through each, a view of the Castle.

Very well gratified by our four hours' excursion, we returned home. The next morning I again went into the water, but nothing could prevail on my son to venture in and learn of me to swim; so I gave up the attempt, and enjoyed the waves and deep sea all to myself, "very like a whale." On our return we visited the Church-yard; the Church, very ancient, was the smallest I ever saw; a steeple, but no spire—the cemetery did not exhibit above half a dozen tombstones. The healthiness of the place may be guessed at by the longevity of its inhabitants; and a custom of mine, when I enter a country church-yard, is to examine the ages on the tombs. I remember at St. Peter's, a village about three miles from Margate, I saw the

greatest number of seventy, eighty, and some ninety's; but indeed the chisel had done little in Lulworth Church-yard.

The next day we walked up to Bindon Hill, and so on the level tops of this charming eminence, until we reached East Lulworth, where, well sheltered, was a Bathing-house, belonging to the Castle: it stood on an embanked platform close by the sea; the door being open, we looked in—it was surrounded by a bench, and in the centre was a large bathing-tub. An excellent road continued from the Bathing-house to the Park. I wished that the road between the two Lulworths was as good; yet the landlord gave a benevolent instance that he did think of the accommodation of those around him, by pulling down many of the smallest cottages in the vicinity of his Castle, and building for the occupants a little group of comfortable houses. We saw bricks burning for that purpose. East Lulworth Cove runs in between Bindon-Hill and Ring's-Hill, so called

by the people here, from having on the top the circles of a Roman fortification.

We had spent so much time on the various objects below, all new to us, and night coming on, I did not think it advisable to hazard the ascent of Ring's-Hill, but returned through the fine road leading from the sea to the Castle, close by which we passed one of the most desirable country-houses I had yet seen. It was divided from the road by a dry moat and parapet, mounted with cannon—the house terminating a lawn bordered with parterres and flowering shrubs: the front commanded a fine view of the sea. Its possessor, a clergyman, bore the character of a learned, good, and agreeable man.

Hanbury Hill now hiding the sun from us, we hastened back a short way through the fields, and, notwithstanding my landlord's assurance, that such a thing as a robbery had not been heard of round this country, yet my recollection of the paths between Shepherd's Bush

and Acton made me fancy "each bush a thief." I had one leg over a stile, the moon stood alone high over Bindon Hill, and glittering on the liquid mirror beneath, and not till then did I consider the advantageous situation of the Castle: but a cloud soon veiling my heavenly light, the prospect to me was all a blank.

I was every morning at our Cove. I may here remark, I never saw any body in the water but myself; this is only an added instance, how indifferent we are about what is easily attainable. When first at Margate, I asked a fisherman didn't he bathe every morning?—"Not I, master," says he, "I keep out of water as much as I can; and I'm sure I cannot see, for my part, why you London-folks come down here at a vast expense to souse and sop yourselves in salt water." This was fisherman-opinion; but what to me is most surprisingly unaccountable, not one of the sea-faring men whom I questioned on the subject could swim. How, when water is their profession, they neglect what may one

time or other save them from drowning, seems to me incomprehensible.

July 2d. I first heard of the escape of the Royal Family of France, and with my whole heart and soul rejoiced at it. Tottenham, who had so lately returned from Paris, and had so frequently seen the King and Queen and Royal children, for three years together, greatly rejoiced. I afterwards heard of their being retaken, and we were both much afflicted. I foresaw their fate.

The oldest inhabitant at that time at West Lulworth, was *Nestor*, a gentleman in his eighty-fifth year, who accosted me in my walks, and asked me to come into his house some morning and rest myself. I did so: I found him in a handsome thatched cottage, faced with vines, standing in a neat court-yard, surrounded by a low paling: there was a small garden before the house, beyond which were a few steps and a lath gate, opening to a larger garden, all around very thick in foliage. He was grinding his

coffee, attended by a little servant girl, who, at our entrance, took up her knitting, sat down in a corner of the room, and began to sing.

The voice of this man of eighty-five was clear, full, and articulate; but it frequently turned towards a "childish treble." His body was thin, but erect, and the motion of his limbs did not betray the smallest signs of imbecility: he was in height about 5 feet 10 inches, his face tolerably plump, but the skin somewhat of a parchment hue; the cheeks had a faint tinge of red—it was a merry face. Almost an incessant laugh or chuckle showed his teeth were in perfection, and I had soon most enviable proof of the state of his sight. He wore a rumpled brown wig, thrown carelessly on the side of his bald head; his neck was buckled in by a neat plaited stock; his brown coat and waistcoat were of ancient fashion, black velvet breeches scarce reaching to his knees, very dark brown worsted stockings, little round silver buckles, and very large strangely shaped shoes.

When the King, George III, came first to Weymouth, he visited Lulworth, and came by water; he entered by the Marine gate into the Cove, crossed the little bay, and landed on the pebbly shore, where he was received by the municipality and commonalty of Lulworth; at their head my friend Nestor, who marshalled the whole procession, and made an elegant speech. The King inquiring to whom he owed this loyal reception, Nestor declared himself to be "eighty-three years of age, and that he should have gone to his grave without the honour of seeing his Majesty, had not his Majesty now done them the honour of coming to see his dutiful village of Lulworth."

The Duke of Gloucester, and Duke and Duchess of Cumberland, had also, in their excursions to Lulworth at different periods, alighted, and taken a slight repast in Leo's parlour.

During my stay at Lulworth, I often saw Nestor; I had him at my inn to take a glass of

wine, and sometimes called upon him for a little chat. It was Nestor who informed me that on the surface of Bindon Hill they once had horse-races—the *plate*,—a saddle given by the landlord of Red Leo. Certainly for this sport they could not have fixed on a more improper or dangerous place; for, had the horse run restive a few yards only the wrong side of the post, it must have brought him perpendicularly off one of the highest cliffs along the coast. Indeed it was an accident of this sort put a stop to their amusement;—a race-horse, jockey, and all, dashing down the steep *land* side of the hill, where they were only stopped by the tops of the houses of Brook-lane, which runs at the foot of the hill.

On the highest part is a barrow, or tumulus; and from thence runs for a considerable length a wall of huge loose stones, piled up with little order: in this wall, a chasm marks the former station of a gate; the posts and iron-work remain—they are very rude, peculiar in their

form, and bear visible marks of great antiquity. Here stood Bindon Abbey, by the dilapidations of which Lulworth Castle was built.

This evening we walked to the village of Winfrith, three miles west of Lulworth; the path lay over the side of a hill, then across an extensive corn-field, and through a gate, over a wide green-carpeted valley; on the left is a thick copse, called Merly Wood, and to the right a gradual spreading slope: the way, after the first mile, struck inland.

On our return home, we heard loud laughter proceeding from the next parlour to ours, and were told by "Kitty Barleycorn" that the laughers were two gentlemen who had come down to Lulworth on a sea-gull shooting expedition. All this was nothing to us, and we sat down to supper; but whilst Tottenham was cracking the great claw of a lobster, I heard my own name pronounced repeatedly by the voices in the inner parlour; the partitions being so thin, it was impossible not to have heard them. One of

the gentlemen appeared to be questioning the other; and presently we heard a loud "Baa! baa!" imitating the bleatings of a sheep: in the chasms of each hearty laugh he seemed to be giving his companion an account of a dramatic piece. Tottenham, who when in France had gone frequently to the French theatres, remarked to me, "I should imagine they are speaking of a little piece I often saw in Paris, called "L'Avocat Patelin."

In short it was the "Village Lawyer," which one of these gentlemen was describing to the other, and which piece they attributed to me. I knew nothing of it, and to this day do not know who translated it; but I think it an excellent farce. I saw it afterwards in London, and was highly diverted with the performance. On my return to town, I dined at the house of Mr. Jewell, (the top of Suffolk-street); among other company was Mr. Colman jun. and Mr. John Taylor, manager and proprietor of the Opera-house in the Haymarket, and

at that time in Parliament. The latter told me himself, that he and a friend of his were the above parlour-guest sportsmen at the Red Lion inn, Lulworth. The "Golden Fleece" was their Robinson Crusoe on their sea excursions; usually, on the return of Mr. Taylor, he entertained the kitchen company of the hotel with an account of their gull firings and misfirings. On the sportsmen going out, they generally ordered dinner at five o'clock; but usually about a couple of hours after, a counter order came by a boy to have it ready by three. Such, thought I, the effects of sea air upon even men of fashion.

The evening being fine, we proposed a long walk. We had as yet been only hovering about the hills by the sea-side, and I partook of my son's curiosity to see a little of the country inward. We set out gay and cheerful up the great hill to the west, across the knaps and launchets: the rise was gradual, but it extended far. We passed a large heap of stones about

the summit, near half a mile from the village—this I conjectured to be a barrow; then, following a path through corn, reached a gate, and straight onward till stopped by a hedge, which we skirted, and then entered into a very broad and beautiful road of grass.

Though I guessed we were not above three miles from home, I took particular notice of the form of this gate, as there seemed to be some others along the hedge that we entered. Gay and careless, we sauntered a considerable way up this green lane, I suppose about a mile. My mind was free from apprehension, we tripped it over the turf, and I chanted out my favourite "Rule Britannia." I struck my cane on the sod; it was elastic, and I compared it to our Curragh of Kildare.

Our first wish was to take a circuit another way home, but a light mist began to gather, which increased to a small rain. I would have turned towards home, but, still desirous of a new and perhaps shorter way, we called out to a

shepherd at some distance, and asked him the nearest way back to West Lulworth." "Oh" said he, "you be at the Red Lion." "Yes, but which is the nearest way to West Lulworth?" He still kept driving his sheep on, and bawled out something that we could not understand. The rain continued, and I thought it best rather to return the way we came, than endeavour at exploring a new one.

We ran back with intention to go out again at the gate that I had marked; instead of which we came to another in the same hedge, and, as I thought by the direction it might bring us a short cut, we went through it and ran. We were now in a cart-track, that Tottenham was sure led towards our village; but it gradually decreased, till we found ourselves on the green turf, and not the least trace visible. This somewhat perplexed us; however, we kept on, as we thought still in the direction, till stopped by a thorny hedge; by the side of which we were obliged to run in hopes of an opening.

All this time the rain continued, and we now could not tell on which side Lulworth lay. We kept walking at a venture, and arrived at a chalky hill; we crossed it, then struck along a valley, and ascended another chalk hill, as we imagined; but instead of an onward course, we now found we had been circling, and, after much walking, more than once came back to the same place; for the thickness of the mist and heavy rain prevented even my son from seeing many yards before him.

Darkness advancing, we looked about for some sort of shelter, for the rain poured in torrents. My fortitude began to fail me, and I concluded we must pass the night under some hedge: this was a dreadful alternative, and though despairing, we pushed on. I thought that, if we could get once a sight of Hanbury or Bindon Hill, they would prove land-marks to direct us. My great document to Tottenham was to find on which side the sea lay; that discovered, we would have made towards it, and,

though the danger was great skimming the high cliffs, when we could not distinguish an object a single yard from our eyes, we would have stood the hazard, as, by still keeping it on the right, we must reach Lulworth at last: but we had no sight of it; — we were very far in-land, and many hills rose between us and our village.

We now got into a field lately ploughed; this in the rain was horrible; we often fell, but rose again, and ran until stopped by another thorny hedge. Determined not to retrace our steps, we tore through it with desperation, and found ourselves in a high field of corn. If we had been dry before, the dripping ears here would soon have wetted us. The rain did not abate, the mist thickened, and night was fast approaching; our shoes were several times torn off our feet, often sticking in the clay. By our first running, and agitation of mind, I was in a great heat; but now the many delays through the ploughed ground cooled and at last chilled me; my limbs got feeble, and my joints stiff. I often fell; in

some of my falls I lay thinking I could rise no more. Poor Tottenham cried bitterly; his boyish exclamations were frantic; he did not seem to feel for himself but me: I thought of Abraham Cowley the Poet's death, and was prepared to die in the same way.*

I knew that the corn-fields in these parts were very extensive, and supposed that to make our way through them must be impracticable: we therefore summoned resolution, and turned about, dashed again through the hedge, and continued to run on the green-sward. At length, Tottenham told me he descried something dark in a distant valley, which he took for trees. Here may be some sort of shelter at least; we ran towards it. Coming nearer, he imparted his suspicion that it was Merly Wood, which we had passed the day before in our way to and from Winfrith. My joy was very great. I begged him not to deceive

* Cowley lost his way near Chertsey, and spent the night under a hedge which caused his death.

me, as his mistake must considerably aggravate my distress. Every foot nearer confirmed him in it. We ran down the hill; and what was my delight when I actually found myself by the side of Merly Wood, in the very path where "Toby Thatch" the day before had caught a rabbit. This was the most happy moment I think I ever experienced; for I fully expected, until this discovery, that we must have made the cold wet earth our bed for that night, which to me might have been death, and perhaps to my son, notwithstanding his youth. On our return home, we had Merly Wood on our right. When we arrived at our inn, it was past midnight; in the kitchen, however, we found a great wood fire, kept up by order of our hostess, who, alarmed at our stay, had sent "Toby Thatch" and "John Grum" over the hills in search of us with our great coats; but we had this evening taken a new direction in our walk, and they thus missed us: they shortly after returned, and were glad enough to find us seated by the blazing kitchen fire.

We could not have been better soaked had we lain for hours in a river; besides, our coats, shoes, and stockings, were miserably torn and clotted with mud. I owe the loss of my sight to a similar accident. I hope such do not often happen, but would advise those who have not a steel constitution, not to wander much in a strange country, though enticed by a fine evening in the beginning of July. All this might as soon have happened to those who can see well, as to me, for I had one pair of good eyes, at least, in my company. Our hostess recommended some hot wine, which we took: our late miserable situation heightened our present comforts, and the supper this night appeared the most agreeable meal since my coming hither. Our danger over, it seemed a fantastic dream.

A few evenings after, hearing singing and loud laughter in the kitchen, generally the case every night, we asked our hostess, when she came in with the supper-tray, whether any thing extraordinary was going forward to occasion

the mirth. "No, Sir," said she, "there's only "Toby Thatch" and my daughter, and the shepherd, and a gentleman from Alderney, a merchant; but that she did not know what they were laughing at." Kitty, the maid, soon after coming in with glasses, I inquired of her the reason of all this merriment. "Oh, Sir!" she said, "'tis only the shepherd and his nonsense." The hearing of a nonsensical shepherd raised my curiosity, and I asked what made him so merry—"what is it he drinks?"—"Why, Sir, 'tis beer." "What, such as this you give us?" "Oh! no, Sir, the strongest beer of all; the shepherd drinks that, and then he gets upon his songs and his game." "Will you let me taste that beer, Kitty?" said I. "Yes, sure, Sir," replied she retiring, and instantly returned with a striped mug full, and a glass. I found it so good, that I instantly corked my decanter of port. This beverage partly accounted for the shepherd's mirth; it wàs brisk and strong. I named it the *Merry Shepherd*, and took it

into favour: it was brewed in the house. I longed much to see him, and, hearing his voice in the kitchen, went out;—there he sat in the large chimney-corner, mug in hand. This joyous rustic was about forty-six years of age, a sun-burnt face, but very ruddy, with round short black curly hair; he had on a slouched broad-brimmed hat, and coloured handkerchief round his neck.

His mug being nearly finished, I offered him another: he said if it was the least favour to me, he'd take two: the women were all in high glee. He gave me a jolly invitation to see his folds; said, that to rise early and walk up among his sheep, would do me more service than tumbling about in the sea; *that* was health, the morning air and the smell of the sheep; that he had never been in the sea. One of the women threw off his hat in respect to me: he snatched it up, and with an "Od, dang it!" was about to put it on again; but, as if recollecting himself, rose, waved the hat in his hand, and made

me an offer of his seat. The style of this action was in the true politeness of simple nature; the inviting animation of his whole countenance and manner had a grace not to be expressed or found, but in a genuine shepherd.

I complimented him as a songster, and asked for a song; but he excused himself, saying, "he never came out with his quavers, until he had taken *four* mugs." A new voice now made itself heard: this was Toby Thatch; he said he wanted to speak to me, and with long circumlocution reminded me that I had often spoken to him about going to Corfe, and consulted with him how it was to be accomplished, as no chaise was here to be hired: "Now, Sir," said Toby, "I have a horse to leave at Wareham to-morrow morning, and I thought to compliment you with the riding of it, and you could go round by Corfe, and I would walk by your side and come back with you."

This scheme, which appeared so practicable to "Toby Thatch," was impossible, on account of

my sight. I always feel a pang of regret whenever I reflect that my riding is for ever at an end. I am fond of the exercise, am a good horseman, and I never fell from a horse but once. I was riding to Clontarf alone; the tide was coming in, and the waves loud; my steed walked on slowly, I had the bridle slack, and accompanied the wave with singing Matthew Locke's fine music in Macbeth, the witches song of "Rejoice!"—my horse tripped, went upon his knees, and threw me over his head; his hoof got upon one of my hands, he gently took it off, and stood still; so I had much better luck in this fall, with the addition of his four legs, than with only my own two, when I tumbled and broke my bones in Sussex. People, when on horseback, should never forget that they have a bridle in their hand, whether they sing witches' songs, or let them alone. I was acquainted with four persons who broke a leg by tumbling off their horses, — they were not Irishmen — Samuel Foote, James Wilder, Thomas King, and James

Wilde. A gentleman, the owner of a beautiful place at Drogheda, in Ireland, broke his two legs by jumping out of his chaise in Parliament-street, Dublin, of which accident he died. It was thought that the cause proceeded from his legs coming down perpendicularly, whilst the chaise was going on with great velocity, at the same instant, horizontally :—best, if people have presence of mind, to endeavour to get out over the back of the chaise on such occasions.

On one of our journeys from Dublin to Cork, a proud young gentleman of my acquaintance hired one of his best horses to me: we rode together—he had a servant on horseback—I had none. We dined at Timolin: dinner over, he went out of the room, and, after a little while waiting for him, I, in my usual attention to my horse, went into the stable; there I found my friend very busily employed in taking the fine handsome ornamented bridle off my horse, and putting it on that of his servant.—" Oh, ho!" said I, " what the deuce is all this ?" He was

embarrassed at being caught in his knavery, but endeavoured to put it off with a joke. I made him replace it. The next day, whilst continuing our journey, he suddenly stopped, and sent his servant back to the inn for a handkerchief he had left on the table. Leaving them together, giving and receiving orders, I trotted on, and came to the turnpike at Callan: when I was asked for payment, "Oh!" I said, "my servant is behind, he will pay for himself and me:" so through I went, and pushed on. My proud companion soon after overtook me: he was in high dudgeon.—"A pretty affair, with your jokes upon me, Mr. Jack! there was I, stopped by the turnpike-people, and desired to pay for my master and myself. Do I look like a servant to any body?—and the woman came out with—''Pon my word, your master went through like a civil young gentleman, as he is, but you must set yourself up with a Who but you, indeed!' If, instead of a woman, it had been a turnpike-man, how my horsewhip would have

whistled over his head."—"Come, come, W——," said I, "do not be vexed; but the next time I hire a horse from you, never attempt to change my bridle."

But to return to honest Toby Thatch, and his offer: I was determined not to lose so good an opportunity for my son to see Corfe Castle, so transferred my ride to him, and, with telling our squire that he would be ready to start with him in the morning, we retired to bed.

Breakfast hardly over, when Toby Thatch stepped into our room very smartly dressed, and, with a low bow to Tottenham, told him the horse was ready: he then danced out of the parlour, for all his motions were quick and odd, and going out of the front door, led a little black horse, with a long tail, ready bridled and saddled, past our window. With promise of a fee, he said that the young gentleman should have his fill of looking at Corfe ruins, and that he would walk with him from Wareham. They set off, and we took a four miles' walk, to and fro, on the

summit of Bindon Hill. In the evening my son returned, so delighted with his excursion, that he extorted from me a willing promise to go myself and visit Corfe ruins the first fine day. He said, Toby Thatch had run by the side of his horse the whole road, and that he found him very intelligent, though he had his own way of telling every thing.—An honester, or more industrious fellow, could hardly be met with than this same Toby Thatch. He trimmed the vine surrounding my bed-chamber window, mended the roof of our house when damaged, and took the lead in all husbandry affairs; he put a very neat new heel to an old pair of shoes, in which I shuffled through the pebbles to the beach, and sang and played the bass viol, to *Lulworth* perfection. The next day was Sunday; the evening was damp and raw; no going out: I distinguished his voice in the kitchen, so I called him in, and asked him to sing me a song:—he held his hat in both hands,—sometimes the crown up, as if he was going to

widen it on his knee, and then reversed, as holding it out for halfpence; he put out one leg, held his head high, and gave three distinct hems; he had gained my attention, and when I expected much from all this preparation, he told me he could not recollect the words.—Tottenham reminded him of a fine song he had sung to him on their yesterday's journey to Corfe.—"Oh, Sir! that's the Jolly Bowl," said Toby; "that's a three-part song; and no man living, with only one voice, can sing that song; that is, Sir, to give it its full tones, in triple base and such like." I asked him to sing any one of the parts that he knew,—he replied, "the base was his line, and he was as pretty a base as any in Dorsetshire; but the signification of it was all the matter of nothing, in the musical way, unless he had two other men to bear him out."

I then requested him to repeat the words for me; but no, he could not remember the words without the tune. I now saw plainly that Toby looked on singing as a profanation of the Sab-

bath, and his piety did not sink him in my opinion. I asked him, Was it not so? "Why, Sir," said he, "as for Sunday, if so it's your good intentions, as far as discretion may indite, for you to come to church next Sunday, you'll hear me sing my part as well as any other man, and I shall be happy to pleasure you." He then instantly repeated, in the drollest manner, the words of a song, beginning with

"The flowing bowl does cheer my soul."

Toby's distinction in Sabbath-keeping diverted me exceedingly; for I have not yet found out that chanting a few notes of church music is more profane than repeating the words of a jovial song.

I desired him to ask the hostess for a pint of *merry shepherd* for himself; and with many bows, scrapes, and obligations, he left us.

Rising rather early this morning, and walking in the garden behind the house, I fell into conversation with Toby, who was drawing water from the well for our tea kettles. I here give a

description of the honest man, the greatest original in person, manner, or dress, perhaps ever seen;—six feet high or more, thin, but bony and well made, his head a complete black crop, a long stretched sallow face, and dark staring eyes; his countenance the emblem of vacuum. His common dress a very short white flannel coat, the collar half a foot from the top of his neck, which seemed thrust up from it, and the head stuck upon that, somewhat like a great bird with the feathers plucked off the neck; a glaring scarlet waistcoat with brass buttons, brown corderoy breeches, the knees open, (but on Sunday, black plush with knee-buckles,) brown thread stockings, thick solid shoes, and iron buckles. When speaking, his gesticulation was wild and violent, swinging both head and arms about, uncouth and odd, and interspersed with many attempts at hard and fine-sounding words; his speech was quick, and came out in broken stammerings. On my asking him had he ever been in London: "Yes, Sir," said Toby,

"ten years ago I was in London," and laying down his full pail, which "John Grum" took in, he began an account of his travels. I give it in his own words, which, fearful of losing, I committed to paper immediately after breakfast:—

"Sir, I wanted to get into bread at London; I had a relation, a great shoe-maker, in Oxford-road; and Sir, he worked for all the topping gentility round about. But I walked up and down Oxford-street four times, putting my interrifications to all the folks that were walking up and down like myself; I wondered that they had nothing else to do; but none of them knew my cousin. I was so fatigued (for I had walked to London) that I thought of getting an apartment for myself; so then I went on, and on, and on, over the bridge; and ax'd where I be gotten to; they called it Newington Butts, and 'twas ten o'clock at night; the people were mostly out of the streets, and I had no apartment yet; all the shops were shut up, so I goes over to a man, (he was the watchman,) says I to

him, 'Good man, I don't wish to come to any harm to-night, so I'll restore my person up to the watch, for I am informed I might demand you to take care of me.'

"'Well,' says the watchman, 'go over to that there house over the way, and if they will not take you in, we'll see if we can take care of you;' so I goes me over. Though it was a public house, I didn't feel any consternation, as I had a good half-crown in my pocket. I ax'd for a bed, so the woman bid me come in; and I told her I required supper—'What will you have?' says she. 'I'll have,' says I, 'a good beef-steak, as I have been told beef-steaks are no where so good as in London.' She said 'that wasn't so easy to be gotten, but that there was a cook-shop at hand, where I could get every sort of victuals cold.'—'Then,' says I, 'good woman, choose what you like best; I submit myself to your fancy.' 'Then,' says she, 'the boy shall get you a nice morsel of pickled salmon, and a slice of plum pudding.'

Well, Sir, I made a very hearty supper; and a pint of porter put me into a very good jollification; but I ruminated on a bit of cheese that I had left in my pocket: I took it out, and ax'd the mistress to give it a bit of a toast; but Lord a marcy! Sir, she so reviled me—that her boy was gone to bed, and her fire was out, and said I might go to bed too, if I was an honest man; so, Sir, I did for sartain.

"But, in the middle of midnight, I was awakened with a terrible admiration of people bawling 'Watch! watch!' and some I fancied cried out 'Murder!' and some 'Thievery!' Says I to myself, this won't do; so up I gets, and walks along a long passage to alarm the people what was to be done; but I found I was the only passenger that was up in the house, so I gets my way back to my own chamber, and sleeps a bit. It was now pretty lightish, and I puts on my apparel, and goes me down again. I saw by the clock it was five o'clock, so as there was none of the possessors

up to take my money in the house, I leaves me a shilling on the post of the bannisters, that they might find it there for my reckoning; for, Sir, ax all the people of Lulworth if I an't as honest a man as any in the whole county of Dorset.

"So I unbolts me the door, and coming into the road, I finds every thing as quiet as if nothing had happened; thinks I, they've all murdered one another, and now think nothing about it: so I walks along to get into the streets, till I found myself again at that tall, high-topped noblix that sticks up there in the middle of the roads. I gets me again over the bridge, but I thought they had lowered the bannisters of each side; and then I got me into a long wooden market, that I hadn't seen before: here the people looked all alive—but I listened to the great church clock, and 'twas eight. I couldn't give imagination where they were all running to; but I thought I might see as well as the best. I was obligated to run,

they shouldered me about so, and I walks up a high hill street, and there, Lord a' mercy! there was a million of folks! I gets up to a great stone house—Lord o' Heaven! if it wasn't Newgate, that I read of often in a newspaper; my heart was all in a palflication, though what has an honest man to be afraid of?

"I was walking out of amongst it, when a gentleman said to me, 'Sir,' said he, 'if you stop a few minutes, you'll see the men put into the cart to go to Tyburn." I thought that was civilish enough, so what will you have of it? Stand there I did; but oh! Lord a' mercy, mercy! I was ready to drop on the spot when the third man stepped into the cart with the rope about his neck. I saw—I looked in his face—'twas a town's lad of my own! we were like two brothers, Sir!—we were the dearest friends when we were two boys.—Oh, Lord! Sir, I was so fearful! there was two carts full; but poor Robert! Yet I was so dismal to see him look so hardened! but he was dressed quite genteel:

all the rest that were to be hanged was in black; but Robert, he had on as pretty a blue coat, and a red waistcoat, better than this—his white cotton stockings, handsome buckskin breeches, and very good plate buckles; his shirt was quite clean, his hair tied and powdered;—a labourer, Sir, and as honest a fellow as any in Dorsetshire. I was in no great haste to go after him, my mind got so troublesome; but I could not help myself, the crowd shoved me on so. Yes, Sir, I went all the way; but, Sir, to see that Jack Ketch; such an ill-omened dirty devil—it looked as if all the rest were gentlemen, and that he came to wait on them: he took it so light, too; his ugly face was all joyish laughing, and talking and spitting his tobacker about.

"Well, Sir, sure enough, under the gallows tree I did come up and speak to Robin. I ax'd him how he did, and he shook hands with me. I was all in a trembling, but he was so bold! I said, 'Robin, remember where you're going;

God loves not proud hearts—remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth. God be merciful to you, Robin!'—'Amen,' he said,—'good by to you, old friend.' Then the Parson bid him not mind vanities. O Lord! Sir, I would see the last of him, though it shocked my soul, and I cried for him, Sir, more than I did for myself, for Robin was once as good a lad, Sir! but bad company, Sir——.

"This melancholy put me out of conceit with London, and I walked softly on so dismallish, and came to a stone man and horse: it was Charing Cross, and a man said to me—'Take care of yourself, my lad, or you'll be pressed, for the press-gang is about, and they are hot.' I said to myself; 'I'll not go to sea; so what does me do, but I orders a coach, and bids the man of it bring me up to High Park corner; there I gets me out, and pays him his wages, which he ax'd, with my other shilling; then, thinks I, with my sixpence I'll get a bite of bread and cheese at the first public house straight on;

but, before I wanted it, I put my hand in my pocket; and lucky I did so, for no sixpence was there. Here, says I, is a fine thing! this was misfortunate enough; so I went by the house, and walked on; but I had a good heart—'I will go back home,' says I, '125 miles, and not a farthing in my pocket.'

"I walked on stoutish enough, till I got to Brentford; there I got very hungry and faintish, and I thought to ax somewhat, but my heart misgave me; but, sure enough, at Hounslow I did pluck up courage to tell a gentleman how it was with me, and he gave me three-pence: that, all the people of Lulworth can say, was the first charity Toby Thatch ever put into a pocket of his; so I got me a pint of ale, and just a bite of bread and cheese, and then, says I, 'Here goes,' and cleverly I walked on. But near Basingstoke, there, Sir, I met a waggon; it was the property of his honour the Duke of Bolton, and says his honour's driver to me, 'How far are

you going, young man?' I told him, I was making the best of my way into the county of Dorset. '*I'm* going that way,' says he, 'and I'll give you a lift as far as Salisbury.' I was full of happiness at this. Says I, 'I thanks you for your kind offer, but I won't deceive you; like an honest man, I tell you beforehand, downrightedly, I haven't got a farthing to pay you the recompense.' 'Ne'er heed your money,' says he; 'canst thee drive?' 'Why,' says I, 'I thinks I know a little bit of that.' 'Ay, I warrant you does,' says he; 'to tell you truly, I don't find myself very well, and I must be going all night; so if you take the whip and drive, you shall have the ride and plenty of victuals to boot.'

"I thought the cart had dropped from heaven, Sir, it was so blessed. Well, Sir, I got me in; this brought me on all the way to Salisbury; and after that, if I couldn't walk, to my shame be it spoken: so neither stop nor stay did I

make, till I got me home here to Lulworth, my native place. Now, Sir, to pleasure you, there was my London journey."

Thought I, were I old Lear selecting my hundred knights, Toby Thatch should be one.

CHAPTER V.

Durdle-door or Barn-door Rock, Lulworth. — Sawyer's Cliff.—Moreton, the seat of Mr. F——. —The Obelisk at Moreton.— Ring's Hill.—The Isle of Purbeck.— Worthborough.—The Halsewell Indiaman.—Lulworth Castle and Park.—The Alderney Merchant.—Puffins. —Walk to Corfe.—The Ruins of Corfe Castle.—Edward the Martyr, and Elfrida.—The Rev. Mr. C——.— William Lewis at Lulworth.—Sign Painting.—Nestor's House and Garden.—A Thunder-storm.—Toby Thatch. —Sharks.—The Village and Church of Wool.—Quit Lulworth.— Osmington. — Weymouth. — The Isle of Portland. — Dorchester. — Stourton, the seat of Sir Richard Hoare.—Stonehenge.—Old Legend.—Return to London.

A MARRIED clergyman of the neighbourhood calling upon me, and forming an acquaintance, was a most cheering circumstance to one so long confined, as I had been, to the society of

younkers. A few days after, one of his questions was, had I seen Durdle-door, or Barn-door Rock, as it is called; and on my reply that I never had, as I feared to trust myself to the guidance of my young companions in so dangerous an expedition, he offered to conduct me thither.

He rode by our side; but when we turned out of the Winfrith path, into the great valley at the foot of Hanbury Hill, he dismounted and offered me his arm; and my son, by his desire, mounted his horse, followed by a couple of fine hunting-dogs. We went towards the only practicable descent to the beach, and reached an extensive velvet slope: I advised Tottenham to alight, but he would ride, and sometimes had his legs round the hunter's neck; but as we were on a fine short green turf, little harm could come even from a fall. This beautiful vale was Mr. W——'s choice for his summer dinners; and I admired it greatly. On approaching the verge of the cliff, I insisted that Tottenham

should alight; but, whilst we went down to the beach, what was to be done with the horse? here was neither tree, bush, nor post to tie him to: "Never mind," said our new acquaintance, "I'll secure him." He then took off the saddle, flung it on the ground, and tied the bridle to the girt:—"There, he's fast; come, Mr. O'Keeffe, take my arm;" and on we walked. I thought on the excellency of expedient taught by necessity, but wondered how a saddle, a few pounds weight, could hold a great strong horse, able to drag away a piece of a house: however, I concluded it was a method practised by sportsmen; and we left him grazing, and footed it on.

We were now in full view of the sea, and Durdle, or Barn-door Rock, lay far below us in all its grandeur. My companions had a fair and perfect view of it; but to me it was shapeless and clouded. I expressed a wish to get nearer, and Mr. B——, ever ready to oblige, desired the rest of our party to get down in their

own fashion, and leave me to his care; and very careful he was of me, for it was above a quarter of an hour before we reached the beach; though the young ones, like fawns or kids, contrived to run, slide, and scramble to the bottom in twenty seconds, followed and preceded by the dogs. When descended a few steps, I looked up to observe the height, and there distinguished the horse peeping over the cliff: he had dragged his anchor-saddle after him, and followed us to see what we were at. I observed to the clergyman the danger of his tumbling over the precipice. "No, no," he said, "he knows better: he's old, carries me well enough; but I have another horse at Weymouth. Take care, put your foot there, lean full upon me; never mind, Mr. O'Keeffe, if you go down, I must go down with you."

We were all this time descending: though I did not much relish the tumbling down a precipice even in company with the Pope, I was not afraid, yet felt relieved when Tottenham,

alarmed at our long stay, climbed the cliff, and came to assist me. Our friend and he had each my arm; and I thought, were any person from below to look up and view us, I must appear like some great state-prisoner, whom they were dragging down to put on board a ship—a circumstance that actually happened; but let the reader look to history for that.

Reflecting on the time and trouble to others it took to get me down, and that I had all this to ascend, I often stopped with a design to proceed no farther; however, they persuaded me to keep on, and at last stranded me safe on the pebbles, exactly opposite the magnificent arch of Durdle-door Rock.

Here I stood, and contemplated with astonishment and pleasure this stupendous piece of Nature's work. The sun was low, and the high hills behind us cast a shade over this great object, which enabled me to see it tolerably well: we were not farther off than a stone's throw. Through this grand arch you see the main sea,

which rolls under it with dreadful agitation and tremendous roar: under the aperture the water seemed very deep; and in the rock close by is a cavern, or abyss of water, into which you may look, through a kind of den—but it is a look of terror.

I fancy travellers cannot spare the time, or will not take the trouble, to descend the cliff, and viewing it only from an eminence, and at such a distance, can form but an imperfect idea of its magnitude; and to those who pass it by sea, it must appear from the vast hills in the background only as a Gothic door to a cathedral. It seemed to me a huge fragment of rock, torn from the adjacent cliffs, to which it still adheres, and flung into the sea: near the end of it opens the grand arch, most beautifully wild and romantic. My friend told me he once sailed through it; but that it was a hazardous exploit. Tottenham boasted that he, the day before, had sailed round it, with the *Golden Fleece* (the samphire-gatherer), who had run from the

main land all over it, and got down the cliffs that surround the arch, into his boat.

By keeping along close by the water-side, we enjoyed different views of the rock. Now and then wet ancles were the consequence of diverting ourselves by running after the retiring wave, which often overtook us on its return: the distance from where the wave reached in its flow, to that of its falling back, left a broad stripe of fine sand spread with ooze, about twenty feet; yet, though the footing was firm to run upon, I thrust my cane in it above the head. Before this evening, my intercourse with the sea was confined to the land-locked limit of Lulworth Cove, but now we had the main in high perfection. Here it was, a celebrated obstinate Lulworth swimmer was drowned; and here, about six years back, a very large whale was thrown upon the beach: the people flocked down with their pitch-forks, spits, pokers, scissors and penknives, &c., which they darted into him; but on the returning tide he swam

off with all their domestic weapons sticking in his poor head and sides.

Turning our face towards the cliffs, a number of caverns, the mouth of each forming a sort of irregular arch in the rock, presented themselves. We entered some of these natural grottoes; a few opened to others far in under the cliffs; their roofs were white and clean rock, but broken into many fantastic shapes; the floor a bed of pebbles. It was in one of these magnificent bowers that the London sportsmen dined in their aquatic excursion. I liked their fancy; it was convenient for their shooting, for high above were the nests of the gulls and puffins, which they and the *Golden Fleece* frightened out by making strange noises. We tried the experiment, and disnested a few. I thought a London watchman's rattle might very well answer this purpose.

Our friend wished for his gun; Tottenham pulled some fine bunches of samphire that sprang out of the cliff, and we continued our walk

westward, by the sea-side, in various frolics, —the chief, the game of prison-bars with the waves for about a mile, when we were stopped; there was no more beach,—the great cliff projected into the sea full across us. About twenty yards from it, out in the deep, rose a large and high rock, now totally unconnected; but which, it is to be imagined, must at low water join the main land: a number of aquatic birds flew round our heads in circles, and perched on this rock.

We had now our choice, either to return, as we came, by the land, or mount a sort of ladder they had placed against a part of the cliff called Sawyer's Cliff: this ladder reached little more than half way; the remainder of the ascent was made by steps chiselled in the cliff, and, when you lost these, the hill still rose behind to a great height, long before you reached any safe level. I was told of this afterwards by my landlady; for the dashing of the tide, which was now coming in, obliged us to stand so close to

the foot of the ladder, that very little more than the top of it came in view.

Had I known this at the time, I should not have suffered my little boy to be the forlorn hope: he was the first man that attempted this escalade. Mr. B—— followed him still on the next step; we watched them till they had nearly reached the top of the ladder; I trembled with apprehension for both. We heard his voice still encouraging him; "Never fear, child, step on: if you slip, I 'll catch you: when you 're once up, you're out of danger." When they had reached the first landing he called out to me, "Now, Mr. O'Keeffe, come, follow me! Tottenham, put your father's foot upon the first step: come! Then you can return and fetch your sister."

Our friend continued to talk, and we to laugh at his useless invitations. The tide was now advancing, and we had a good mile to return eastward to the place where we had decended: we ran, still keeping close and closer to

the cliff. As the tide was approaching, the loss of the crew of the Halsewell Indiaman rushed upon my mind. I had Tottenham on one side of me, and Adelaide on the other, and both, with all the presumption and headstrong gaiety of youth, continued to assure me there was no danger: however, I felt the waves wash over my shoes, and we had still above half a mile to run; the shore is so very steep, that but a few yards puts you far out of your depth.

Adelaide proposed our taking shelter in one of the caverns, until the sea should retire: her brother laughed at her childishness, but I thought too seriously of our situation to be inclined to laugh.

We still continued to run, and to my great joy got once more parallel to Durdle-door. Here we took breath, and began to ascend at leisure; but when we had worked our way, I suppose, more than half up, Adelaide, who, now we were out of danger continued her rambles alone as usual, called out very loud from below that

Tottenham was bringing me wrong. Her exclamation was so sudden and violent, that I thought it best to stop for an explanation; her brother would have me proceed, insisting we were in the very path by which we had descended: on this assurance, I got on a few steps, but, observing that he was more careful and cautious than before, a doubt was started of our way in my own mind. I now suspected, to my just terror, that he perceived his mistake. Adelaide got up to us, and persisted in her first charge, that we were in quite a different path, and in a very dangerous situation. She pointed to the east, and requested me to follow her; her brother obstinately kept to his first assertion; they got into a hot dispute, each endeavouring to persuade me to follow them: this determined me not to take the advice of either, but to remain on the very spot where I stood till my clerical friend should arrive, and I could put myself under his protection. This was, I believe, a most fortunate resolution for me; for

standing here some time, when the objects around me got more distinct, looking very far below, I could perceive the top of Durdle-door exactly under me, and, recollecting when I stood on the beach that it was higher than Lulworth Castle, I could judge what an eminence I was on at that moment. Looking still sharper, I found I was on a path not more than six inches wide, and that the precipice below was as steep as that still above my head. Guessing that Mr. B—— was by this time coming towards us over the hill, I held my son fast by the arm; whilst my daughter, climbing over the hill, went to meet him, and inform him of my situation.

His voice was that of a guardian angel: with cheering good-humour he descended to me, took me by the hand, and brought me up, with great caution, safely on level ground. I inquired if it was the same path we had gone down: he looked about, and confessed it was not, but said, though much steeper, it was a shorter

way up. I was displeased with my son for not telling me of my danger; but he excused himself, by saying he wished to save me from useless alarm, and that, at the time he discovered his error, it would have been highly dangerous to have gone down again.

There was some truth in this, yet I was glad that, by Adelaide's timely discovery of his mistake, I had waited for my friend's superior guidance, or one false step must have been fatal; and in my fall I might have dragged my young companions after me.

My fears on this occasion were not quite panic; for a very few years after this, by a fall from a height of only twenty feet or so, in Sussex, I broke my arm and collar bone.

The next day we went with Mr. B—— to see Moreton, the seat of J—— F——, Esq. where we observed a fine cork-tree, of which visitors often taking a slice, the owner feared they would leave none of it for himself, and very prudently had it inclosed:—he was right; I would have

done just the same. We proceeded up to an obelisk, making a central terminating point for six walks: the other ends of those walks were quite confined, excepting one of them, opening to the house, which, large and white, stood at the extremity of a lawn, about a quarter of a mile down to our right, for the obelisk was on a made eminence. The following was the inscription on the pedestal of the obelisk, which my son copied on the spot in his pocket-book:—

This obelisk was erected
In the year 1784,
By C. John Houlton,
as a particular testimony
of his gratitude and respect,
to the Memory
of his much esteemed
and lamented Friend,
the late JAMES FRAMPTON, Esq.
of this place.

On the south side:

Si tibi sint virtutes domesticæ
Columnam hanc negligenter ne prætereas
Quæ privati hominis beneficia
Commemorat,

Rura hæc exculta largâ et felici, manu
Vitam graviter actam et suis perquam utilem
Amici mœrentis Pietatem et Reverentiam
Attestatur,
Qui loco hoc Cultori olim dilectissimo
Monumentum gratâ progenie venerandum
Consecravit.

A singular circumstance attended the building of this structure. It seems it was the original intention for an urn on the top to be seen at a distance over the high trees that surround it; but the obelisk had gone half way up before the height of those trees was considered. If they continued it in its pyramidical form above the trees, it could not have sufficient strength to support the urn; therefore, some yards before they had reached the intended height, they were obliged to run up the remainder in a regular square. Whether this licence is allowable in architecture, I am not a judge, but suspect that such an affair in the county Kilkenny would be called a blunder.

From the sombre shade in which the obelisk

was enveloped, I could see it very well. They told me it cost 1000*l.*

In this grove were several cypress and yew trees. My companions remarked, that some interstices of grass would make a good bowling-green; but the fir-trees were planted very thick.

With design to quit this sacred spot, we tried at least three of the walks before we hit on that by which we had entered.

On our return home I found a letter from my father-in-law, to whom I had written, with an account of the progress of his grandchildren as to their education, my own hopes for them, and so forth.

"Dublin, June 26, 1791.

"My dear Son,

"Your letter of the 11th inst. which has been returned from Cork, is but this instant come to hand; and lest you should impute any longer delay in replying to it, to a disrespect or neglect of you and the children, I avail myself of the few moments which remain, before the post-office is closed, to assure you that Mrs. Heaphy, Rachel, and I, are very glad to hear you are well; and of the account which

you give of our dear grandson and daughter, who even in their childish days promised to turn out well. We are much pleased with my grand-daughter Adelaide's correspondence, and request she will at times continue it to (her aunt) Rachael;* which will make her happy.—Gerald is now at Gibraltar with his regiment, the 32d.

"Have you any thoughts of a profession for your son? You cannot doubt but I would most cheerfully embrace every opportunity in my power to serve him; and the more, as I am sure. from your account, he will do credit to my endeavours, &c. &c. &c.

"Believe me, dear John,

Ever your's most affectionately,

TOTTENHAM HEAPHY.

"The united loves of all this family attend you, and our dear children. Let me hear from you soon."

The following morning, during breakfast, I expressed a wish to get to the summit of Ring's Hill, at East Lulworth; which hill towered considerably above all that we had yet been on; and I hoped, by crossing it, to get down into the Isle of Purbeck. The wish was received with acquiescence by the eldest of my companions, and with rapture by the two younger;

* Mrs. Alley, the wife of the Rev. George Alley, Moymett Rectory, Trim, Ireland.

and we all four sallied out on this new expedition. We took our way through the village, skimmed Bindon Hill, and reached East Lulworth. To prepare for the really laborious task of climbing Ring's Hill, which lay full before us, we all rested on a bank. I contemplated the undertaking with some doubt of my ability; however, overcome by their importunity, I rose, and we began the ascent. I was often obliged to stop and rest; but at length reached the beautiful hollows and mounds which surround the hill: one ring rising above another, and decreasing as the hill rose. I compared it to a jelly-stand at a dessert. Between each circle of this fine encampment was a broad grassy platform, the grass very short and slippery; and we often had a roll from the top of one mound to the top of another: there was no danger, so we were very merry at each fall.

When we stood on the highest part, the situation appeared grand even to me, and I pronounced it slander to call this mountain a hill.

My son had crossed part of it in his way to Corfe, and, supplied by the information of his intelligent companion, Toby Thatch, could now give me a good idea of the objects which at this instant surrounded us; indeed, though I could not see the minutiæ, the grand outline from our eminent station was very discernible, and his description threw the component parts well in.

This hill, unlike the others, was cut off from the extreme pinnacle, perpendicularly down to the sea; which, as we stood within a few feet of the verge of the precipice, lay full out before us. Far to the left was spread under us, like a rich carpet, the Isle of Purbeck, covered with corn, pasture, and trees, distinct great farm-houses, and clustering villages with their little churches, appearing up through them. The town of Wareham was in view towards the eastern extremity; we saw also Bond's Folly, and Corfe Castle. The boundary of the prospect this way was St. Alban's Head, which concealed from

view the Isle of Wight: to the west lay the Isle of Portland; and close beneath, quite under us, Worthborough Bay.

The Isle of Purbeck seemed very beautiful and tempting; and I determined to explore part of it, but the puzzle was how to get down. To find the most practicable path, we despatched the two youngest of our party, while my son remained with me. It would have been as wise had we sent two squirrels on this business, for we soon lost sight of them both, and sat waiting their return above half-an-hour.

At last, persuaded by my son, I took courage, and began the attempt; but we soon found ourselves entangled in an immense broad but steep covering of yellow fürze. The young ones had had the address, with advantage of sight, to zig-zag it down the sheep-walks by interspaces; but I unfortunately was out of one thorny bush into another, until I got sufficiently vexed to make me stop, and declare I would return. But our youthful pioneers scrambling up

again with the wonderful news of a most charming little town just below us, and a new cove, was a fillip to my curiosity. I had as yet seen only three, Winfrith, and the twô Lulworths; and to string another wild village was a desirable thing; besides I had a good deal of furze to return through, and I resolved to make the descent on the Isle of Purbeck. By perseverance we at last got through the bushes, and now came on a fine smooth green slope, but so very steep that I could not keep my legs; so, to save breaking a limb, with all the wise caution of forty-four years of age, I descended safely and comfortably in a sitting posture, my hands serving me for supporters. When I reached the foot, I found it necessary to take some repose after this flight over the mountain, and perched on a mole-hill. After resting some time, we rose and walked through a fine meadow, and over a short bit of ploughed ground to the village. Having crossed a small brook, upon a plank-bridge, we got into a narrow rocky path, be-

tween a row of small huts, with little patches of ground before them. I thought we had made a trespass amongst the people's gardens, and wished to get into the main street of the village; but, on inquiring of a man standing at a door, to my surprise I learned, that there was no other street than that we were in; so that, instead of being at the back of the houses, as I imagined, we were now walking in the front of those pigmy mansions, and up their *High*-street.

With much in and out work we cleared them, and with some ups and downs on a few rocks, we reached the shore of Worthborough. The basin was capacious, and the mouth wide. The cliffs of Ring's Hill rose to the right, very high, and those on the left obstructed the sight of St. Alban's Head, though it was so near. I never think of St. Alban's Head, but the Halsewell strikes upon my mind.*—At this moment

* The Halsewell outward-bound Indiaman, Captain Pierce, was wrecked at St. Alban's Head, when the Captain, his two daughters, and many other ladies, and most of the crew, perished.

I was particularly struck with horror at its fate! —how did I wish, on surveying this little cove, that the vessel could have put in here to a safe asylum. She was wrecked under the cliffs, a little to the left. This beach is pebbly, like Lulworth. Why this is called an Island, I know not; we could see no separation but the brook, over which we stepped into the cabbage-garden. The people looked much better than their houses; they were all clean, and some of them plump and florid. Purbeck is remarkable for its fine stone, like marble. By a few questions I put to one of the boys, I learned that they were all fishermen. Near him sat an old man, weaving a lobster pot. I inquired what other village was near us: he directed us to Tincham; but, through my whole life, I could never make much of directions. The sun was now getting low, and we had to return, either by taking a wide sweep over great part of Purbeck, or by climbing the hill, and going back the way we came I was determined against

the latter, and the length of the former must bring us into night. I hoped for a midway, but my son insisted there was none: he wanted to return over the hill; but, besides the fatigue of clambering, the way was uncertain; and where there are cliffs, the evening traveller should beware of doubt. By inattention to the fisherman's instructions, we lost all hopes of seeing Tineham, this trip; however, it was near dusk, and I undertook to lead the way.

We walked on, and found ourselves in a large cow-yard, belonging to a very extensive farm, where we inquired our way of a man, standing, with his pitchfork in his hand, upon the top of a hay-mow under a shed: by his directions we crossed some meadows, and came into a good wide chalky road. A horseman appeared in view; we stopped until he drew near, and then asked our way to East-Lulworth.—"Keep this road," said he, "for about two miles, and it will bring you into it." I thanked him, and he rode off. We had now four miles before us, but

I had not a fear remaining, being secure of our way: security produces good-humour, and good-humour is better than a staff on a long road. I exulted in my guidance, and we walked merrily on: the road rose in a gradual slope, and my companions could see Tineham very distinctly. About an hour brought us to East Lulworth.

The dusk of the evening is my best seeing-time, and I was charmed with the neatness and symmetry of the many new houses built by the owner of the Castle, for his neighbouring tenantry. Though it was late, I wished to linger in this delightful village, and see a little more of it; but my young companions declared they were fatigued, and we briskly stepped on for home. The moon shone bright; we had yet two miles to walk; by my advice we entered the Castle great gate. From the true idea I had of the objects and prospects round me, I regretted not being able, as in former times, to make drawings of them. Twilight gave my dim eyes (which sun-shine dazzles and blinds) a full and fair view of the

white Castle, and I enjoyed it much. Within the gates, and very near, stands the parish church, surrounded by a thick shrubbery. All was silence; the whole scene was grand and solemn. We traversed a piece of lawn, and looked over a green figured railing into the church-yard. It was awful, but without terrors. The church being situated within Mr. W——'s gates, appeared as much under his protection as his own chapel. We quitted the path at the swing-gate, and walked jocundly on two miles to our hotel, which we reached at ten o'clock.

A few evenings after, whilst sitting on the top of the Look-out, with Mr. and Mrs. B——, who had dined with us, we were joined by an Alderney merchant, with whom we entered into conversation: he was entertaining and full of information. In dress, manners, and language, he seemed to be a compound of France and England, though, on more observation, England claimed the most of him. I remarked this, which seemed to give him much

pleasure; and he said, with some dignity, that the people of Alderney were the same as the English. The island, he told me, was three leagues from the French coast, and twenty from ours; their governor, Mr. Le Mesurier, brother to the Member for London. This young man was very warm in his eulogium on his native Island. The people, he said, enjoyed an happy equality; neither indigence nor affluence; the whole spot was like one family—mostly related; and even the superfluities of life attainable to all.

He gave us also some account of Jersey and Guernsey, but his partiality for Alderney was apparent; and this preference, so strongly marked, greatly raised him in my opinion,

"As each his own village will still make the most of."

He said he often came over here on business, and advised me to take a trip to Alderney: the manner, in an open boat; but I had once done so from Portsmouth to Spithead to dine on board an Indiaman with some friends; and

that was enough boating for me for the remainder of my life.

On our return, Mr. B—— said, he saw a carriage and four coming down the hill, which he supposed was going to our hotel; but on advancing he knew it to be Mr. W——'s phaeton. Mr. W. saluted our reverend acquaintance and his lady, and passed on: as usual, two young sons sat by his side. Our Alderney merchant expatiated warmly on the beauty of the phaeton and the four fine Flanders mares.

I had a few days before expressed a wish to see a puffin, whose cries we incessantly heard among the cliffs: on our return from the Cove Mr. B—— stopped at the doors of several cottages to inquire had they got any puffins. At this I laughed, supposing it a trait of absence of mind, until he came out with a basket of these sea-birds in his hand, and put one of them into mine to feel. I was then informed that they were to bait the lobster pots.

The next day the grand and long talked of

expedition to Corfe took place; no chaise was to be hired nearer than Blandford, and walking was the only means of getting there. Mrs. B— — had the kindness to invite my daughter and little boy to spend the day with her at W——, and Mr. B—— joined us in our walk; like Chaucer's pilgrims, we beguiled the way with story-telling.

The only novelty I observed on our road was a kind of triumphal arch called Bond's Folly, the intent of which is to terminate a prospect from Mr. Bond's house, that lies in a valley on the land side. In the course of our computed eight miles walk, we saw neither habitation nor human being. On reaching Corfe we ordered dinner at the inn, and commenced our examinations of these far-famed ruins. We marched against the Castle, and coming near the outward gate, I was struck with awe at its venerable appearance; my mind filled with the great and important historical events which were here acted. I took a close inspection of every part, and, during our progress through the ruins, was

astonished and delighted. We were busily employed in examining the broken remains of a gateway, when we were joined by a stranger; he was accompanied by a lad of about fourteen years of age, and attended in his researches through these ruins by a cicerone in a waggoner's frock.

By the time we met, the traveller's patience being quite exhausted, he got into an absolute passion with his Dorsetshire guide. To all his numerous questions of this arch, and that tower, "Anan, mayhap so; yez, yez! It's odd enough," were all the replies. "I warrant this here," cried he, "to be the well where they drawed water in those old times."

"Stop, my friend," said the stranger; "do you speak from information, from conjecture, or tradition? What is your authority?" "My authority!" replied the cicerone, "Why our Vicar, Sir Thomas there, that bides in that house amongst the trees, never hinders me from coming to explain the Castle to all the gentlefolk that ask me; and I asks nought of them

but what they are pleased to give me. Though it is well known about Corfe that I know all about 'm very well." "And pray, my friend," said the reverend gentleman, "is that square gate contemporary with this arch in the Gothic style?" "Ay, the arch is thick enough," was the reply. The gentleman, with a goodnatured smile, now joined us, and we returned his salute. "I heard at the inn, Sir, that you are of W——," said the stranger to Mr. B——; "I passed through it on my way from Weymouth, and congratulate you on possessing so desirable a village." Mr. B—— and he entered into conversation, when it appeared that this also was a clergyman of the name of C——, who had a good living in Devonshire, and was now on his journey to Winchester, to place at the school there his nephew, the young gentleman who accompanied him.

During this clerical conversation, Corfe Castle and its important ruins appeared wholly to vanish from the attention of Mr. B——: I, how-

ever, soon recalled it, and we walked about admiring the broken steps, fallen fragments, overhanging arches, and prostrate benches; but these ruins, though so new to me, were familiar to Mr. B——, and he and his reverend brother soon again renewed their professional conversation.

Having desired my son to place me in some spot of security, where I might think at my leisure of all the ancient wonders of this historic ground, he led me to what might have been a sofa, a thousand years ago, and here I rested. To my touch and feel, ay, and sight too, it was a long stone bench, with arms, and I think a back. Notwithstanding their advantage as to eyes, I really fancy I took in as much as my companions, for though I could not at a distance comprehend the whole, I had a closer minute survey of each particular part that lay around us in detached fragments:—the stone sofa, on which I sat reclining, was on the left hand as you enter the inner gate of the Castle. The

two clericals were standing together at some distance from me, in sober and doctor-like conversation; and the two youths, Mr. C——'s nephew and my son, as far from each other as they could get, still keeping within view; the former carelessly switching off the heads of the wild weeds growing between the stones with his little horsewhip, and the latter, with his slender Paris bamboo cane, fencing with his own shadow on the wall:—whilst the cicerone stood waiting patiently, expecting fee-time.

With reverence, I picked up a piece of the stone of the gate under which Edward the Martyr was stabbed; I got up, and paced the extent of the court-yard he had to traverse after receiving his death-wound, and observed the outward gate he had to pass through when escaping; and I looked down the road on the left, by which he galloped towards Wareham, with the mortal wound in his back. I then returned, and placed myself at the very gate where he was stabbed on horseback, when drinking the

cup of wine, and where Elfrida, his stepmother, stood smiling.

Our curiosity having been well gratified, I bade adieu for ever to these grand and sublime ruins, and we all walked back to Morris's Inn; having previously asked the stranger to join us at dinner.

Amongst other topics, Shakspeare at length entered the circle, and Mr. B——, never missing an occasion to oblige, recollected his promise to procure me a sight of the Hemings and Condell folio edition, in the possession of a friend of his at Corfe; and now was come the moment of performance. Mr. C—— having ordered tea and coffee, while it was preparing, Mr. B—— proposed to take my son with him to the gentleman who had the book, that Tottenham might compare it with my own folio Hemings and Condell edition. An hour brought them back, and found Mr. C—— and I still over our conversation. The gentleman, it seems, being from home, the lady of the house received them

very politely, and showed them the book. My son said, he thought it was not an older edition than mine.

It was now eight o'clock, and we had as many miles to walk back again to West Lulworth; Mr. C—— having horses to take him and his nephew their four miles to Wareham. We all took leave, sincerely wishing that the circling affairs of life might bring us together again.

It was almost dark, and I turned to take a parting look at the ruins of Corfe Castle. When a little way on the road, we had a sort of promise from the moon, but no more. It grew darker, and the way seemed doubtful even to Mr. B——. We were in a kind of trackless path: he was certain we were right, but Tottenham, who had been at Corfe before, was a little apprehensive: we seemed to have walked more ground than should have brought us to Ring's Hill; but Mr. B—— told us, that, to save the acclivity, he had taken a sort of cir-

cular way. The moon shone out, and, to our astonishment we saw, as we thought, the sea on our *right* hand, instead of the left, where we expected it: we suddenly stopped, but were immediately relieved by a laugh from our friend, who said, what we took for the fine broad bosom of the ocean, was a thick mist that overspread the valley. Our descent was gradual, but we had no path; and, with all my confidence in Mr. B——'s knowledge of the way, both Tottenham and I felt alarmed; for, by going into the valley, we were enveloped in so thick a fog that we could hardly discern each other; however, "the church was our guide," and we followed our good friend, who encouraged me by his cheerfulness to think that all was right. We soon perceived, that instead of climbing over the hills, which I thought we had still to surmount, we had skirted them; and to my great joy, we found ourselves, long before I was aware, at the end of our own village. No castle, old or young, could give such comfort to its

owner as the sight of the humble Red Leo imparted to me this night, after a walk of sixteen miles, amongst hills, cliffs, and mists, without meeting a single habitation; for, on our return, we did not pass through East Lulworth, but came behind it. Mr. B——'s horse was brought out of the stable, and, after reminding us of our promise to Mrs. B——, to dine with them at the Parsonage the next day, he rode off to W——. Now once more in my little parlour, my hostess followed me in, to acquaint me that a gentleman had been here in my absence to inquire for me, that he had come from Weymouth expressly to see me, had dined here, gone to Poole, and had left a written paper with her. My surprise was indeed great, when, on my son's reading the letter to me, I found it was William Lewis. I was heartily vexed at my being from home, and sorry that he could not have put off his return till the next day. My pleasure was great on looking round and considering that my old friend had looked into

Leo's habitation so very unexpectedly. I wished to have given him, (a hundred and twenty-six miles from his and my home,) my own motto, "Kadth Millya Faulthero" (a thousand welcomes!); and with thinking of Lewis and Corfe ruins, Edward and Elfrida, I fell asleep.

On my return to town, talking with Lewis over his Lulworth visit, he told me he was alone and on horseback, and had gone astray on Salisbury plain.

During breakfast, I was disturbed by a loud and violent noise, that of a child, in the kitchen next my parlour; thither I went, and found its mother in vain endeavouring to quiet and comfort it. "All this noise," said she, "is because I came in just now, and found little Tommy here had thrust the kitten's head into his mouth, and because I took it from him, he roars." The child still kept crying: the thought of my nurse's phrase to me, when in a troublesome mood, came across my mind, and I took him on my knee, with a "Vornyeen, sma boughill begg,

collyeen bawn;* mother has sent to Alderney for a new pair of shoes for you if you don't cry; a fine new pair of shoes are coming home for you, in *three* ships; and if the child is a good boy, he shall have a pocket to his shirt, like a heathen philosopher." This set all the women round me laughing; the child was quiet, it smiled in my face, and I returned it to its mother. To those who are not too proud to take notice of trifles, the grief of a child is very pitiable, and with our years of discretion, our worldly wisdom, and even the blessed aids of religion, we are most of us like little Tommy— too ready at *thrusting the kitten's head into our mouth,* though often visited by a protecting heaven-sent forecast:—when hot upon our purposes, the counsel of a friend is very good, for, if over sanguine, we are often but very so so friends to ourselves.

About two o'clock the next day, we walked over to W——, where we were received with

*My dear, good, little white-headed boy.

kind hospitality by Mrs. B——, who had insisted on keeping Adelaide and my little boy until this day, when, as she said, we could all return home together in the evening. On my remarking that I feared they had been troublesome, Mr. B—— politely said, "Mr. O'Keeffe, I know a gentleman with a good ten thousand a year rent-roll, who would give three thousand pounds for three such children as yours."

The next day I hired a horse for Tottenham, who rode over alone to Blandford races, and the children and I rambled to the Look-out, and over Bindon and Hanbury Hills. On our return we met Toby Thatch: in one hand he held a piece of broken glass for a palette, spread with red paint, and in the other a pound brush; he now appeared in his character of painter.

Eager to catch at any kill-time, I questioned him on the science, and asked if he could paint a sign; he did not surprise me much by acquainting me that he himself was the identi-

cal artist that painted our sign of the scarlet roarer, which was the original of the noble Leo that supported his Majesty's arms on the wall of the choir of Lulworth cathedral.

Towards evening, after a good long day's rest, I walked down towards the Cove, with intent to take another look at the new cottage, when I was attracted by the sound of a fine female voice: the air was sweet, but wild, and seemed to proceed from the summit of the surrounding cliffs. I listened to catch the notes of her song, but in vain: hers was the song of nature, not science. The melody of this enchanting voice, joined to the gentle murmur of the distant waves breaking on the beach, and the soft sighing of the evening gale, sent me back to my inn in a very romantic mood; and I believe I that night dreamt I was some fine shepherd in Sidney's Arcadia. I had long been asleep, when my son returned from the races, having in his way from Blandford lost himself near the village of Wool.

About a week after, Mr. B——, having been invited by Mr. D—— to spend a few days with him at Shank's house, in Somersetshire, rode over to request me to allow my son to accompany him. I consented, and after the proper wardrobe preparations on Tottenham's part, (who was, I must acknowledge, ever "point device") they set off in Mr. B——'s chaise. The morning looked dull, but recollecting the benefit I had enjoyed the day before by the exertion of a little courage, I got down alone to the beach, and in spite of a high wind, loud and terrific billows, and a swelling surf, I had a good bath. All attempts at swimming were useless, for a heavy sea broke over me; I was no sooner recovered from one dreadful blow given by an overwhelming wave, than another knocked me down: this warfare continued some time, I in full glee and laughter, and the sea dragging in its return a range of loose pebbles, roaring like an enraged tiger. On my return home, I amused myself with hearing a

little of Plutarch read to me, having taken care, on our leaving town, to pack up a few books with us. In the afternoon, wishing at once to enjoy the open air, and yet be out of all peril, I walked with a young companion in each hand, to the beautiful valley between Hanbury Hill, and the path to Durdle-door, where, I had heard, Mr. W—— often pitched his pavilion for rural parties: there, upon the same verdant carpet, but the roof of my pavilion the firmament, I sat, or rather laid myself down, and, with a fine soft mole-hill for my pillow, fell asleep. My companions, (in the strict sense of the word companions now) instead of rambling after rabbits and shells, sat down near me, each with a book,—Adelaide reading her favourite, Miss Burney's "Cecilia," and the little boy with his Robinson Crusoe. After a few tranquil hours in this happy spot, I took a hand of each, and deposited myself and them safe for the night in Leo's castellum.

We were entertained at breakfast by a couple of tame pigeons walking out of the kitchen into our parlour. Venus was right in the choice of her birds, and poets may well say "gentle" doves; for though food was their errand, they never scrambled in picking up the pieces of bread thrown them; they behaved to each other with the most tender complaisance, and with peculiar grace seemed to pay compliments with the offer of the crumb as it came in their way: but mind, these were *French* pigeons, taken in a smuggling-boat at Cherburgh. But Henry put a short cut to their gentility, by whisking them out of the room before they had half done their breakfast.

In hopes of some conversation I walked to Nestor's house, and found him in the open air: with hearty frankness he asked me into his best parlour, but I preferred the garden, of which I took a more accurate survey than I had done hitherto. It was very small, and every part oc-

cupied by something for his table: the front garden was divided from the house by a neat court-yard.

He again pressed me to see the whole of the inside of his cottage, and led the way into a small room, about half a dozen steps above his parlour: this he called his study, and, pointing to a venerable writing-desk, said his father and himself had used that desk upwards of ninety years. Following him through another door, and not perceiving two steps, I tumbled into his sleeping-room: to make his parlour below more lofty, the ceiling was thrust some inches higher into the study, or servant's dormitory. His bed-chamber windows, like those of mine, were surrounded by a vine, but with this advantage of improvement,—under this fine old gentleman's front parlour window was a bench, spread, at least a foot high, with fragrant growing camomile; and on this soft delightful couch, he, like a Spanish grandee, under his vine in the open air, every day took his noon siesta: his

cottage was on a hill, a south aspect, fronting the sea.

I sat down upon this curious sofa; it sank under me, and I envied my old friend his camomile ottoman, and wished heartily that Red Leo could furnish me so wholesome and fragrant a couch in the open air. On inquiring of him the state of Lulworth in winter, he bade me observe that the whole village, lanes, gardens and lands, lay upon the side of a hill, and that, the streets having a natural pavement of rock, only a few minutes after the heaviest showers all was dry and clean.

As I knew he retired to his rest early, I bade him a "good night," and went towards mine.

Passing through the kitchen in my way to the beach the next morning, my hostess observed it looked as if it would thunder: this alarmed me, and, indeed, the sky did appear very inauspicious: however, not to lose my swim, I hastened down to the water alone. The tide was high, the sea much agitated, and dark with the

reflection of black threatening clouds, but nothing could deter me. I plunged in and swam to some distance: the sky grew more gloomy, sudden gleams of light were seen in the horizon, and, to my great terror and dismay, I heard a roll of distant thunder. I swam back, regained the beach, scrambled up my clothes, tore on my stockings, rammed my feet into my pebble tramps, and attempted to run through the deep loose stones. I had nearly reached the end of the Cove, when I missed my watch; this and its appendages of chain, key, and seals, being gold, were valuable, and must be recovered. I forgot the thunder, which continued to approach, and returned to the spot where I had stripped: the search was in vain for above an hour, and I had given it up for lost, and was leaving the place, when I discerned it close to the water's edge; though I had left it where I had taken off my clothes, many yards from the water. I saw by this, the tide was coming in rapidly, and, as the thunder grew louder, and now

echoed among the cliffs, and the rain came down in a pouring sheet of water, I was truly happy to escape Cove-horrors, and drop anchor in Leo Bay.

No going out for the remainder of the morning: no society. What was to be done? I saw Toby Thatch passing the window, and again with his palette on his hand; and throwing up the sash, asked him where he was going. "To put up my tools, Sir; for I've painted over all their sterns." This required some explanation, and honest Toby gave it:—he had painted the owner's name on fishing and other boats. "And what do you get for this?" "Why, Sir, threepence from one body, and ninepence from another chap; and sometimes a sixpence from some employers; and now and then, three half-pence, or so." This inequality surprised me, and I asked how that came about. "You must be told, Sir, that the price is a penny a letter; so, if a gentleman's name happens to be a long name, I get a good deal by that job: and the

longer it is, the better for my finger and thumb, Sir." I heard a loud laugh follow this candid declaration. And as he was going into the kitchen, I shut my window, and went there also. I wished to get him to spell me a few of the names he had to paint, that I might find out a new and longer method of spelling them for him; when, by the large blazing fire, I saw a young man standing, whom my host called Captain.

The laugh, it seems, had proceeded from him, for they had heard my conversation with Toby Thatch; and as I perceived by his dress he was a sailor, I thought that Toby might have a job from him.

He was master of a fishing-boat: was civil and well-informed. He related to me several local circumstances, and, amongst other information, to my great amazement and terror, said that this part of the channel abounded in sharks; that he himself had caught two of about ten feet long, a little to the east, among the

rocks. The young man gave the sharks a hearty d—n for frightening the fish away, and said they had spoiled the fishing-trade in these parts. I immediately thought of the Commissary, and his leg bitten off by a shark at the Havannah; and reflected, why might not a shark, in pursuit of its prey, enter the Cove by the Marine gate, and take a snap at my leg? All swimming, dipping gambols in the water, were now at an end with me; and I determined to be off, as soon as I could, far inland, out of the way of all sea-monsters. I fancy my hostess perceived the effect these dreadful accounts had on me, and gave the wink to the captain; for, by degrees, the size of the sharks lessened; then their number; next was hinted the impracticability of their getting into the Cove; and, at last, the great whale himself at Durdle-door was only a hearsay.

In the midst of these well-meant softenings, Adelaide suddenly exclaimed—"Here's my brother!" and joyfully ran out to meet him. I was delighted; and with pleasure we welcomed the

traveller, after his long week's absence: but wet, weary, and dull, I could get no account of his Somersetshire journey that night. He had walked from Winfrith, and seemed quite overcome in body and spirits, and was glad to get to bed.

As the next Sunday was to be the last, we all walked to see Wool, a village about five miles from Lulworth. Here, as on the road to Corfe, we never met human being or habitation. In Ireland, on the contrary, you can scarcely go a hundred yards without seeing a cabin, and the cheerful inhabitant sitting at her door, singing at her spinning-wheel.

The village of Wool seemed to have no regular streets: the river Frome went through it: besides, it was intersected with rivulets, over which were thrown narrow planks, and no getting from house to house without crossing those —so that would have been a fine town for me to live in. A long quarter of a mile brought us to the church, where the bells were ringing-in

its congregation to afternoon service. Unfortunately, where I wish to see best, it is contrary with me; I supposed that as strangers we should be objects of curiosity, and I would have given much to enter the church with grace and comely decent deportment; but, alas! the steps and stile leading into the church-yard totally demolished all my grand arrangements of walk and conduct, and I blundered into the porch, attended with all possible, and very distinguished embarrassment.

With much kicking and shuffling I ventured to guess that I was at length got into a pew: the full light of great windows all around, and the eyes of the whole congregation upon me and my young companions. Heaven forgive me! I believe I wished, with all my heart, that I was at that moment sitting in Leo's Malapardis.

To heighten my perplexity, my hat was snatched out of my hand, I don't know how, by I don't know whom; I turned to Tottenham, when another snatch was made at my other

hand, which deprived me of my white-headed French sword-cane: lest I should also, by the same complimentary means, lose my handkerchief, I deposited it carefully in my pocket, and sat down, determined not to move till a general move out of the church took place.

We dined at Wool, and in the evening, instead of wisely returning home before sunset, loitered about the village until rain came on, and a storm threatened to overtake us before we could reach Lulworth: however, we walked briskly; I did not mind the rain, but dreaded sea-fog, and the chance of losing ourselves, for this was all strange ground. It was now nearly dark, and we had still three miles to go in a torrent of rain, and neither great coats nor umbrellas. We had got into a narrow lane, when a man suddenly jumped over the hedge and stood full before us. It was Toby Thatch with our great coats! Here was a relief: often before that night had honest Toby, like a guardian genius, thus encountered us, but his presence

now was more welcome than ever; and, thanks to the considerate good-nature of our landlady, under Toby's guidance we soon reached our Lulworth home, all five drenched with rain. I ordered Toby a glass of brandy, and an additional pile of fagots on the kitchen-fire, while Kitty Barleycorn struck up one in our parlour. I may here remark, that we were forced often to have fires during this our summer visit to Dorsetshire.

Tuesday, August the 4th, I arose for the last time from a Lulworth bed: the morning was cold, yet I would take a parting dip. Scorning the high billows and hungry sharks, I plunged into the waves, and took a noble swim, with these words,—"Heaven knows when I may have another!" On my return, I found Nestor in my parlour, who had come for the purpose of taking leave: he was very friendly, and gave us hopes of seeing him at Weymouth. I took a cordial leave of the good old gentleman, and with kind wishes we parted.

Mr. B——, and Mr. M——, another clergyman of the neighbourhood, with whom we had lately become acquainted, also rode over to offer their services, and bid us good-b'ye: but I had, the night before, sent off Toby Thatch to Weymouth, to bring two chaises, if possible, to Lulworth; if not, to Osmington: and the manner of our journey was all planned.

A discharge of accounts with my hostess was a matter soon settled, as I paid off my bills at the end of each week; and I ran up-stairs to take a parting look at my little bed-room and its low roof, white-washed walls, and vine-encircled lattice casement. I must own I felt a sort of pang at quitting this humble abode. I next went through the garden, paced the green terraces, sat for a moment in the jasmine arbour, and returned to the house. On the balance for and against Lulworth, the short time I passed there was very much upon the happy side of the question; and had I at that period been divested of care, and independent in means,

I could, in that sweet and tranquil retirement, with my three children, have, ended my days:—more than once, I was tempted to send for the owner and builder of the new house in Brook-lane, and lay down the purchase-money, and secure it for me and mine; but I kept my thoughts to myself, and, having bid good-b'ye to my host and hostess, quitted Lulworth for ever.

We made a halt at Osmington, and had refreshment at the house of a respectable farmer, an acquaintance of Mr. M——. There was no inn at this place. It appeared to me a pretty village. The church, a handsome edifice, was repairing: one of the doors being open, we entered. Among other tributes to the dead, there was a large urn newly put up; and, coming out of the church-yard, we met the family to whom it belonged, in mourning. Having passed through some fine, ripe corn-fields, we arrived at an extensive sheep-hill, very high, and spreading to the perpendicular cliff; I was

told that, from the power of the winds, they could keep no pens standing, and the sheep being at large during the night, some had at times fallen over the precipice. My companions wishing to get to the sea, the farmer's daughters, who accompanied us, proposed taking them down by a flight of steps their father had cut for the purpose of descent. When we came near the verge of the hill, it was delightful; the sun shone full upon Weymouth and the Isle of Portland, which stretched westward to our right: —they could distinguish Gloucester-lodge, the Hotel, and other particular houses on the Esplanade. Here I learned that two boats, in their passage from Weymouth to Lulworth, had been lost; all the passengers of one, and most of the others, were drowned.

The Osmington family invited me to descend to the beach with them, but I was grown more wise, and declined giving them and myself unnecessary trouble. I sat down near the edge

of the cliff, and one after another their heads disappeared. I stretched myself on the grass, leaned my head upon my arm, and enjoyed an hour's silent and lonely contemplation, of past, present, and future. Whilst thus reposing, an inhabitant of Weymouth, then staying at Osmington, accosted me with great politeness, saying, "he had excellent lodgings at Weymouth, and should be happy to let me have them if I chose."

By the farmer's pressing invitation, we returned to his house to take a cup of tea; this over, our chaises were brought to the door. The hour of departure came, and we again took leave of the Osmington good folks, with many thanks for their civilities. Toby Thatch would take my hand, and I held it out to him heartily; I gave him cash, which sent him dancing over the hill; and our chaises rolled off with us, once more to mingle in the world. A few minutes brought us into the Dorchester-road,

through Preston, down upon the sands; and at about eight o'clock in the evening, we stopped at the door of the King's-Head, Weymouth.

Here I had excellent quarters—a large handsome drawing-room to myself, and three capital full-sized bed-rooms. Every thing was extremely reasonable, about two guineas a-day the whole: and when I wished for a post-chaise, I had it frequently for our little excursions round the place, for six shillings the whole morning.

The beach and Esplanade at Weymouth gave me great delight: its fine, hard, smooth sloping sand, the descent scarcely perceptible; its sheltered waves; the facility and comfort of bathing—all rendered it to me one of the most charming places I had ever the pleasure of visiting in England. I went into the sea every day. We rode to the surrounding beautiful village of Upway; ate the famous biscuits at Radipole; visited Nutting Well, which changes a shilling into a guinea, and walked among the ruins of Weymouth Castle.

A few days after, we fixed on seeing Portland Island.

We left our hotel early, and proceeded along the Chesil bank to the Portland arms, the only tavern in the place; and, leaving Adelaide and the little boy in the care of their servant, I walked with my son the complete circuit of the island. We went to the top of the New Light-house, at the western extremity, and I stood in the round lantern at the summit;—it had great reflecting plates, of copper. The ascent to the lantern is by winding stairs, close against the circular wall, which leaves a space in the midst. During our walk we saw several flocks of their small, delicate-flavoured sheep, browsing on the very scanty herbage which the island produces. We passed several groups of houses, inhabited by quarry-men and their families, and went into one of the quarries—the men were all dressed in a sort of uniform, blue jackets and white trowsers. Our Irish Parliament House is built of the stone of this

island; the vast pillars were hewn here, and shipped off to Ireland. We were shown at our Inn the Shrieve Pole, by which the land was formerly measured, and made out into hundreds. I purchased a large quantity of the beautiful natural curiosities, petrifactions, &c. found upon the beach, and in the quarries, which are sold on plates, by the children of the place, to all visitors.

It was dark when we reluctantly quitted Portland Isle. A rope was fastened from shore to shore; the boatmen held this, and thus put us over to Weymouth. I was rather alarmed, when told that three of our fellow-passengers on board the ferry-boat were horses. We brought some wheat-ears from Portland, which, on delivering to the waiter at the King's Head, came up to us at supper roasted, in vine leaves.

Melcombe-Regis and Weymouth make one town: our accommodations at the King's Head were most excellent; the landlord himself very

civil and attentive to me. He told me he was proud of having a poet under his roof, whose plays the King, when at Weymouth, had so often commanded. He acquainted me I slept in the room in which Sir James Thornhill was born, (not Sir Christopher Wren, as I by mistake before stated.)* I greatly admired the elegance of Gloucester Lodge, where the King resided, and the public rooms and row of fine houses that face the Esplanade and sea. I went to see Stacey's superb rooms, the theatre, and, in short, all that could be seen in the amusing way, in this delightful place; but could no longer be an idler.

I asked the landlord could he let me have two chaises all the way to London; this he could not, only as far as Dorchester. I felt very melancholy when I quitted Weymouth; but, anxious to return to London on my affairs, was obliged to leave it after a short residence. We spent a few hours at Dorchester, and took

* Vol. I. chap. iii. page 97.

a walk on the walls, from which was pointed out to me the residence of Mr. O'Brien, the celebrated comedian, who married Lady Susan Strangeways, Lord Ilchester's daughter: at the same time the Dorchester man whispered me, "He's an Irishman!" We slept at Stourton, and visited Sir Richard Hoare's magnificent gardens; and, when on Salisbury Plain, got out of our chaise to have a closer inspection of Stonehenge. Here we saw an artist seated on one of the prostrate stones, drawing: a guide attended us here too. On my remarking an enormous stone lying on the ground, which had a great hole in it, "Yes, Sir," said the man, "that hole was made by the toe of a friar: the Devil, Sir, came to peep at him, and the friar kicked that very stone after him, and the devil ran away as fast as his red legs could carry him: but, Sir, Mister Nickey's cloven foot turned under him, and the friar overtook him, and gave him a douce of the head, and knocked off one of his horns, and threw it over Salisbury

church, and that horn has never been found to this blessed day, by man, woman, or child." The artist, in a loud fit of laughter, fell off his drawing-seat, and bade the fellow get along with his balderdash; we all joined in the mirth. I plucked with difficulty some of the short moss from off one of the upright stones, and put it in my pocket; and, having picked up other relics of Stonehenge, we returned to our carriages. Amesbury House was pointed out to me, the seat of the Duke and Duchess of Queensbury, where Gay wrote his Beggar's Opera; and the idea of being in view of this pleased me much.

We slept at Bagshot, and, the third day from our leaving Weymouth, rattled up to the door of the Bath Hotel, Arlington Street, London. A few days after I took lodgings at Michael's Place, Brompton, whither I removed with my young family, all much delighted, and benefited in health and spirits, by our Lulworth six weeks' excursion.

CHAPTER VI.

William Lewis and Frederick Reynolds.—Lord C——, and Lord M——.—"The London Hermit."—George Colman, jun.—Parsons.—Michael Kelly.—Stephen Kemble.—Mrs. S. Kemble.—"John Grum."—William Lewis: Trammels in Ireland.—Premature deaths.—Vauxhall.—Parsons.—Mrs. Cowley.—Gilbert Mahon.—Thomas Carter.—Daniel O'Keeffe.—Baddeley.—Suet.—John Palmer.—Richard Wilson.—Rock.—Perry.—"A Pageant."—Trial in the Court of King's Bench.—SONG.—Love-à-la-mode.—Lee Lewes. Macklin.—Charles Dibdin, sen.—"Sprigs of Laurel." —Gainsborough Dupont.—Quick.—Holman.—LETTERS.—A chest of Florence wine.

SOON after my return from Weymouth, I met Lewis and Reynolds at the upper end of Piccadilly, as you face Hyde Park Corner, to which I was going: the latter I was scarcely known to, but Lewis, being in high spirits,

stopped me by holding the button of my coat, and with a loud laugh said to him, looking full in my face,—" Did you ever see such a brown John?" (the term for a large loaf.) The young poet laughed, and on they passed, Lewis continuing his jokes. Lewis was quite *apropos* in his introductions of me in Piccadilly; for, at the corner of Clarges-street, he introduced me to Lord C——; and near Half-moon-street, to Lord M——. To the first he said, " My Lord C——, you might walk fifty times up and down Piccadilly, and not meet a poet—now here is one at hand, your countryman, Jack O'Keeffe:" —and to Lord M——, (himself a good poet and an Irishman) he said, facetiously, " There is a House of Commons as well as Lords (bowing to Lord M——); and here is a votary, not of St. Stephen's Chapel, but of profane Covent-garden, O'Keeffe, your countryman, though not mine." " A pity that, said Lord M——, for it would have added still more brilliancy to your own acting, had Oswestry, near Liverpool, where you

were foaled, happened to be on the western side of the Irish channel."—I took up the same idea, and Lewis was baited not a little.

In 1793, I finished a three-act comedy, which was accepted by Mr. Colman, (now alas! no other Colman.) His letter to me on the occasion was as cordial and friendly as I had a right to expect :—

"Mountains, May 30, 1793.

"MY DEAR O'KEEFFE,

"Many thanks for your very pleasant last act, which you have concluded with wondrous expedition. You have given me so good an example of speed, that I have this morning sent the whole comedy to the transcriber, and I will read it in the Green-Room as soon as I can get my company together.

"Yours hastily and truly,

"GEORGE COLMAN, Jun."

This comedy was my "London Hermit, or Rambles in Dorsetshire." Parsons, at the last rehearsal, clapped me on the shoulder, and said, "Take my word for it, my boy, this will be as great a favourite as any that ever came from

your comical pate." And in Toby Thatch he did his best to verify his prophecy. I had the pleasure of dining that day at the house of Mr. Michael Kelly, at the top of Suffolk-street on the right-hand; and after a cheering day of good humour, crossed over to the theatre, to be present at my Hermit's reception in London. I was in front of the house, but not in view of the audience; and it began so tame and civil, though I thought I had wound it up to the full stretch of a laughable pin, that I was frightened, and made my way down to get behind the scenes. But, before I reached the wings, my gladdened ears were stunned by loud bursts of laughter from every part of the house. Tully was on; and in that character my friend Johnstone was quite at home. Mr. Colman came to me behind the scenes, and in a cordial manner said—"O'Keeffe, you bear your blushing honours thick upon you." His words were true enough, and no frost since came to nip them; for the play was acted twenty nights, which, for a short

summer-season, is a great run. The King commanded it.

I happened once, in a large tavern party, to be in company with Stephen Kemble, and had some conversation with him; he was at this time a fine person, rather corpulent, good-natured, and gentle in his mode and manner. He was manager of a company in the country, and played Falstaff in London with great success. His wife, Mrs. Stephen Kemble, a very favourite actress, (once Miss Satchell,) did the ballad-chanting "Kitty Barleycorn," in my "London Hermit;" and very effective and pleasing she was.

Lewis went to see the comedy, and remarked to some of his friends in the box with him,—"Of all the characters I ever admired, I should like to act that of John Grum." It is to be observed, that the said John Grum has not a line to say in the whole comedy. My Orator Mum, in "The Son-in-law," was thought to be an ingenious kind of a monosyllable machine; but he

is an orator compared to John Grum, who in real life is a very common, and sometimes convenient companion to prosers. When I heard of this remark, thought I, had you, my friend Lewis, only acted Orator Mums and John Grums, you would never have made 50,000*l.* by your profession.

I was many years in friendship with Lewis: his gaiety of temper was perhaps congenial to my own: he was from boyhood a great favourite with the people of Ireland.

His first appearance on the stage was the infant dandled in the arms of Don John, in Beaumont and Fletcher's excellent five-act comedy of "The Chances:" he grew up to Jeremy, the Sleeping-boy, in "Barnaby Brittle;" and the first time *Mr.* was put to his name in the play-bills, was when he performed Colonel Briton in Mrs. Centlivre's comedy of "The Wonder."

Being very happy in his manner of speaking Mozeen's epilogue, called "Bucks, have at ye all," he was frequently called upon for it, whe-

ther he played that night or not. Tired at last, he endeavoured to get out of his trammels. The College students misconstrued this into obstinacy and disrespect, and threw the house into nightly tumult, by insisting that he should appear and speak it. His real friends pitied him, and strove to rescue him from this persecution; amongst others, Captain Jones, a companion of ours, who, from the upper boxes, used to gruff out, "No Bucks! no Bucks!" Lewis at length told them he would speak the epilogue any certain number of nights they chose to name; but, that number out, he would not speak it again except it was specified in the play-bills. They persisted in their nightly demands, and he then listened to the proposals of the London managers. Garrick offered him a trial-part at Drury-lane; and Mr. Harris a certain engagement, and all the deceased Woodward's characters, at Covent-Garden. He wisely chose the latter. Lewis modelled his fine gentlemen from the life

—Lord Bellamont, Lord Muskerry, and Gerald Blennerhasset. Being an admirer of Mossop, and acting with him in his own boyhood, he involuntarily caught much of Mossop's manner, which brought him into some of the new tragedies in London: amongst others, he acted Percy in Mrs. Hannah More's fine tragedy of that name.

Lewis, though not an athletic figure, was really very strong and agile in all the exercises of leaping, riding, and fencing; and from remarkable strength of arm, threw the great stone well, and was the best of all at three leaps by a spring forward. He was a bold horseman and sportsman, and in Ireland kept very good hunters of his own.

About the year 1784, Mr. Harris thought of establishing an English theatre at Paris; and I wrote two addresses for Lewis, one to be spoken on the opening of the theatre there, the other to the London audience on his return from

France; but the scheme dropped, and my addresses went no nearer the stage than Lewis's dressing-room.

Lewis never had tickets at his benefit. By stipulation, when acting-manager, his benefit was the last night before Passion-week, the best night in the season. The worst night in the season is the sixth of January, Twelfth Night.

The last time I saw him was the twenty-third of April, 1810; he and Mrs. Lewis called to see me at my lodgings. His health was at that time far gone; but when he informed me that he was under the care of Sir Henry Halford, (to whose skill and unremitting kind attention, my daughter, a short time before, owed her recovery from the scarlet fever,) I had the best hopes of my valued friend; but he seemed not to have much dependance on his own restoration. We talked together of old times. I sent my kind remembrance to my god-child, his daughter Rosa, (named from Rosa in "Fontainebleau," which came out about the time of

her birth,) and we never met again: he died about nine months after.

I was very intimate with three persons who came to premature deaths, and in rather a singular manner: as warnings, no harm to tell how.

An apothecary, a worthy man, of great skill, and very much liked, who lived in Charles-street, Covent-Garden, eating an oyster, swallowed a small part of the shell, not half the size of a sixpence; he died shortly after in great agonies, and it was scientifically ascertained that the bit of oyster-shell was the cause of his death.

Little Dr. Welsh, my countryman, who had come from the University of Paris to give lectures on midwifery, at Freemasons' Hall, in London, in partnership with Mr. Sheldon, having, in the course of his profession, been at the dissection of a subject, received from the instrument he was using a small scratch in the finger of his right-hand. A few hours after, being in

conversation with Mrs. Kennedy, at Dr. Kennedy's, in Queen-street, Dr. Welsh complained of a pain he felt running up through his arm, which he stretched out, and moved, saying at the same time, "it was an ugly pain, and he didn't like it." He died a few days after, in consequence of infection, which, at the time of cutting up the subject, he was not aware of.

One day being in Hyde Park with my son, I proposed to turn down Constitution-hill, through Buckingham-gate to Stafford-row, and have a laugh with my good-natured old landlord there: we went, and in high glee of pleasantry knocked at the door;—when opened, I asked if Mr. H—— was at home—the answer was, "He's dead." I was much shocked, and more so on hearing the cause: he had been bathing his legs and feet in a tub of water, apparently in perfect health, but, stooping in the action of washing them, dropped down and died immediately. He was a friendly, good-natured man. My predecessor in his lodgings was the Portuguese Ambassador.

During the first run of "The London Hermit," I went with a party to Vauxhall, where I had scarcely taken a dozen steps when I was accosted by Mr. Merry, Mr. Andrews, and Captain Topham, who were profuse in their congratulations, when Andrews wound up his encomiums by asking me in the hearing of those around—"But why the devil, O'Keeffe, do you make Jack Bannister (in Young Pranks) jump over the table?"—"Ay," said Merry, "your 'most exquisite reason' for that?"—"Odd enough," said I, "that a jumping *Pranks* should be objected to by *Merry Andrews.*"—I first saw Parsons in 1778; I liked him very much, he had great power over his audience: I thought his best part was Sir Hugh Evans. He was my original Tony Lumpkin, Cranky, Toby Thatch, Chronicle, and Codger, and was excellent in all; the fact was, he did his utmost with a new part. The Irish phrase for the contrary conduct is, "Oh faith, he run the garron!" which means a perverse ill-conditioned horse, that either stands stock

still, or runs off the course. The phrase of a humorous London friend of mine, in the turf style, was, "He shot a pole."

Every praise is due from me to above fifty comedians, who never did "shoot a pole" on the coming out of my comedies and operas; and their own triumph was complete, in the generous effort they each made for me as author, and the bounden duty they owed the public, and their manager, whose fortune and property are staked on their zeal and exertions.

Parsons was very thin and much afflicted with an asthma, so that the elder Colman, with his usual kindness, never made a demand of his services, but indulged him in coming out and playing when he found himself well enough, though his name was of great effect in the playbills. He was fond of pictures: he built a house for himself over Blackfriars-bridge, which he called Frog-hall.

I never saw Mrs. Cowley, but at the wish of Mr. Harris I wrote the Epilogues for her

comedies of "Which is the Man?" and "A Bold Stroke for a Husband," produced at Covent-Garden in the year 1783: they were spoken by Miss Young and Mrs. Mattocks; the latter Epilogue was partly musical, and to a pretty simple tune, which I heard at the house of Gilbert Mahon, in St. James's Square. He was the finest singer in a room I ever heard; and sang it, accompanying himself with his guitar. On my admiring the tune, he told me I was very welcome to it, if of any use to me. The next day I wrote words to it. Mrs. Cowley's comedy was acted, and Mrs. Mattocks warbled the Epilogue, with great success. Longman and Broderip, music-sellers in the Haymarket, entered into treaty with me for the purchase of it, and I agreed to sell it to them, the words being my own, and the music the gift, as I considered, of Gilbert Mahon.

A few days after, Thomas Carter, the composer, called upon me in high indignation: he said the music was his own original composition; that Mahon had no right to sing it to me;

I had no right to put words to it; Mrs. Mattocks had no right to sing it on the stage; the band had no right to accompany her in it; and Longman and Broderip had no right to buy it of me, or sell it to the public in their shop.

On this explanation, I relinquished to Carter his own property, but had much difficulty in calming "The enraged Musician." We were shut up a long time in a room at the Blue-posts Tavern in St. Alban's-street, and, though I made him a present of my own words to sell, instead of my disposing of them myself, he would scarcely listen to me. Men of genius are sincere, even in their wildest paroxysms of anger: I was, therefore, induced to soothe, rather than resent, Carter's passion. I told him if he would be quiet, and lend me his fine ears, I would sing him a song. I sang his own delightful composition of "Oh Nanny wilt thou gang with me." We were at last friends; and I made him promise to dine with me the next day, and meet my brother and his fiddle.

Daniel was fond of the fiddle, but was a poor stick, constantly buying and selling, and changing his violin—at last, by a lucky swop, a genuine Cremona came into his possession; it had a most unpromising aspect, being brown, old, and crazy-looking, but the sounds from it were truly exquisite. I heard Charles Claggit play upon it. The fine tone of a violin entirely depends upon the sinew or nerve of the finger—the string pressed with that peculiar skill, which alone can bring out the fine tones: but very few persons who attempt this instrument, are gifted with this power. Though no musician myself, I speak from the authority and conversations on the subject, with Barthelemon, Arrigoni, and Pinto. Poor Dan was quite innocent of those arts; yet he had a tolerable knowledge of the world, from having resided much at Bath, his summers in Margate, and his visits to Paris. As his purse was, at most times, pretty well stored, he was seldom without company; and being a widower, and having only one little

daughter, the above friends were much with him in taverns, coffee-houses, &c. At the time that his health failed, and when in the last stage of a consumption, he had apartments in Newport-street; his own furniture. I took lodgings for him on the Fulham-road, and a bed-room for myself in the neighbourhood. From my early Irish ideas, I thought fresh-churned buttermilk might be of benefit to him, and had a little churn for this purpose. The lodgings were in a flower-garden: on his first passing through it, he said to the master of the house,—"Well, Sir, I hope in a few days I shall be well enough to come down stairs, and walk among your flowers;" but, the next time he came down stairs, I followed him in a mourning cloak. A few days before his death, he expressed some trouble of mind, from the view of a clock on the staircase, opposite his chamber-door; in the dial-plate were eyes which moved with the pendulum—we had it taken away. He had the best of medical attendance. As I sat by his

bed-side, I felt his face, his cheeks—all was mere bone! but his blue eyes were brilliant. He said to me,—"Ah, Jack, I wish I could leave you my sight!"—The day before he died, he gave me most earnest admonitions to be moral, and, as far as the nature of the drama would admit, religious in my future compositions; (he was eight years my elder.)—And here, in justice to myself, it may not be amiss to take some little notice of the great injury done to the reputation of a dramatic author, (and none other can be injured in the same way,) by the circulation of spurious printed copies of his plays through the world. My five Haymarket-pieces locked up in MS. have been repeatedly printed and published surreptitiously, (as well as those of other authors,) and are full of the most glaring errors. I heard read to me, by my brother, these my early productions, in which were passages and expressions that never came from my pen.

Years before, when I lived at Barnes, Acton,

and Charlotte-street, and had a tolerable establishment of my own, my general orders to "my people," as Jessamy says, were, if I was not come in, and my brother should call, and dinner ready, to serve it instantly before him. Mr. Colman, sen. was very fond of his company, and had him to dine with him frequently in Soho-square; but Mr. Colman delighted in the arts, as instanced in his friendship for Spicer, Gainsborough, and Sir Joshua Reynolds.

My brother had originally a very finished education: he got his A B C, at Mullingar, in the county West Meath (where, when a child, he found a purse of gold upon the race-ground, to the joy of his nurse and her family;) his classics on Arran-Quay, the first classical school in Dublin; and his French in Paris, but as pure as if he had studied it at Blois. He was perfectly conversant in History and Geography; his favourite books were Trusler's Chronology, The Fable of the Bees, and Daniel Defoe: he had one or other of these books for ever in his

pocket; but, unfortunately, they brought him into argument and laying wagers. I thought I might make free with my own family, so I brought him, poor fellow, into my "Doldrum," in the shape of Sir Marmaduke; to whom, however, the chief resemblance is to be found in his fondness for Trusler.

Baddeley was the original Vinegar in my "Son-in-law:" he was correct, perfect, and particularly attentive to all the minutiæ of his profession. He must have died very old, as I remember him an actor at Crow-street, when I was a boy. His legacy of a cake and wine to the Drury-lane performers, I saw but little good in: all the London actors can well afford cake and wine, "from humble Port to imperial Tokay;" and as to drinking out of a skull, rather a tragi-comic treat for his Majesty's servants! His wife, Mrs. Baddeley, was a fine woman, a good singer and actress, and a prime favourite of the public: her most distinguished song was "No flower that blows;" in "Selima and

Azor:" they were both of Drury-Lane, in Garrick's time.

Suet was, in my judgment, the most natural actor of any. (I never saw Emery, Liston, or Matthews, not having been inside the walls of a Theatre since June 1800.)—Suet's tall, thin, ungainly figure, was very comic. It seems he was too fond of conviviality, too much of a *bon vivant*, and beckoned Death to him by living too well.

John Palmer was a good actor of the useful kind; the audience knew what they had to expect from him, and were never disappointed. His person was fine and showy, and his face handsome. He was my original "Young Sadboy," and did it admirably, but was rather too old for it: both Sadboy and Rover are described by me as under twenty years of age, and nothing can excuse their frolics but extreme youth. On the other hand, a very young actor cannot enter into the spirit of the character so well as one more experienced.

I first saw Richard Wilson in 1779, at Covent-garden Theatre. In 1782, on my bringing out "The Castle of Andalusia," Wilson was in the country, at a considerable distance from London. Mr. Harris, doubting the abilities of the actor who had been cast for Don Scipio, paid particular, yet silent attention, to his manner of rehearsing it, and, finding it would not do, desired that Wilson should be immediately sent for, and money forwarded to him for the expenses of the journey, &c. Mr. Harris was right, for Wilson's Don Scipio was capital. He was the original Sir Walter Weathercock, Sir Felix Friendly, Sir John Bull, Father Luke, and John Dory, in my "Dead Alive," "Agreeable Surprise," "Fontainebleau," "Poor Soldier,' and "Wild Oats." His manner was broad, full, and powerful, therefore fit for a London theatre; he had great exertion and industry; he succeeded Shuter at Covent-Garden Theatre, and was ever true in loyalty to his poet, his manager, and his audience He married

a daughter of Lee Lewes, a very worthy woman.

Rock was a most excellent actor in the Irish characters. An Irishman, and none else, can play them; and I will venture to say, that none but an Irishman can write an Irish character. Rock was a little figure, therefore not adapted for the grand and bold Irishmen, as was Johnstone; but his brogue was just as it ought to be —natural, good-humoured, and pleasing, which is the true cast of honest Paddy; and Rock was a genuine one.

I wrote the part of Galen Dobbin in "The Man-Milliner," purposely for Quick, but Mr. Harris cast it to Rock; however, he reversed his decree when I sent him these four lines of expostulation:—

"As on the wave expose I must
My freight of little wit,
Oh let me to a *Quick*-sand trust,
Nor on a *Rock* be split."

I then introduced the part of an Irish waterman to the hackney-coach stand, in Oxford-street, for little Rock, and he was quite a Dublin boy in that. The play might have gone on well, but "by the care of standers-by prevented was."

I never saw Mr. Perry, the editor of the Morning Chronicle but once; it was at the chambers of Captain Barlow, in Clement's-Inn. Perry had chambers over his, and having also some friends to dine with him that day, sent his compliments to Barlow, and he and his party would be happy to join ours, over their and our glass of wine. My host cheerfully returned an answer, and we spent a pleasant evening.

Barlow's only son Edward, at that time a little boy, always had his glass of wine every day after dinner: the child's invariable toast was, "Mr. Harris, and success to Covent-garden Theatre." He is now a captain in the artillery.

I next formed the plan of a grand piece, in two parts, instructive and entertaining, which I called "A Pageant; or, the Rise and Progress of the English Stage," (even anterior to the Mysteries and Moralities, down to the time of Garrick,) capable of every display in music, splendour, machinery, &c.; and consisting of incidents founded on facts of the drama, with dialogue and song, and a magnificent show of kings, princes, cardinals, poets, with clowns and jesters. It cost me the labour of many months, and Mr. Harris approved of it, but was afraid of the expense, besides the great number of supernumeraries it would require. (This is one of the nine pieces which I sold to Mr. Harris, for my annuity for life of twenty guineas on Covent-garden Theatre.)

I was at Esher when Captain Wathen was playing my "Agreeable Surprise," and "Son-in-law," at his theatre at Richmond; and the younger Mr. Colman, to prevent this, brought a cause into the Court of King's Bench. Mr.

Erskine was counsel for Colman, and Mr. Law for Wathen. Lord Kenyon was on the bench. I was on the floor, as witness. Mr. Law, whose face was close to mine, had the music-book in his hand, and read in a full kind of burlesque style the ridiculous burden of one of Lingo's songs:—

" Tag rag merry derry perriwig and hatband,
Hic hoc horum genitivo."

" Mr. O'Keeffe, did you write these words ?"– I suppose I looked rather grave and abashed at this instance of the learned gentleman's selecting nonsense in preference to Eugene's song of " My Laura, wilt thou trust the seas ?" or Laura's stanzas,

" The tuneful lark, while soaring high
Upon its downy wings,
With wonder views the vaulted sky,
And, mounting, sweetly sings.

Ambition swells its little breast
Suspended high in air;
But gently dropping to its nest,
It finds true pleasure there."

It would not have been amiss if the learned counsel on the other side the question had read this latter song from the same music-book. Lord Kenyon, however, immediately relieved my embarrassment by observing, "Oh, that is nothing; Shakspeare, for *his* clowns, had recourse to the same humorous expedient." The row of barristers close behind where I stood, took the hint from the bench, and in my hearing, in conversation with each other, were very liberal in their compliments to me. Mr. Erskine read letters between Messrs. Colman and Wathen, the captain saying, that "Lingo was a hobby of his," and the manager in reply, "But you should not take a hobby out of my stable."

Such legal preventatives often produce whimsical circumstances. A country manager, many years ago, took upon himself to bring out Macklin's "Love à-la-mode," at his theatre; upon which Macklin wrote him word that if he attempted to do so, he would send him sheets of parchment that would reach from Chancery-lane

to the next gooseberry-bush the nearest verge of Yorkshire to John O'Groat's house. The manager's answer to Macklin ran thus—" *Your* 'Love à-la-mode,' Sir! I'm not going to play *your* Love à-la-mode; I'll play my *own* Love à-la-mode: I have twenty Love à-la-modes. I could write a Love à-la-mode every day in the week, I could write three hundred and sixty-*six* Love à-la-modes in *a* year."

The reason of Macklin's tenacity with respect to his play was, his never having sold the copy-right to any one, and he never had it printed: therefore, whenever it was acted in England, Scotland, and Ireland, his terms were, half the profits over the nightly charges, and he always played in it himself. When he came to rehearsal, his method was to take his MS. from the breast of his great coat, where he had buttoned it up, put it into the hands of the prompter, and, re-hearsal done, walk quietly over to him, saying, "Give me that,"—take it from the prompter's hand, button it up close again in the breast of

his coat, and walk out of the house to his own lodgings.

Macklin was tenacious, and very properly so, of the performers throwing in words of their own. Lee Lewes one morning at Covent-Garden, at the rehearsal of "Love à-la-mode," in which he played Squire Groom, said something which he thought very smart. "Hoy, hoy!" said Macklin, "what's that?"—"Oh," replied Lee Lewes, "'tis only a little of my nonsense."—"Ay," replied Macklin, "but I think *my* nonsense is rather better than *yours*; so keep to that, if you please, Sir." Though so particular in drilling the performers at rehearsals, aware of the consequence of irritability, he kept his temper down. An instance of this happened in Dublin, one morning at rehearsal:—one of the performers got tired with over-particularity as he called it, and said, "Why, this is worse than the Prussian exercise!' Macklin, after a pause, looked at the refractory actor, and said, "Suppose we all go and sit down a

little in the green-room?" He walked in, and they followed; he sat down, and they seated themselves; he then took out his watch, looked at it, and laid it on the table, "Now," said he, "we 'll just sit here one hour." The performers, knowing his great money-drawing importance, acquiesced, and kept rather an awful silence. The hour being expired, he took up his watch, "Now," he said, "we are all in good humour, and we 'll go upon the stage and begin our rehearsal." This circumstance took place at Capel-street Theatre. Dawson was manager, and was heartily glad that Macklin could be induced to continue on his boards, as all the boxes were taken for twelve nights of Macklin's performance. When the evil effects of hasty anger approach, the consequences of which may be irretrievable, it would be no harm, if all of us could suppress our own feelings, even for Macklin's green-room hour.

I was, when young, ever in high good humour, and Macklin liked the company of

younkers. He was full of information, had a powerful mind, and his conversation gave me great pleasure. I often contradicted him, purposely to draw him out; this few dared to do except myself, but I was his favourite of all whom he made happy by his society. His conversation among young people was perfectly moral, and always tended to make us better: he was, in my opinion, as to intellect, a very shining character, and in all instances I knew him to be a worthy man;—but a great sitter-up at nights for sake of conversation: many a morning sun has peeped into our convivial parties: he was then between seventy and eighty. From the loss of his teeth, his nose and chin were prominent: he took no snuff, and hated swearing, or broad vulgar jests in conversation, though smitten much with repartee. Dawson, the Dublin manager, put his pen over some smart things in my little piece of "Colin's Welcome." On Macklin re-

marking that Dawson had wit, and cut good jokes himself, I replied in a couplet,—

"Dawson has wit, and cuts good jokes no doubt;
He finds them in new plays—and cuts them out."

Macklin repeated this in high glee to Dawson, who in consequence restored my jokes, and said I might dash away as much as I pleased; but if the audience hissed, that must lie at my door.

Another of my hits pleased Macklin. Mr. Harris complaining to us that a certain charming songstress had got into her airs, and would not sing the next night, I answered—

"No, my good manager, 'tis no such thing:
If *in her airs*, the Billington would sing."

Before I dismiss my old friend, I must give a capital record of his opinion of the good people of the sod. He and I were walking through the Little Green, in Dublin, (at that time the market for fruits and vegetables). I seemed much pleased with the good-humour

of the sellers: "Ay," said he, "they 're comical and good-natured, and ready-witted, and obliging—that is, I mean, what we call the lower order; but you never can get a direct answer from them." "Oh," I said, "that's not fair; put your question first." "Well," said Macklin, coming up to an old woman who had a basket of vegetables before her, "what's the price of that cauliflower?"—"That cauliflower!" said she, taking it up in her hand, "Sir, that 's as fine a cauliflower as ever was seen, either in a garden or out of a garden."—"Well, but what is the price of it?"—"The price! the devil a prettier cauliflower could you see of a long summer's day."—"Well, it 's pretty enough, but what's the price of it?"—"What 's the price of it! arrah, Sir, you may talk of your tulips, and roses, and pinks, and wallflowers, and gilliflowers, but the flower of all flowers is a cauliflower."—"But why not tell me the price of it?"—"Ah, you'll not get such a cauliflower as this, Sir, all over the market—here,

feel the weight of it, Sir."—"There, O'Keeffe," said Macklin, "if you had laid a wager with me that I could get a direct answer when I put a question to them, you'd have lost it."

Macklin's last attempt on the stage was Shylock: he came ready dressed for the character into the green-room, where all the performers were assembled and prepared: looking round, he said, "What, is there a play to-night?"—All were astonished, and no one answered. He repeated, "Is there a play to-night?" *Portia* remarked; "Why, Sir, what is the matter?—'The Merchant of Venice,' you know." "And who is the Shylock?" asked Macklin.—"Why you, Sir, you are the Shylock."—"Ah!" said he, "am I?" and sat down in silence. Every one was much concerned and alarmed; however, the curtain went up, the play began, and he got through the part with every now and then going to the side of the stage, lifting up his hairs with one hand, and putting his ear down to the prompter, who gave him the word; he then

walked to the centre of the stage and repeated the words tolerably well: this occurred often through the play, but sometimes he said to the prompter—"Eh, what is it? what do you say?" The play was got through, and from that night Macklin's great talents were lost to the public. For some time before his death, he never went into a bed, but slept in an elbow-chair. He died at his house in Covent-Garden, the right-hand corner of Tavistock-court.

In 1792, I saw the senior Charles Dibdin's entertainment in the Strand: it was most excellent. His manner of coming upon the stage was in happy style: he ran on sprightly and with nearly a laughing face, like a friend who enters hastily to impart to you some good news. Nor did he disappoint his audience: he sang and accompanied himself on an instrument, which was a concert in itself—he was, in fact, himself his own band. A few lines of speaking happily introduced his admirable songs full of wit and character, and his peculiar mode of singing

them surpassed all I had ever heard. His music to the Padlock, the Jubilee, the Waterman, the Quaker, &c. was most successfully productive.

My first sight of Dibdin was in 1762, when he acted a conjurer in a pantomime at Covent-Garden. And in 1781, Dr. Arnold introduced one of his airs in my "Dead Alive." My words are, "See the blossom of Spring;" it is sung by Edward. The original was in Garrick's "Jubilee," the words "Flow on, silver Avon."

On the English army going to the Continent in 1793, under the command of His Royal Highness the Duke of York, I wrote a musical after-piece, called "Sprigs of Laurel," founded on the circumstance of a sentinel in St. James's Park quitting his post, and running over Westminster-bridge, to join the detachment ordered to embark for Holland. Mr. Harris, being out of town, had not seen the dialogue at this time; but on my mentioning the subject in a letter to him, he desired me to write the songs and send

them without delay to Shield, and that he would bring out the piece immediately. He did so. Johnstone and Incledon, as my Rival Soldiers, were most capital, and sang their favourite dialogue-duet of "Sally in our Alley;" to which I wrote new words—"I like each girl that I come near." Mrs. Mountain looked beautiful in Mary; Mrs. Martyr was spirited in George Streamer, the little midshipman; and Munden highly diverting in the most impudent, bold, audacious character that I think ever appeared before any audience—hight Nipperkin. Mr. Harris gave me fifty guineas for my night; the copyright I never sold, and I knew nothing of its having been published, until I saw a printed book of it lying on his table at Knightsbridge. Even in this step my kind friend had my future interest warmly in view, and made every inquiry how it could be presented by myself to Queen Charlotte, to whom I had dedicated it; but, such a measure being

found contrary to etiquette, I invented an etiquette of my own. I had a book of the "Sprigs of Laurel" royally bound; and having sealed it up in due form, directed it to Her Majesty, and booked it at the White Horse Cellar, to go by the Windsor coach. I comforted myself with the thought, through the whole of this business, that I had done what was consistent with the duty of a good and faithful Irish subject, who could write a successful opera in compliment to her son, the royal commander-in-chief, and had two-pence in his pocket to pay for the booking. Their Majesties commanded this piece.

I had another copy bound in blue and gold, in honour of the Navy, designed for the Duke of Clarence, which I sent to him by another sort of vehicle – the little hand of his Royal Highness's eldest son. In 1798 Lieut.-col. George Fitz-Clarence was a fine, promising little boy, and to him I gave my "Sprigs of Laurel," (no

inauspicious gift to the future soldier and author) when running round and about my parlour at my lodgings on Teddington-common.

About this time my old friend Quick brought me to see Gainsborough Dupont, the portrait-painter, at his house in London-street. Mr. Harris had employed him to paint, for himself, the principal performers of Covent-garden theatre, in their most distinguished characters. In the front room were many portraits in different states of forwardness. The Right Hon. William Pitt was on the easel; Governor Hastings standing on the floor; and against the wall Quick, in Spado, with his little pistol, which he calls his barrel-organ, in his hand. On the door of the back drawing-room opening, I was surprised, and a little shocked, to see the room darkened, (day-light shut out,) and lighted by a large lamp hanging from the centre of the ceiling: there stood a man half naked, a ghastly figure, with a blanket round him, staring wildly, holding a pole in his stretched-out hand.

This was Holman, in the character of Edgar, mad Tom; Gainsborough Dupont painting him. I heard it was the custom of the latter to paint much by lamp-light.

In 1781, I remember seeing a picture of Mr. Harris at the apartments (in Macclesfield-street) of Mr. Beechey (Sir William): it was unfinished, and on the floor with some others in the same state. It was not very large, but a most excellent likeness of a very handsome man.

A few letters from Mr. Harris and others may prove amusing to the readers.

Knightsbridge, Thursday.

DEAR O'KEEFFE,

Joy to you on the success of your last night's piece, (*The Young Quaker*); hope it will prove very productive to you. Have you formed any plan for a Christmas Piece for me? or are you now at work on it?

Yours truly,

THOMAS HARRIS.

DEAR O'KEEFFE,

Pray make all the expedition you can with the Duet for Edwin and Johnstone, at the going off at the end of

the slang match—(Fontainebleau:) with that and your new scene in the third act, I think we shall be perfect. I doubt not we shall run alone.

Ever yours,

T. HARRIS.

DEAR O'KEEFFE,

Your songs, &c. for "Merry Sherwood," will do admirably well. We are going to revive your "Lord Mayor's Day" for this day fortnight, and Johnstone is to do Capt. O'Flannagan. I wish you very much to see him immediately, and settle with him a good Irish song for that character.

Ever yours,

T. HARRIS.

DEAR O'KEEFFE,

You would sooner have had the enclosed, but that, in the hurry of business, I forgot you, which I ought never to do.

Yours truly,

T. HARRIS.

DEAR O'KEEFFE,

On account of the immensity of expense attending your "Omai," it is proposed that no Orders whatever be given during its first run.

Yours ever,

T. HARRIS.

DEAR O'KEEFFE,

Do just run your eye over the enclosed, your Aladdin, (*or the Wonderful Lamp.*) We are going to revive it—and

let me have any more hints that may occur to you, and as soon as ever you can, as it is intended to be brought out immediately.

Yours,

T. Harris.

Monday Morning.

Dear O'Keeffe,

I was prevented calling on you yesterday, but certainly will to-morrow, about three o'clock, if you will be at home. I herewith send you the pantomime of "The Touch-stone," (*Garrick's,*) in hopes something may occur to you that may give it some novelty, particularly the Illumination scene at Paris, or where there is any allusion to the late war.—Hope you have made progress in your Opera.

Yours ever sincerely,

T. Harris.

Dear O'Keeffe,

We have an excellent comedian in Irish characters, lately engaged, called Rock. I think he might do the first part of the "Irish Apothecary," (the father) very well.

Yours,

T. Harris.

My Dear O'Keeffe,

I am sorry to hear of your indisposition; how are you going on? Can't be with you to-day, but will on Tuesday, if you are not in town to-morrow. I'll trouble you no more at the pantomime than for one song for Edwin; we have a scene of a public house, and all the different village-tradesmen drinking, &c. What think you of Ed-

win, in the character of a barber, just from London, if you will, and singing them the news, politics, &c. or the news of the village, perhaps, may be safer; or, if any other character should appear to you better, pray think of it. The pantomime will be done certainly on Monday next—so there 's not a moment to be lost.

Your's sincerely.

T. Harris.

FROM MR. EDWIN.

Dear Sir,

I have long wished to request a favour of you, the writing me a song for my benefit. You are so much engaged with your comedy *(The Toy)* at the theatre, that I fear you have not leisure; if you have, and will comply, I shall esteem it a great obligation. For some benefits past, I have sung,—" A description of the Tombs in Westminster Abbey." I now want a substitute for that; the subject you most feel, and will adopt yourself, will be very agreeable to me; but if you have not time to undertake it, I beg you will use no ceremony with me, for I am already much obliged to you, and am,

Your most obliged Servant,

John Edwin.

Piazza, Covent-Garden.

From the Same.

Dear Sir,

I deferred requesting the favour of your company to the Tower, on account of the cold weather; but as it seems likely to continue, and the benefits approaching, I shall

esteem it a favour if you will inform me what morning and time will be agreeable to you: any day will suit me; and, as I am the nearest the Lions, it may, perhaps, be as convenient for you to give me a call in the Piazza.

I am, Sir,
Your much obliged Servant,
JOHN EDWIN.

Tuesday, 17th Feb.
No. 2, Piazza, C. G.

FROM MR. LEWIS.

Theatre Royal Covent Garden, June 1786.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Not having any opportunity of inquiring if you were recovered from your illness, and fearing the reverse by hearing nothing from you, I beg to know if I can render you any kind of service here, or where you are (*Barnes Terrace*). Mrs. Lewis desires I will assure you, she will come down, and with great pleasure, to offer you any attention you may find necessary; pray let your servant send me a line.

My dear O'Keeffe,
Your very sincere Friend,
WILLIAM THOMAS LEWIS.

FROM MR. TATE WILKINSON.

Leeds, June 23, 1796.

SIR,

What with Miss Wallis, next Mrs. Siddons, then Mr. Incledon, I have not, with benefits, any night for the performance of your "Doldrum," *(a copy of which I wished*

him to purchase.) I don't doubt its merits, but long for another "Poor Soldier," "Agreeable Surprise," "Peeping Tom," &c. This is my 17th day of a very *severe gout.* I am, wishing success to your pen, and great happiness to yourself,

Dear Sir,
Your obliged humble Servant,
TATE WILKINSON

FROM MR. QUICK.

DEAR SIR,

Your new Opera *(Fontainebleau)* keeps me hard at it all day. I have not tasted food under my own roof this week. To-morrow, Friday, I shall eat a bit at the *Wrekin,* Broad Court, exactly half-past three—a neat room, good fire, and no children to interrupt. Will you come there at that time?—Yea, or No.

Yours *very much,*
JOHN QUICK.

On receiving this letter, I threw the following answer into my desk, but never sent it:

DEAR QUICK,

You say, my friend, you're *very much,*
Although 'tis plain, my friend, you're *very little;*
Your friendship yet for me, I think, is such,
Like Pan, at *Wrekin* we'll have "drink and vittal:"
Of friends and foes, 'tis hoped the first are most,
So "*All friends round the Wrekin*" be our toast.

I have had many instances of good-will and kindness from Quick. The tavern called the Wrekin was in Broad Court, Bow Street, on the right hand as you go to Drury Lane. In 1777, Quick, Lewis, and Wroughton, had each a house in Broad Court. In the next, Martlett Court, lived Hull, Whitfield, Wilde the prompter, and Baker, belonging to the Band. I had lodgings there in 1779.

Mr. Heaphy and his son, my brother-in-law, Gerald, coming to England at that time, they were accompanied by a very rich Irish gentleman, who wished to see London, in company with his friends, who could show him about, and bring him every where. They were dining with me one day, when I happened to praise very much some Florence wine, of which I had formerly bought a chest. This gentleman had lodgings exactly opposite to us in the court. A few days after, he sent for a chest of Florence, said he was got very deaf, put on a great red night-cap, shut himself up in his apartments,

and none of us saw him for three weeks; but the servant of the house reported, that he left the empty flasks as a perquisite to her. However, at his request, we brought him to Dolly's chop-house, where he was entirely affronted with all sorts of London manners, by the waiter refusing to bring us finger-glasses in the great public room, and telling us if we chose to remove into a private dinner-room up stairs, we should have them. This is all that our Irish gentleman chose to see of London.

He soon after returned to Dublin, leaving his fellow travellers behind him. Mr. Heaphy was the very soul of hospitality; and Lieutenant Gerald Heaphy, my children's maternal uncle, a generous warm-hearted young Irishman, who, had he lived, would have proved an ornament to his country and profession.

CHAPTER VII.

"The World in a Village."—Brighton.—"Jenny's Whim."—Tunbridge-Wells.—"Life's Vagaries."—"The Irish Mimic."—Fawcett.—Mrs. Lee.—Juvenile Theatricals.—"Alfred, or the Magic-Banner."—"Olympus in an Uproar."—"Merry Sherwood."—"The Wicklow Mountains."—Youthful walk to Arklow.—VERSES.—"The Doldrum."—Mrs. Mattocks.—"Our Wooden walls; or, all to St. Paul's."—"She's Eloped."—Mr. Richardson.—John Bannister.—Mrs. Jordan.—Miss Pope.—Miss Mellon.—John Palmer.—James Aickin.—Mrs. Powell.—Prologues.—Windsor.—Oatlands.—List of favourite Songs.—List of Dramatic Pieces from the year 1766 to the present year 1826.

IN 1793, I produced a five-act comedy at Covent-Garden, "The World in a Village." It was acted twenty nights the first season, and succeeded well; but Lewis in Dr. Grigsby, not finding himself quite in shop, his head being disfigured with a medical wig, resigned the part

to Fawcett, at that time a very young man, who has since fulfilled his promise of being an excellent actor. I wrote a characteristic song for Fawcett in this comical M.D. which he sang; but in my own mind songs in a comedy are best let alone. I had my three nights for "The World in a Village;" and Debrett, the bookseller, gave me 150*l.* for the copyright: Johnstone took it for his benefit. The King commanded this comedy.

The next summer, 1794, I went with my daughter to Brighton, and by happy chance arrived there on the 12th of August. Our post-chaise set us down at our lodgings, near the West Cliff, amidst illuminations, joy-bells ringing, bands of music playing, flags flying, company parading on the Steine, &c. &c. Here I studied hard, and wrote "The Irish Mimic," so that the strange gentleman was not much mistaken, who in an under-tone said very slily, as he passed by me on the cliff, "Ah, Mr. O'Keeffe, we shall have something from your

pen at Covent-Garden next season." At Brighton and Rottingdeane, I enjoyed my favourite amusement of swimming.

We went to the Play, and saw the "Suspicious Husband," and Prince Hoare's excellent little piece of "The Prize," which I had before seen in London. I met Quick at Brighton, and he was very friendly; he pressed me much to go to Weymouth, whither he was bound; but the great distance prevented me. Whilst I was at Brighton, Mr. Colman, jun. wrote me word that a play of mine, in five acts, called "Jenny's Whim," which he had promised to bring out for me that summer, had been refused licence, chiefly on account of its second title, "The Roasted Emperor." I had laid my scene in Morocco, and thought it no harm for an English audience to see his Moorish Majesty, Muley Ishmael, *roasted*, and offered to change the title; but no; and although the play had been advertised, rehearsed, and expected by an anxious public, it was laid aside: the piece was a favourite of my

own; I had written it long before "Wild Oats," and had wrought it up to the full pitch of comic and pathetic interest. I introduced into it all the degrading horrors of a slave-market, and in the third act had a procession in which Miss Jenny, the beautiful young heroine, was to ride in a palanquin on an elephant, alive or otherwise, as might be thought best. I had designed the said elephant to stop at the front of the stage, and Jenny in Moorish grandeur to descend from it. I remember only one line of the whole piece, the Captain,—"And upon my honour, my dear love, yourself and your poney would cut a mighty pretty figure riding up Piccadilly." As Jenny and her elephant were not to be presented to the public at that time, I locked them up in my desk. Another play of mine in five acts, which I called "Alban and Aphanasia," I sent to Mr. Colman, about the same time, but it was never performed. I had founded it on the escape of Count Benyowski

from Kamschatka; and for that purpose read his own narrative with great attention, as I ever made it an invariable rule to get my information from its proper source.

On our way from Brighton to Tunbridge Wells, we dined at Lewes, where we visited the fine race-course, memorable as the spot where a great battle was fought between Henry III. and his barons, and climbed up to the ruins of the castle, built in the reign of William I. At the latter place, I took handsome and convenient lodgings on Mount Sion; the house was on the right hand side as we ascended the hill, and opposite the Grove. I very much enjoyed the walks and rides about this beautiful place. Over Mount Pleasant, Mount Sion, and Mount Ephraim, I rambled with great satisfaction; and often stood at the windows of the turner's shops, on Mount Ephraim, to see the men at their work, and purchase little articles of turnery from them. We subscribed at the

Library and at the Rooms, and were much pleased with the walk under the Pantiles, and the fine wide parallel walk in the open air. Every morning I took the exhilarating glass from the female dippers: it almost set one dancing, and gave a fine appetite for breakfast. The Tunbridge Wells water was so effective, that the dippers, in their duty, would not suffer the visitor to take more than one glass; at least, they thus stinted me: they examine your face with a kind of medical skill, before they will allow you another glass.

It was Beau Nash (an Irishman) who established these Wells: he was master of the Ceremonies here, as well as at Bath. I often walked over the charming Downs, and visited Jacob's Well and the High Rocks. I examined the latter place attentively, and had a pretty good idea of it. The valley in which these rocks are scattered, seemed to me the bed or course of a dried-up river: the rocks, upright and pro-

strate, level and oblique, in all manner of fantastic shapes and groups, are scattered through this green valley. It was hop harvest when we were in Kent, and the hop-grounds looked delightful, something like the vineyards in France and Spain: we saw a number of women at their work, which they called hopping. There were at Tunbridge Wells several capital boarding-houses; but I preferred a whole house to ourselves, though it was more than we required; being detached and retired, it suited me best. We sometimes saw at the Library the Duchess of Cumberland, and met in our walks the Duke of St. Albans, who was deprived of sight, and accompanied in his airings, like myself, by his young daughter. We often went to the theatre, at which, in compliment to me, the performances were, "The Young Quaker," "The Highland Reel," "The Farmer," and the "Agreeable Surprise." Dowton, Young

Edwin, and Mrs. Edwin, were the favourites there.

Having made the most of the delightful rides round Tunbridge Wells, (and, in my mind, Kent is one of the most charming and healthy counties in England,) I returned to town with my dramatic summer-stock of winter *wear*. The next morning I called on Mr. Harris at Knightsbridge: it was on the first of October. He remarked, " Here 's hot weather to open a winter theatre, but what have you got for us?" I gave him " Life's Vagaries," and " The Irish Mimic," with both of which he was much pleased, and immediately put them in rehearsal. Mr. John Taylor, who had before obliged me in the same manner, wrote a prologue, and, with a wish to serve me, made an allusion in it in my favour, to the Imperial Augustus and his poet Horace. Macklin, now indeed my *old* friend, was present at the first representation of " Life's Vagaries,"

and pronounced it a good comedy. Their Majesties commanded it the tenth night.

I never liked the titles of either this play or the after-piece; they were not my own choosing; and, indeed, I think "Life's Vagaries" not apposite; for there are no *vagaries*, that I know of, through the five acts. The character of George Burgess, in the comedy, for moral and example, is the best I ever wrote: it was played by Fawcett with great effect: he gave every point well.

"The Irish Mimic" was brought out the same season. Fawcett asked me to write a song for him, wherein he might mimic a famous Italian Buffo, then in high vogue at the Opera-house in the Haymarket. Shield got the real music, and supplied me with the measure. I wrote it, and Fawcett sung it with great comic power. My song is "Masteri wasi Opera Singer," (Non piu Andrai.) My song has been a great favourite since in private companies. A

Mrs. Lee, who had made her first appearance on the London stage in Fanny, in " Life's Vagaries," was cast for Julia; and to introduce her inimitable talent of dancing, and show her beautiful symmetry to advantage, I had to change the character of my original feminine young damsel, and make her appear in officer's clothes. This was rather against my own inclination; for I ever thought, unless in unavoidable cases, (as in some of Shakspeare's plays, Viola, Rosalind, Julia,) women *on* the stage and *off* the stage, should keep to the petticoat. The King commanded " The Irish Mimic."

Mrs. Lee, with very high spirits, was consumptive, poor thing, and died soon after. Her father, Simon Keys, was Irish, and I knew him well a boy in Dublin. He was of our party when we used to act our private plays in the ball-room at Marlborough-green, where I played Calista, and Iago; and Lewis, then a boy, was one of the audience—where Harry Cornelius, the Othello, called to the ladies whom we

had tired out,—"Ladies, ladies, won't you stay to see me die?" but on their standing up and preparing to go away, started on his legs and detained them by singing the beautiful air of "Drimindoo," one of Carolan's finest compositions, "There was a poor man, and he had but one cow." He had a fine voice, but never sang on the stage; he was afterwards master of the choir, in the Cathedral of Cloyne. When about ten years of age, I once took huff, and refused to play in one of their tragedies, so they got up the "Recruiting Officer," and asked me to play Sylvia; this, too, I refused; then they placed benches, in a very old theatre in Capel-street. Their play night I got into the gallery; some of them spied me, and looking up, called out,—"Oh, oh, Master Jack, you refused to play in our play, so you shall not sit up there to see it." I was turned out. This was not the same theatre that Macklin and Dawson performed in. John Cornelius, brother to Henry, was a successful comedian, and my original Lingo, in Dublin.

On some well-known circumstances recorded of Alfred the Great, I formed a three-act play, "Alfred, or the Magic Banner," and wrote to Mr. Colman, jun. about it, who brought it out at the Haymarket Theatre, but it had not much effect. It was played three nights, and then the audience furled up my tremendous Danish banner of the three ravens for ever. My author's profits were 16*l.* the charges of the theatre having been raised from sixty to eighty guineas, a circumstance I did not know of when I brought out the piece; but Mr. Colman kindly and considerately allowed me the extra twenty guineas. And here I am happy to acknowledge and amply declare, that through the whole progress of the younger Colman's dramatic transactions with me, he proved himself as his father whimsically called him, in his Prologue to Young George's first piece, "Two to One," a true "Chip of the old block;" for friendship is often hereditary, and this George the second of the theatrical sceptre has always been to me most kind and liberal.

Though my "Alfred" had no great success, I derived some comfort from the proud thought that in the time of King Bryan Borrou, at the decisive battle of Clontarf, the Danes were completely driven out of Ireland, by the regal chieftain, O'Keeffe, striking off the head of Magnus, the Danish standard-bearer, and taking the banner of the three ravens; thus destroying its magic power, by which the Danes lost all hopes and were ultimately discomfited. I read this account in Frerar's History of Limerick.

In the winter of the same year, I produced at Covent-Garden a burletta, under the title of "Olympus in an Uproar," which was set by Reeve, and acted with great applause, though the burletta style is gunpowder ground to go upon. Kane O'Hara, the author of "Midas," wrote one on the same subject many years before, "The Golden Pippin:" indeed, his was rather adapted by me to the English stage, which I undertook at Mr. Harris's desire. I

wrote for Townshend, who did Mercury, the song beginning "Of all the Words in Lexicon."

I next wrote songs, &c. at Mr. Harris's request, for an entertainment called "Merry Sherwood," with style of verse suiting to Robin Hood, Alan-a-dale, Will Scarlet, Little John, &c. Reeve composed the music.

A gold mine discovered in the mountains of Wicklow, set me at an opera. Mr. Harris was highly pleased with the thought, and I began to work at it most cheerfully. Shield did the music: he had not long returned from Italy. For Fawcett I contrived a highly-wrought comic part; an Irish schoolmaster for Johnstone; and a terrible wild Heart of Steel for Boaden, who had a fine voice suited to such a daring character. Incledon was the hero of the piece, "The Lad of the Hills;" or, "Ned of the Hills," as he is called in the old legend, on which I founded the story. The scenery was splendid, and yet the opera had not the wished effect;

and I afterwards, by Mr. Harris's advice, reduced it into two acts, and called it "The Wicklow Mountains," under which title it was performed at Covent-Garden.

I was told by many of my Irish friends, that this opera was a great favourite all over Ireland, and fully as attractive as any thing of mine, particularly in Dublin, where my "Gold Mine" sent much gold to the treasury of the theatre. During the whole of my dramatic career, including a period of thirty-five years, I never received a shilling from any theatre in the world, except Covent-Garden, the Haymarket, the Dublin theatre, (under Daly,) and my one night at Drury-Lane, the latter being thirty-three pounds six shillings and eightpence, the profits of my condemned play of "She's Eloped," acted there the 19th of May, 1798.

I was much indebted for my local description, character, &c. in the "Lad of the Hills," to my actual walk over the Wicklow mountains, in the summer of 1764, from Dublin to Arklow,

in company with a youth of my own age, whose father lived at that place. We left Dublin by Rathfarnham, Enniskerry, Cabintuly, Laughlin's Town, Tinihinch, through the Dargle, the Glen of the Downs, (in beauty another Dargle, or cleft mountain, without water,) Powerscourt, climbed over the Scalp, the Sugar Loaf, Red-Cross Hill, to Arklow, where we saw the whole process of herring-fishery, and, with the "Lads of the Village," danced "The Bonny Brock" upon the sea-beach.

We would not tire ourselves; but to enjoy the wonderful beauties of mountains, valleys, and so forth, made two days of our walk, both going and returning. We staid at Arklow about a fortnight; and, in that time, walked to Cool Graney, in the County of Wexford.

In 1821, I had great pleasure in retracing this very walk in my mind, when I heard read to me "The Guide to Wicklow," by the Rev. G. N. Wright, A. M. This, and his "Dublin

Guide," forcibly revived my enthusiastic love for my native soil.

The following verses of mine were never before in print.

TUNE—"*Erin go bra!*"

And shall I ne'er again behold thee,
  My infant joy, thou much-loved isle!
Tho' soothing hope has often told me
  I once again should see thy smile.
That smile, wherein thy shamrock sported;
That smile, which lingering sun-beams courted;
Where Nature's every grace resorted,
      To sing so sweetly, Erin go bra!

East, West, North, South, I early viewed thee;
  Thy hill, thy dale, thy gem-spread strand;
But where Atlantic showers bedew'd thee,
  More lovely seem'd my native land.
Thy locks with myrtle wreaths entwining,
Thy cheek on ocean's breast reclining,
Thy harp and voice, in strains combining,
      To play and sing, sweet Erin go bra!

In 1796, I brought out at Covent-Garden, a two act piece called "The Doldrum, or 1803," for which I received 50*l*. Mrs. Mattocks was

the principal support of it; she spoke a prologue written by a friend, bustled through the two acts in excellent style, and was rewarded in the last scene by three rounds of most tremendous applause, when she talked of the big loaf under Quick's arm: the Doldrum has been played frequently at Covent-Garden and the Haymarket, and I heard was a great favourite in provincial theatres.

On the occasion of a signal naval victory, and the King going to St. Paul's to return thanks, I produced a one-act drama with songs and dialogue, called "Our Wooden Walls, or All to St. Paul's," which was acted with great success, and produced me twenty pounds. And here ended my bringing out comedies, operas, and afterpieces, at Covent-Garden and the Haymarket. For the first time in my life I ventured at Drury-Lane. I brought out there a five-act comedy, "She's Eloped," which was acted one night, and this was the last appearance of my muse before an English public.

My racer, that had so often started for and won the plate, and been distanced only once, (the Man Milliner) quitted the course to turn into the green paddock, there to walk at his leisure and lie down at his ease.

Previous to this comedy being accepted at Drury-Lane, I had an interview with Mr. Richardson, whom I took that opportunity of undeceiving as to his opinion, that I was, or ever had been, *retained* at Covent-Garden or the Haymarket. I told him what was fact, that my pecuniary returns as a dramatic author, solely depended on the eventual success of each piece offered by me to these two theatres. The comedy of "She 's Eloped" as I originally wrote it, and the comedy as altered by me and acted, were nearly distinct pieces. I was forced to cut out, mangle, and change whole characters and incidents: John Bannister, who did Plodden, remarked to me; "This was a very good part when I first got it, but now I can make nothing of it." Mrs.

Jordan did my heroine Arabel; Miss Pope, Miss Highbury; Miss Mellon, Grace; John Palmer, Sir Charles Hyacinth, &c. The title was not good; I never liked it; I had given it some other, I forget what. James Aickin, the then acting manager, was very attentive to me; Mrs. Powel was also friendly and kind, and was the first who ever led me by the hand into a Drury-Lane green-room,—I felt pleasure in crossing those boards on which my muse had so often sported. In the green-room among other amateurs, was Sir Charles Burdett, to whom I was introduced by my friend John Bannister.

A celebrated author wrote a prologue for "She's Eloped," but it talked of Homer, and poverty, and blindness; and though it paid very pretty compliments to my productions, the proud pang of a wounded spirit came over me; and at the last rehearsal, in the presence of all the performers, I peremptorily forbade its being spoken, and chose that of Mr. John

Taylor: putting the copy into the hand of John Palmer, I said, "Study and speak that." This was, I believe, the last new part performed by Palmer; he died shortly after at Liverpool. Mr. M. G. Lewis wrote an epilogue, which was well spoken by Mrs. Jordan, and thus closed on me the 19th of May, 1798.

The same year it was arranged by kind and judicious friends, entirely without my knowledge, that I should go with my young daughter to Windsor, where General Goldsworthy, and General Gwynne, were prepared to receive me. On the 24th of June, I went as directed, by command, and the next day had the honour of seeing his late Majesty. Some months before, I went to see the Grotto at Oatlands, and, Irishman-like, fixed on the wrong day. The Duchess of York, hearing of the circumstance, prevented my going away, by sending a written order to admit myself and party: Her Royal Highness walked down the park to the outward gate, surrounded by the young children

whom her bounty cherished and protected, some of them holding her by her gown and shawl. We saw the grotto and gardens, and were much pleased with the excursion.

Mr. R. B. Sheridan was not so fortunate, when he, with some friends, chanced to go in 1791, on the wrong day to see Lulworth Castle. He went, it seems, on a Thursday, and was told nobody could see it but on a Wednesday. As he intended to return to Weymouth, or London, the next morning, he sent in his name and compliments,—but still no admittance.— "What then, I cannot see the castle to-day?" "No, Sir, nobody can see it but on Wednesdays." "Did you take in my name?"—"Yes, Sir." "Positively not let me see it?"—"No, Sir." "Why then, go in again, give my compliments to your master, and tell him that I say he's a d——d queer fellow." Such was Lulworth report, I had it on the spot. I think Mr. W—— must have repented the exclusion of that morning.

Perhaps I may not be accused of much vanity when I state that Sheridan often gave his full opinion, that I was the first that turned the public taste from the dulness of sentiment, into which it was rapidly falling, towards the sprightly channel of comic humour; and that I was the only one that could do this. The elder Colman also declared that no dramatic author had equal power over their audience as I had. I may be proud when two such poets as the above plead for me.

It may not be uninteresting to the reader, to see at one view, a list of the composers whose melodies have graced my words, in the songs I wrote for my comic operas, whereby I stamped my thoughts with the value of their harmony:—

Handel, Carolan, Dr. Arne, Michael Arne, (I would fain add Michael Kelly,* but his talents

* I was in hopes that this work would have been read by Michael Kelly, and thereby have made him some small return for the great pleasure I derived from his "Reminiscences;" but to my sorrow, I this day learn he is no more!—16th Oct. 1826.

were clutched up by the other houses,) Dr. Arnold, Corri, Grètry, Pleyel, Shield, Reeve, Stephenson, Attwood, Rauzzini, Hook, T. Carter, C. Claggitt, Giordani, Giordini, Tenducci, David Rizzio, Fisher, Jackson of Limerick, Charles Dibdin, Sen., and Dubourg. The last-mentioned gentleman, who was held in great estimation in Dublin, composed, about the year 1764, the Dublin Castle Birth-day Odes, written by Victor, the Irish Poet Laureate. I wrote words to one or two beautiful compositions of Dubourg's, but I forget what they were.

The following are the songs and duets of mine, which became and continue favourites on the stage, and in convivial parties and private companies:—

In "The Czar Peter:"—Old Towler—No Harm to know it, you know—The Billet Doux.

In "The Castle of Andalusia:"—Flow, thou regal purple Stream—The Wolf.

In "The Poor Soldier:"—The Friend and Pitcher—A Rose Tree in full bearing—The Morning looks Cheerful.

In "The Farmer:"—The Ploughboy—Ere round the huge Oak—Bonny Bet.

In "Omai:"—Ye Chiefs of the Ocean.

In "The Positive Man:"—Poll of Plymouth.

In "Fontainebleau:"—Let Fame sound her Trumpet—Golden Treasures—Search all the wide Creation round.

In "Olympus in an Uproar:"—Of all the Words in Lexicon.

In "The Irish Mimic:"—Masteri wasi Opera Singer.

In "Love in a Camp:"—And oh, is he gone? Duet.

In "The Highland Reel:"—Sing Twang lango dillo. Duet. Jenny.—Dearest Youth—Such pure delight.

The following is a genuine list of all my dramatic pieces, from the year 1766* to the present year, 1826.

1. The Generous Lovers. Five-act Comedy
2. The She-Gallant. Two-act Opera.
3. The India Ship. Two-act Afterpiece.
4. Colin's Welcome. One-act musical Pastoral.
5. The Comical Duel. Two-acts; acted with great success in Cork and Dublin.
6. Tony Lumpkin's Rambles. One-act in Rhyme.
7. Tony Lumpkin in Town. Two-act Afterpiece.
8. The Son-in Law. Two-act Opera.
9. The Dead Alive. Two-act Opera.
10. The Agreeable Surprise. Two-act Opera.
11. The Castle of Andalusia. Three-act Opera.

* I never wrote a piece called "The Female Club," attributed to me in some publication.

12. Lord Mayor's Day. Pantomime, with songs, and dialogue.
13. The Positive Man. Two-act Opera.
14. Harlequin Teague. Pantomime with songs, and dialogue.
15. The Servant Mistress (Translation.) Two-act Opera.
16. The Poor Soldier. Two-act Opera.
17. The Definitive Treaty. One-act Interlude.
18. The Birth Day; or, Prince of Arragon. Two-act Opera.
19. The young Quaker. Five-act Comedy.
20. Friar Bacon. Pantomime with songs, and dialogue.
21. Peeping Tom. Two-act Opera.
22. Fontainebleau; or, our way in France. Three-act Opera.
23. The Blacksmith of Antwerp. Two-act Afterpiece.
24. Love in a Camp; or, Patrick in Prussia. Two-act Opera.
25. Omai. Two-act Musical Play.
26. The Beggar on Horseback. Two-act Afterpiece.
27. The Siege of Curzola. Three-act Opera.
28. The Farmer. Two-act Opera.
29. The Man Milliner. Two-act Afterpiece.
30. Tantara Rara (Translation.) Two-act Afterpiece.
31. The Prisoner at Large. Two-act Afterpiece.
32. Aladdin, or the Wonderful Lamp. Pantomime with Songs, and dialogue.
33. The Highland Reel. Three-act Opera.
34. The Toy; or, Hampton Court Frolicks. Five-act Comedy.
35. The Loyal Bandeau. Two-act Opera

36.*The Grenadier. Three-act musical Play.
37.*The Siege of Troy. Two-act Drama.
38.*Valentine and Orson. Two-act Drama.
39. Modern Antiques; or, The Merry Mourners. Two-act Afterpiece.
40. The Basket-Maker. Two-act Opera.
41. The Czar Peter, altered to The Fugitive. Three-act Opera.
42.*Jenny's Whim; or, The Roasted Emperor. Five-act Play.
43.*Alban and Aphanasia. Five-act Play.
44. Wild Oats. Five-act Comedy.
45.*A Pageant. Two acts, show, songs, &c.
46. The London Hermit. Three-act Comedy.
47. Sprigs of Laurel. Two-act Opera.
48. The World in a Village. Five-act Comedy.
49. Life's Vagaries. Five-act Comedy.
50. The Irish Mimic. Two-act Opera.
51. Alfred; or, The Magic Banner. Three-act Play.
52. Olympus in an Uproar. Two-act Burletta.
53. The Lad of the Hills, or The Wicklow Mountains. Three-act Opera.
54. The Doldrum. Two-act Afterpiece.
55. All to St. Paul's. One-act Interlude.
56. A Nosegay of Weeds. One-act Interlude.
57.*William Tell, an Entertainment of show and action.
58. She's Eloped. Five-act Comedy.
59. The Eleventh of June, or, The Daggerwoods at Dunstable. One-act Interlude.

Those marked thus * were never acted.

60.*Reputation. Five-act Comedy.
61.*Emanuel; or, The Fellow Travellers. Five-act Play.
62.*The Annuity. Three-act Comedy.
63.*Jack and his Master. Two-act Afterpiece.
64.*Stray Sheep. Two-act Afterpiece
65. Olympia; or, Both sides Temple Bar. Five-act Comedy, written in 1807.
66. An Afterpiece. Two-acts. No Title. 1808.
67. A Comedy. Five acts. No Title. 1809.
68. Another Comedy. Five acts. No Title. 1809.

The three last plays have never been seen by any one. except my daughter, who made the copies as my amanuensis, and were never out of my possession.

"Olympia," the above five-act comedy, I sent with a letter, to Mr. Thomas Harris, at the Theatre Covent-Garden, Oct. 2d, 1819, in a parcel by the coach. Not hearing any thing of it for a considerable time, I wrote on the 14th of March, 1821, to inquire what had become of it; and, on the 21st of the same month, received my comedy back, with the following note:—

To JOHN O'KEEFFE, Esq. Chichester, Sussex.

The Proprietors of the Theatre-Royal, Covent-Garden, present their compliments to Mr. O'Keeffe: they thank

him for the offer of his comedy, ("Olympia, or Both sides Temple-Bar,") and regret that they are compelled to decline acting the production of a gentleman who has so often served their theatre; but being of opinion that it would fail in representation, they unwillingly return it.

T. R. C. G. March 20, 1821.

This comedy, with two others, and an afterpiece, I wrote at Twickenham, in Middlesex, in the years 1807, 1808, and 1809. According to the change of human events, I may be yet able to bring them out at Covent-Garden, Drury-Lane, or the Haymarket; until then, they *sleep* in my desk. I hope no wit will parody on them, the two pencil lines on the tomb in Westminster Abbey, where the man is shoving himself into the world again, because the angel blows the trumpet above:—

"*Sleep* on if you 're wise," &c.

CHAPTER. VIII.

Publication of the Author's Dramatic Works in four volumes.—Mr. Harris, and Mr. Colman.—Mr. Wm. Woodfall.—His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.—Col. McMahon's Letter. — The Dukes of York and Clarence.—The Duke of Kent's Letter.—Letters from the Margravine of Anspach. — Wm. Shield. — Earl Spencer.—Wm.Woodfall.—M. P. Andrews.—Rd. Cumberland.—Macdonnel.—Wm. O'Brien.—Prince Hoare. G. Watson for Earl Camden. — Jos. Lefanu. — Thos. Morton. -- Hon. Col. Phipps. — L. McNally. — Dr. C. Burney—. M. G. Lewis. — F. Const.—Fred. Reynolds. — Lord Mulgrave. — Earl of Pembroke. — Political Poems.—Poems on Flowers. —White Rose of June. — Alex. Pope.---MS. plays sold to Mr. Harris for an Annuity for the life of the Author.—Death of the Rev. J. T. O'Keeffe. — Royal Pension. — Theatres of Cork and Limerick. — Drury Lane Theatre. — SUNDAY THE 22D OF JANUARY 1826.

FOR thirty-three years I had supported myself and children, hired amanuenses, servants,

&c. by the labours of my pen; and was now confirmed in the idea of making an effort to realize something for the future. I had, previous to this, collected my dramatic works for the purpose of publishing them by subscription. The estimated expense for five hundred copies being what I could not dare venture, a prop of this strength was requisite. Mr. Harris gave me full permission to print the pieces, the copyright of which I had sold to him. The booksellers did the same with the plays they had purchased from me. And I am *now* thoroughly convinced that the Haymarket would have done so likewise, could the nature of that property and the circumstances of that theatre then have admitted of it. But as the London public cannot see the "Agreeable Surprise," "Son-in-Law," "Dead Alive," "Peeping Tom," and "Young Quaker" in type, let them repair to the Haymarket Theatre, where they were first brought out for me by the elder George Col-

man, and see them for their own diversion, and the treasurer's great amusement, in reckoning the cash, which, I trust, they still bring to the coffers of my ever kind and very good friend George Colman the younger.

Mr. William Woodfall, a well-known and highly respected character, who had, during the whole course of my play-writing, been kind and favourable to me in the public prints, as also to my brother Daniel when giving an account of the Exhibition in Somerset-house, asked me to give the printing of my Works to his son Thomas Woodfall, a deserving young man lately set up in business; and I did so. The price of the four volumes was one guinea and a half, and I did not think it prudent to have more than five hundred copies printed. This first and only edition of my works was, with a list of the subscribers prefixed to it, published in 1798. The attempt, however, realized nothing to me; yet I was not sorry I had made it, as most of those five

hundred copies are now in the libraries of King, Lords, and Commons.

Wishing to dedicate the collection of my dramatic works to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, if I could obtain his permission, and having no means of asking it through any medium, I, in the true spirit of Irish promptitude, ventured to write by the post a letter from myself to His Royal Highness at Carlton-house, apologizing as well as I could for the form I had adopted. I immediately received the following letter:

"To JOHN O'KEEFFE, Esq. Esher, Surrey.

"Lieut. Colonel M'Mahon presents his compliments to Mr. O'Keeffe, and has it in command from the Prince of Wales to express His Royal Highness's admiration of Mr. O'Keeffe's dramatic works, to the publication of which His Royal Highness has been pleased most graciously to direct his name to be affixed.

"The Prince of Wales requests Mr. O'Keeffe's acceptance of fifty guineas, which Col. McMahon has left at the bar of the Cocoa-tree Club, in Pall Mall, and which will be paid instantly to Mr. O'Keeffe's order.

"Carlton House, Monday 11th Dec. 1797."

The receipt of this letter was one of the brightest and most cheering sunbeams of my life. The Dukes of York and Clarence soon gave their names; and the Duke of Kent being abroad, I received by the post, a few months after I had written to him with the proposals, a letter in his Royal Highness's hand-writing, of which the following is a copy:

"To JOHN O'KEEFFE, Esq. Esher, Surrey.

"Halifax, Nova Scotia, Aug. 24th, 1798.

"SIR,

"I was not favoured with your letter of the 16th Jan. last, until the 21st ult. from the circumstance of its having been given in charge to the captain of the Swallow packet, which sailed in March for this, but was captured on her passage out by a French privateer. From a singular event, which is altogether unaccountable,* although it fell into the hands of one of the French officers, belonging to the privateer, it remained unopened, and was

* N. B. Perhaps from the regal crown on my own arms, with which of course my letter to the (lamented) Duke of Kent was sealed. This rich stone dropped out of its gold setting as I was one day getting through Cranbourn-alley, in my way to a rehearsal at Covent-Garden, but I immediately had it replaced.

recovered some days afterwards by Captain Halsted, of his Majesty's ship Phœnix, (by whom the French vessel was taken,) and was afterwards by him forwarded to me. I embrace the first opportunity that has offered for England since it reached me, to thank you for your polite attention in wishing that my name should appear, together with those of my three elder brothers, in the list of subscribers to the collection of your dramatic works announced for publication in June last. I certainly most readily consent to this, as no one is a more general admirer of dramatic productions than myself, and particularly of yours. Whenever the work is ready for delivery, I have to request that the copy intended for me, may be sent to Mr. Richard Scafe, No. 48, Charing-cross, who executes all my private commissions in England, and by whom it will be forwarded to me by the first safe conveyance for North America. Mr. Scafe will also answer whatever demands you think proper to make for the subscription.

"I remain, Sir,

"Your most obedient humble servant,

"Edward,

"Lieut-General, &c. &c. &c."

His Royal Highness's name came too late to be inserted in the list of subscribers, which was the case with a great many more names, and there never was a second edition of my works.

FROM HER SERENE HIGHNESS THE MARGRAVINE OF ANSPACH.

"SIR,

"I shall be very glad to be of any use to you in the publication of your works. You do not mention how you mean to make use of my name, and I presume your works are too well known to require any influence to make them acceptable to others, as well as to

Your's, &c.

ELIZABETH, M. B. A. B."

"Dec. 15th, 1797."

FROM WILLIAM SHIELD, ESQ.

"DEAR O'KEEFFE, Dec. 1797.

"I have prevailed on Sir James Lake, Bart. to be one of your subscribers, and will use my best endeavours to get you more, as I have the highest esteem both for your talents and character; and that you may meet with the success you merit, is the sincere wish of your friend,

WM. SHIELD.

"Sir James is fond of literature, and a good man."

FROM EARL SPENCER.

"SIR,

"I have received your letter, and shall with pleasure subscribe my name, I hope to a very numerous list for the encouragement of literary merit and talents.

"I am, Sir,

"Your most obedient servant,

SPENCER."

"Admiralty, 2d Dec. 1797."

FROM WILLIAM WOODFALL, ESQ.

"DEAR SIR,

"I have long felt the greatest predilection towards you and your interests, and I strongly think that a man who has so essentially contributed to the public entertainment merits an eminent degree of public support. He must have a gloomy mind who would not wish to cheer the spirits of that writer, whose works have so often served to dispel sorrow, and excite salutary merriment. On every principle, therefore, of personal esteem and public obligation, I feel the strongest inclination to render you every service in my power. Were I still a newspaper printer, nothing could be more grateful to me than to join heartily in furthering your object.

"I am, dear Sir, yours most sincerely,

WM. WOODFALL."

"Queen-street, Westminster."

FROM M. P. ANDREWS, ESQ. M. P.

"DEAR O'KEEFFE, July 12th, 1798.

"I was extremely sorry that it was not in my power to comply with your wishes respecting an epilogue for your last play, (She 's Eloped.) The causes of my declining any little literary assistance I might in other circumstances have afforded you, I requested our worthy friend, Mr. Wroughton, to explain to you at large—I do assure you I feel sensibly for the disappointment you experienced on that occasion, from, perhaps, a capricious public; but I hope you will not be discouraged from pursuing a line in which you have so well succeeded.

"I hope you have set down my name to the publication of your works—if not, pray set it down immediately; I am

just come to town—if you will call on my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Udney, at Teddington, your neighbours, and make use of my name, you will find they will be glad to see you. "Yours most truly,

M. P. Andrews."

From Richard Cumberland, Esq.

"Sir, May 6th, 1798.

"I am favoured with your letter and return you thanks for the politeness of its contents. If my small effort for a prologue served to convey to you any testimony of the zeal which I really feel for your success, of this and every other of your dramatic exertions, I am perfectly content, and have little fear that you will have cause to regret the preference, which by prior engagement, you are bound to give to another pen. Upon receipt of your first letter, I held myself at your command as a subscriber, and desired Mr. Harris to put my name down in his list, and do the needful; which he was so obliging as to undertake. I therefore beg to have the honour of my place amongst the friends of your muse: this is a small tribute in return for the many hours she has brightened in the course of my theatrical attendances; and if I can add to my own name any others amongst my acquaintance, be assured I will not let slip any opportunity of obeying your wishes, and approving myself what I really am, Sir,

"Most assuredly and faithfully,

"Yours,

Richard Cumberland."

From D. G. Macdonnel, Esq. (Editor of the Morning Herald.)

"Dear Sir,

"I had yesterday the satisfaction of a meeting with Mr.

FROM COUNSELLOR MAC NALLY.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I felt great satisfaction indeed, at hearing my old friend was in good health and spirits, which I trust will long remain unimpaired. But I, and I am sure the public, at least all those who are fond of genuine humour and native wit, must regret that you have repudiated your old favourite, who treated you so well—Madam Thalia; who often makes her appearance on our stage here, with all those smiles with which you have endowed her.

"I received, some time ago, from the hands of our friend Mr. Joseph Lefanu, the copy of your Works for which I had subscribed, and have read them with great satisfaction and delight. Wishing you and your son and daughter all happiness,

"I am, dear Sir,

"Your very sincere friend,

LEO. MAC NALLY."

"Harcourt-steet, Dublin,
24th March, 1800."

FROM DR. CHARLES BURNEY.

"DEAR SIR,

"I should be glad if you would favour me with letting me have another set of your Works; and if you will order the four volumes to be left for me at the same place, I will send for them towards the end of next week.

"I hope your son is well, and have the honour to be

"Your faithful Servant,

CHARLES BURNEY."

"Greenwich, Feb. 16th, 1799."

FROM M. G. LEWIS, ESQ. M. P.

"DEAR SIR,

"I have not forgotten my promise respecting the Epilogue for your Comedy, ('She's Eloped,') but as yet, with the best inclination in the world, I have not been able to make a single line. I will, however, set seriously to work, and you may depend upon having something or other, (I am sure it will be something very indifferent,) sent to the theatre to-morrow morning. My friendly remembrance to your son.

"Yours faithfully,

M. G. LEWIS."

"Devonshire Place."

FROM FRANCIS CONST, ESQ.

"DEAR SIR, "Jan. 1st, 1798.

"I am to apologize to you for not having acknowledged your favour, apprizing me of your intended publication, in which I heartily wish you all possible success and advantage. Although I omitted to answer your letter, I have not neglected to attend to the subject of it, but together with my own, have inserted in the list the following names:—Mr. Serj. Shepherd, Mr. Garrow, Mr. Fielding, Mr. Morgan, and Mr. Raine, to which I hope to add many others, before the time of publication.

"I remain, Sir, with great respect,

"Your most obedient servant,

FRANCIS CONST."

"Great Queen-street,
Lincoln's-Inn-fields."

FROM FREDERICK REYNOLDS, ESQ.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I have had the pleasure of receiving your letter, and am extremely sorry, from the present narrow circle of my acquaintance, that I cannot be of any material service to the intended publication of your Works: as far as my own name will assist, I shall be happy to subscribe it, and sincerely lament I can by no better means serve a gentleman whose originality of talent I have so long respected and admired. "Believe me, dear Sir,

"Very truly yours,

F. REYNOLDS."

"Garden-court, Temple,
Nov. 3, 1797."

FROM LORD MULGRAVE.

"Beverly, Jan. 18, 1798.

"SIR,

"I this day received your letter. The letter* enclosing the subscription was directed to you; as I wished, at the same time, to accompany my subscription with expressions of the very great and frequent entertainment I had found in the representation of the Dramatic Works you are about to publish, &c. &c. &c.

"I have the honour to be, with great esteem, Sir,

"Your most obedient humble servant,

MULGRAVE."

* This letter was lost.

FROM THE EARL OF PEMBROKE.

"Wilton House, Dec. 13th, 1797.

"SIR,

"I am happy to learn that it is your intention to publish your Dramatic Works, to which I shall most certainly subscribe.

"I am, Sir,

"Your very obedient servant,

PEMBROKE."

As I have already stated, this publishing attempt barely paid its own expenses of paper, printing, advertising, and all other incidental affairs of that nature.

I now gave some truce to my pen in the dramatic way, and amused myself, in my lonely walks about Teddington and Twickenham, with writing a variety of poetics. When the little fellow, who had put on his night-cap, and eat his omelette in the bedchamber and dining parlour of every royal palace in Europe, *(Windsor and St. James's excepted,)* with his threats to invade us, got to jumping in and out of his gun-boats at Boulogne, and tore the epaulette from the shoulder of his gunner, for mistaking a cur-

Sheridan, in the coffee-room over the House of Commons, and the pleasure, of course, of fulfilling my promise made to you—he spoke of you with much respect and kindness, and expressed every wish to serve you in bringing forward your play, (*Alban and Aphanasia.*) He gave me, at the same time, a most solemn assurance that if it were sent to the Board of Management, he would take care that it should receive immediate attention. He desired at the same time, that I should make use, if I pleased, of his name on this occasion. Be assured, my dear Sir, that I am, with unfeigned respect and regard,

" Yours, D. G. MACDONNEL."

"17, Clements Inn,
Dec. 28, 1799."

FROM WILLIAM O'BRIEN, ESQ.

" Stinsford, Dorsetshire, July 11, 1798.

" I must beg you to add to the List of Subscribers to the publication of your Dramatic Works, the names of Lord Ilchester and Lord Dorchester, who happened to be with me when I received your answer to my letter. I must beg the favour of you, to let me know how long it will be before you publish, that if I should be fortunate enough to procure any more names, I may send them in proper time to your bookseller.

" If you succeed in your views in any manner adequately to my wishes for you, you will be completely satisfied with the result of your endeavours.

" I have the honour to be, Sir,

" Your most faithful humble servant,

WILL. O'BRIEN."*

* Mr. O'Brien married Lord Ilchester's daughter.

FROM PRINCE HOARE, ESQ.

"Buckingham-street.

"DEAR SIR,

"I am just come to town, and am disappointed of a great pleasure, by finding that we cannot have the good fortune of seeing you to-day. I wish you joy of the accomplishment of your labour, and shall be happy to receive your cargo. I am afraid I am too late to add to the list of your subscribers, if you print one, the name of Miss S—— which I was commissioned to bring you to-day, if it be not too late, pray let it be inserted. On looking at some papers which I brought from your lodgings, it occurs to me to ask if the names of two of my *name-sakes* are set down properly—they are Henry Hugh Hoare, Esq., and Henry Merrick Hoare, Esq. Believe me always

"Your's sincerely,

"P. HOARE."

FROM GEORGE WATSON, ESQ., SECRETARY TO HIS EXCELLENCY EARL CAMDEN, LORD LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND.

Dublin Castle, Dec. 20th, 1797.

"SIR,

"I am commanded by the Lord Lieutenant, to inform you that his Excellency wishes to subscribe to the publication of your Dramatic Works.

"I have the honour to be, Sir,

"Your most obedient humble servant,

GEORGE WATSON."

FROM JOSEPH LEFANU, ESQ.

"Dublin, 26th March, 1800.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"Since my writing last to you, I have received your Works, and have to thank you for the high entertainment your four volumes have afforded me. Few of the plays, indeed, were new to me; but they possess so much humour, so much whim, so much eccentricity, that they must always gratify and exhilarate. Why has the same pen been latterly so little employed? I have just parted with your old friend Mac Nally, with whom I had a great deal of talk about you. He spoke of you in remarkable friendly terms, and said he would write to you to-morrow. Inform me how your health is; about which I am truly interested. Your books have been delivered as subscribed for, to Mrs. Jefferies, Mr. Samuel Whyte, Mr. Latouche, and the Earl of Miltown: the latter doubts not but that the public you have so often highly gratified, will eagerly seize this opportunity of testifying their admiration of your talents. Were that dear, charming woman, the former Mrs. Sheridan, living, I should instantly write to her on the subject of your Drury-Lane play; but the present lady I do not personally know, not having been in London for eighteen years. Mrs. L——, however, will write to her brother,* who, though the best-natured of men, is not, as you must know, the most regular correspondent; so Mrs. L—— might not hear from him in answer to her

* The Right Hon. R. B. Sheridan.

letter; but she authorizes you to apply to him, *if you should choose it,* in her name, and to mention that she has herself written to him.

"Ever, dear Sir,
"Very truly yours,
JOSEPH LEFANU."

FROM THOMAS MORTON, ESQ.

"Temple, Nov. 8, 1797.

"SIR,

"I shall feel great pleasure in placing my name among the, I trust, numerous subscribers to your Works. I shall be happy in endeavouring to extend the subscription by my humble recommendation. With the highest esteem for your worth and abilities,

"I remain, Sir,
"Your sincere and obedient Servant,
THOMAS MORTON."

FROM THE HON. COL. PHIPPS, M. P.

"Mulgrave Castle, Jan. 10, 1798.

"SIR,

"I will, with great pleasure, subscribe for the Works of an author, who has so frequently contributed to my amusement as you have. As soon as I return to London, I will pay my subscription, &c.

"I am, Sir,
"Your obedient humble Servant,
EDMUND PHIPPS."

lew for an English man-of-war, I wrote and sent the following well-timed cheer-ups to the Morning Herald, in which all were inserted, with my name to each, except the last:—" The Snow King," " The Little Town," " Barrossa," " Invasion," and " Sir Arthur;" also a poem called " Lightning," which had my name to it.

In 1804 I wrote fourteen little poems upon flowers. Besides whatever gift of versification I might be endued with, my early studies of flower painting, from the flower itself, gave me some kind of pretensions to write about them.

The following little poem of mine being, metaphorically, on a floral subject, I take this opportunity of laying it before the reader:—

THE WHITE ROSE OF JUNE.

Lines, (never before published,) written in Dublin in 1764, *on a Beautiful Young Lady (Miss Mary Duncan).*

At court, in days of Anne the Queen,
If with a White Rose you were seen,

They'd whisper—"There's a Tory ;
And yet a White Rose-bud is now,
As Whigs and Tories must allow,
A Castle birth-day glory.

Brush off the butterfly and bee,
This lovely Rose-bud give to me,
This pride of fragrant bushes;
Then, gaily varied my delight,
My Rose will be, although 'tis white,
A Red Rose when it blushes.

With tempered ray ye sunbeams shine,
Cherish this gentle Rose of mine ;
Soft rains fall on it lightly ;
Beneath my Rose blue violets spring,
A thrush shall near it daily sing—
And Philomel sing nightly.

Ye Zephyrs, spread your wings with care.
Nor touch to hurt my Rose so fair,
Around it whilst you 're playing ;
Oh may no secret canker-worm
With inward bite my Rose deform,
To cause its soon decaying.

When death my Rose of life bereaves,
I'll treasure up its scatter'd leaves,
All in a wicker basket;
My cot shall be its spicy tomb:
Immortal then its rich perfume,
'Tis Flora's jewell'd casket.

Some gala, some birth-day of Jove,
My Rose the sign shall be above,
Of love's celestial passion;
And every god his Rose shall sport,
The White Rose at Olympus' court
Shall shine the reigning fashion.

Fine lords and ladies may suppose,
I mean a LADY by a ROSE;
Well, let them show a fairer:
And if Hibernian poet dare,
So sweet, so fine a Rose to wear,
Ye Gods! make me the wearer!

At Twickenham, an old waterman of the name of Horner, told me that he had often rowed Alexander Pope across the Thames, to Ham, sitting in a sedan chair, which belonged to the poet: at the bottom of the chair, in the front, was a kind of trunk, in which he always kept his papers; these he brought to and fro in the chair with him. The regular rower of the ferry from Thames Ditton, was, about thirty years ago, an old blind woman, who often rowed me across, but not in a sedan chair, nor accompanied by my manuscripts.

In 1800, I received a letter from William Lewis, requesting me to come to town as soon as possible to Mr. Harris, who had something to propose to me for my advantage. As it was ever fair weather from that quarter, I went, and saw Mr. Harris at the theatre, who told me he would give me a night; and Lewis suggested, as it was now June, and powerful attraction might be wanting, it would be advisable for me in person to speak an address, and have this intention put in the play-bills. I shuddered at this now to me awful proposal, but consented, and said I would write it myself, and that he Lewis must bring me on, and fetch me off. He said he would. At the head of the play-bills were prefixed the names of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, others of the Royal Family, the Duchess of Devonshire, and many other titles—and also a list of my most popular pieces—that night being for the benefit of the "unfortunate" author: upon which abject and ill-chosen word, I seriously remonstrated, but

too late, with Lewis, who, however, passed it off by saying it was only an allusion to my want of sight.

This night was the 12th of June, 1800, with the profits of which (excepting about 60*l.*) I purchased a small annuity at the Westminster Insurance Office for my life—the sum I actually paid in for this was 300*l.*

On the 4th of November, 1803, William Lewis called again upon me at Twickenham, and after some conversation on my affairs, I authorized him to make a proposal on my part to Mr. Harris, of giving me an annuity for my life, of twenty pounds, for all my MS. dramatic works then in my desk, none of which had ever been performed, except "She's Eloped!" and that only one night. Lewis consented to mention the subject to Mr. Harris, and the next day I received from him the following letter:—

To JOHN O'KEEFFE, ESQ. Twickenham, Middlesex

"DEAR O'KEEFFE,

"I have the pleasure to inform you, that Mr. Harris, with the greatest kindness immediately consented to pay

you *twenty guineas* every Christmas for your works; but on more reflection, said he thought it would serve you better if it was divided into two payments annually, which is fixed. It will commence from next Christmas. With the sincerest pleasure I impart this intelligence, and I assure you "I am your sincere friend,

W. T. Lewis."

"5th November, 1803."

On the 7th of November, 1803, I had the MSS. made up into a parcel, which I sent to Mr. Harris, at the Theatre Royal, Covent-Garden. It contained the following plays:—

List of Dramatic Pieces sold to Thomas Harris, Esq. 7th November, 1803, in consideration of an annuity of twenty guineas for the remainder of my life, to be paid half-yearly.

Alban and Aphanasia, a play, in five acts, scene Kamschatka.

Jenny's Whim, or the Knight of St. Patrick, five acts, scene Morocco.

Emanuel, or the Fellow-Travellers, five acts, scene Spain.

Reputation, a comedy, five acts, scene London.

She's Eloped! a comedy, five acts, scene near London.

The Annuity, a comedy, three acts, scene London.

Jack and his Master, an afterpiece, two acts.

Stray Sheep, an afterpiece, two acts, scene Dunstable.

A Pageant, or the Rise and Progress of the English Stage, in two parts, show, dialogue, song, recitative, &c.

The Loyal Bandeau. —All to St. Paul's.

My annuity on Covent-Garden Theatre began 25th of December 1803. Consequently the first half year's payment was due the 24th of June, 1804. I received that, and it has been paid to me ever since, having on the 17th of January, 1826, received the half year due to me 25th of December, 1825.

In May 1804, my son died: to me and his sister a most severe loss. He had taken his degree of A.B. at Exeter College, Oxford, was ordained deacon by Dr. Prettyman, Bishop of Lincoln, priest by Dr. Buckner, Bishop of Chichester, appointed chaplain to His Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence, went to Jamaica to obtain a very excellent living, and died there of the fever, three weeks after his arrival, in the 28th year of his age, at the house of the Rev. Mr. Ledwich, Rector of Port Royal: this gentleman has my heartfelt thanks for his

kindness to my dear and beloved child my poor Tottenham, whose death was confirmed by letters to his sister, from Sir George and Lady Nugent. From his own bias to a military life and early French education, I had designed him for the Austrian service; which intention was frustrated by the French Revolution.

His diploma for the royal chaplaincy went through the regular formalities of the Faculty Office, Doctors'-Commons, and was there registered, the 18th of April, 1802: I went the next day to Bushy Park, where it was signed by the Duke of Clarence, and my son's name appeared in the Court Calendar of the same year.

He opened the new fine church at Banbury, in Oxfordshire, with service and a sermon; and for a considerable time officiated at Duke-street chapel, Westminster, the property of one of his sincere and worthy friends (and he had many), Lewis Wolfe, Esq. of the Stock-Exchange, London.

I take this occasion to thank Heaven for many happy moments, during the course of a long life; but I can say with sincerity that some of the happiest were, when I heard my son preach his first sermon, in Teddington Church, Middlesex, the pulpit lent him for the occasion by the Rev. Philip Mackenzie; and when my daughter Adelaide read to me, for the first time (and I was the only person who ever heard the MS. read), her "Patriarchal Times," and her "Zenobia, Queen of Palmyra."*

On the 6th of February, 1808, I had the high honour and gratification of receiving at the Treasury, in Downing-street, my first quarter's payment of a royal annual pension, obtained for me through the kind exertions of His Excellency Lord Charles Somerset, and three ladies of high rank—two of these are no more, the other lady is still living, and long may she

* Neither myself, my son, nor daughter, were ever in Scotland, or further north in England than Liverpool, and that only in the passage to and from London to Dublin.

live in health and happiness! The Earl of Liverpool also has my sincere and heartfelt thanks for this grant, which has afforded me so many years of peace and comfort.

My daughter had an annuity left her for the remainder of her life, by her grandfather, (my father-in-law) Tottenham Heaphy, proprietor of the theatres of Cork and Limerick, which annuity (on the said theatres) having long ceased to be paid to her, owing to theatrical confusions on our Irish side of the water, our Viceroy was written to on the subject, which letter was forwarded for me to the Marquis Wellesley, by the kindness of his Grace the Duke of Wellington. An answer from Edward Johnstone Esq. of the Castle of Dublin, was sent to us, and thus the affair rests. December 2d, 1819, she received 26*l.* 13*s.* 9*d.* since which period she has not had a shilling of her Irish annuity. I therefore considered it my duty to apply to Drury-Lane theatre, on the subject of a night, which I thought it might afford to give me, as,

during so many years of performing many of my pieces, I had never received any remuneration whatever from that house, except the profits of my one night of "She's Eloped!" being the before-mentioned thirty-three pounds, six shillings and eightpence. I had a polite and indeed friendly answer to my application, saying, "If I would draw up a case to be submitted to the consideration of the company, no doubt it would meet attention, &c." But I did not like stating cases, and with perfect conviction of the good wishes of Drury-Lane, and the writer of the letter to me, I let the affair drop, and heard no more of it. And here would have ended this my "Dramatic career," but for the visit with which I was lately honoured.

On Sunday the 22d of January, 1826, my humble cabin was cheered by the presence of the Lord Bishop of Chichester, who, with the joy of benevolence, came to inform me of an accumulation of honour from the King, and a

most happy and welcome addition to my means. His Lordship read to me and my daughter a letter to himself from Sir William Knighton, with his Majesty's gracious command that I should receive a pension of one hundred guineas from his private purse, to be continued annually. The Bishop then handed me the draft on Messrs. Coutts for my first year's pension, which came to him inclosed in the said letter from Sir William Knighton; and all I have now to add is, THANKS BE TO GOD,—GOD BLESS THE KING—AND MAY HE LIVE LONG AND HAPPY!

CHICHESTER, SUSSEX,
18th February, 1826.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

POETICAL SKETCHES

OF WELL-KNOWN

DRAMATIC PERFORMERS,

OF THE OLD SCHOOL,

AND

OTHER INDIVIDUALS CONNECTED WITH THE DRAMA.

Mr. Harris having proved that he wished to perpetuate the memory of his performers, by

the vivid colours from the palette of Gainsborough Dupont, may I be permitted in plain black and white to give THE MUSE'S TRIBUTE to the memory of some of the Performers who acted *originally* in my pieces, at the Haymarket, Covent-Garden, and Drury-Lane theatres? premising that the Muse often speaks in the peculiar style of the dramatic character alluded to. None of the following verses have ever before appeared in print.

FRANCIS AICKIN.

The tyrant, Aickin[1] called, for stately port,
He look'd the proud appendage of a court;
His step was firm, decision in his tone,
As seem'd to say—"I am myself alone."
In Laird of Col, bold head of vassal clan,[2]
And Irish Baronet O'Donovan. [3]
The bold Frank Aickin chose the onward way,
And by exertion help'd the infant Play.
Ye Bards bring roses from your flowery banks,
And strew the grave of all such generous Franks.

[1] To distinguish him from his brother, he was called *Tyrant*, from his acting Dionysius, Muley Moloch, &c.

[2] Laird of Col, in "The Highland Reel."

[3] Sir Carrol O'Donovan, in "The Toy."

JAMES AICKIN.

Ah, kind Remembrance, say his brother James,
To Poet's gratitude had equal claims;
The moral truth so sensibly he spoke,
With bright conviction from his lips it broke.
From Dorsetshire all on a summer's day,
I rode to market with my lock of hay.
To London brought my Hermit from his cell,
Who took his bottle, jump'd, and gallop'd well.
James Aickin was my sentimental Pranks:[1]
Spirits of air, convey to him my thanks.

CHARLES BANNISTER.

'A daring robber, not a lurking thief,[2]
Superior valour made me ruffian chief;
When to the moon the hungry Isgrim howl'd,[3]
I in the forest like a tiger prowl'd:
And ere the sun had from the east arrived,
Down to my cavern with my gang I dived:
Our song and chorus reach the vaulted roof[4]
Yet to escape of sound the rock is proof.
Prepared by wine for danger and affray,
We sally up, the traveller our prey,
But if preventing ill be doing good,
My merit was, I saved the shedding blood:

[1] Old Pranks, in "The London Hermit."
[2] Don Cæsar, in "The Castle of Andalusia."
[3] The song of "The Wolf."
[4] "Flow thou regal purple stream."

In Cæsar's songs, my voice was bold, alarming—
In Arionelli it was soft, and charming,[1]
In Haymarket an Irishman might say,
"Why faith I 've got on t'other side the way!"
A rogue was Sergeant Jack 'mongst Highland Carles[2]
Yet all shook hands with, "How dost honest Charles?"
At Deptford Dock-yard, I was Russian Czar,[3]
And thump'd my mallet on a man of war:
My festive hour gone by, my bright bon mot,"
"Is Bannister still living?"—"No, ah no?"

MRS. BILLINGTON, (FORMERLY MISS WEICHSELL.)

"Be music mine, hereditary claim,
Foundation laid, on that I built my fame,
Idle I was not, but with care improved
Eager to top the science which I loved:
Result not disappointed, but fulfill'd,
And I was hail'd of song the favourite child.
My Ottokesa charm'd the Russian czar,[4]
Pleased every ear, east, west of Temple Bar:
Such "Golden Treasures" in my apron flung,[5]
"No harm to know 't you know," with truth I sung:[6]
Brilliant bravura, rapid high advanced,
Then murmurs soft, my song each soul entranced:

[1] Arionelli, in "The Son-in-law."
[2] Sergeant Jack, in "The Highland Reel."
[3] Peter the Great, in "The Czar."
[4] Ottokesa, in "The Czar."
[5] Rosa's song, in "Fontainebleau."
[6] Ottokesa's song in "The Czar."

When grand crescendo fills adoring skies,
Poor earthly chorus-singer then, thro' mercy I may rise."

BLANCHARD.

Here lies my "Little Ploughboy who whistled o'er the Lea,"[1]
He rang the bell for master, 'cause master rang for *he*,
When made a saucy footman, death stopp'd his proud career,
The flaxen-headed Cowboy did *ne'er* sit down a Peer.

Art thou so sharp, clever prentice boy,[2]
Thy master's daughter to steal away
'Tis Scot to Scot, thy sharp wit employ,
Lang twango dillo, twang lango dillo day.

With ease and nature he play'd his part,
Could dance the reel, and sing the roundelay ;
Of lark and lamb young Charley had the start.
Lang twango dillo, twang lango dillo day.

BRETT.

His Catalina's smile oft gave him joy[3]
In love Phillippo was a selfish boy.
Young Brett, a credit to the Dublin choir,
With skill he touch'd old Carolan's sweet lyre,

[1] Rundy, in "The Farmer."
[2] Charley, in "The Highland Reel."
[3] Philippo, in "The Castle of Andalusia."

And sweetly bade his "Kathleen dear sleep on:"[1]
Sang Captain Cook's great fame, when Cook was gone.[2]
Though few his characters, his song was choice,
With power of compass, in his dulcet voice;
The organ tuned it in his childish days;
By lofty anthem in his Maker's praise:[3]
That voice, tho' humble, may be yet employ'd,
When where now hangs our globe is but an empty void.

CUBITT.

"Prussian Soldier[4]—Olmutz—name—Darby rogue
Mischievous—tell lies—wooden horse—Irish brogue—
Rampart—fight—duel—broadsword—flint—firelocks,
Darby—Quiz—fight—razor blades—Oder—bridge—centry box.
Mable Flourish—marry me—thief Darby—tell lies—marry Quiz:
Four foot nothing—I tall—he bounce—ugly phiz.
House good quarters—for me—Marshal Ferhbellin—lodger,
Jilt me—scoundrel Darby!—Quiz—cur—codger!

1 Dermot, in "The Poor Soldier."

2 Song in "Omai;" "Ye Chiefs of the Ocean."

3 Brett was brought up in the choir of Christ Church Cathedral, Dublin.

4 Olmutz, in "Love in a Camp;" his mode of language is here imitated.

Battle—King command—cut down—sabre—left in field—
heard gun roar—
Leg cut off—am I dead?—don't know—never died before.
Dead! food for crow!
Dead! may be so."

"Oh dang it! in my reckoning I was out,[1]
With Lady fair to try a courting bout:
Tho' I was rich, yet still I was a clown,
White still is white, brown ever will be brown."

DARLEY.

Who has a voice more mellow, sweet, and deep,
Than that meek beast that fills the frothing churn?
That gives the cream, the butter, and the meat;
And where the sheep can feed, and lambkins bleat,
Lows through the daisied mead, and down the bourne;
Like her's was Darley's voice, none held it cheap,
A bass, smooth, mellow, clear, and sweet, though deep.

That arm which heaven alone can bind,
Hew'd down the "oak with ivy twined:"[2]
Like cricket's chirp, and Darley's song,
All must to silence sink ere long.
Redeeming mercy paid the ransom fee,
Thus sire and child may "from a spot go free."

[1] Farmer Gammon, in "Wild Oats."

[2] The song of "Ere round the huge Oak," in "The Farmer."

DAVIES.

Good figure, voice for song, and smiling face,
Perfect in words, no manager could doubt him;
In Author's memory he held a place,
Play, Opera, Farce, not one produced without him.
His scheming Captain Dash, midst ice and snow,[1]
Through Highland Reel danc'd on by sly finessing;
My Lord with noble thoughts at Fontainebleau,[2]
Both brought on Author's pen a clap-hand blessing.

EDWIN.

Bowkitt[3] has danced his dance, his bow is made,
Poor Clod[4] is settled by the sexton's spade;
Darby[5] no more the royal laugh shall borrow,
No more to Kathleen's night-cap bid good morrow;
Nor Lingo[6] pose sweet Cowslip with his noun:
Proud Corney[7] from his beggar's horse is thrown;
Motley[8] has seen all this life's raree-show;
Death wins the slang-match made by Tally-ho.[9]
Pedrillo[10] diamond-like in cotton lie,

[1] Captain Dash, in the "Highland Reel."
[2] Lord Winlove, in "Fontainebleau."
[3] Bowkitt, in "The Son-in-Law."
[4] Clod, in "The Young Quaker."
[5] Darby, in "The Poor Soldier," and "Love in a Camp."
[6] Lingo, in "The Agreeable Surprise."
[7] Corney, in "The Beggar on Horseback."
[8] Motley, in "The Dead Alive."
[9] Tally-ho, in "Fontainebleau."
[10] Pedrillo, in "The Castle of Andalusia."

"Castles" must fall, and lordly owners die.
On "Isle of Col" blithe Shelty[1] shone a thistle;
That pipe's now mute, no drop to whet his whistle!
At Philip's jokes and songs once smiled a Czar,[2]
O'er Covent-Garden Church-yard twinkle star.*
My "Peeping Tom,"[3] oh! from the world he went,
And Jemmy Jumps[4] to Coventry is sent.
Now Winter's come, all gone are Summer suns,
Rupee,[5] Metheglin,[6] Cricolo,[7] and Muns;[8]
Bob Dobbin,[9] Savetier,[10] Toddy,[11] Otho[12] sly,
The comic muse now murmurs lullaby.

This hand which held the pen that made the strokes,
That gave thy native humour those prime jokes,
Once held thy pall—thy funeral moved along—
Abreast of me walk'd Shield, who gave thee song:
To Covent-Garden Church-yard flambeaux light
Gleam on the sacred duty—solemn rite.

[1] Shelty, in "The Highland Reel."
[2] Philip in "The Czar."
[3] Tom, in "Peeping Tom."
[4] Jemmy Jumps, in "The Farmer."
[5] Rupee, in "The Positive Man."
[6] Metheglin, in "The Toy."
[7] Cricolo, in "The Siege of Curzola."
[8] Muns, in "The Prisoner at Large."
[9] Bob Dobbin, in "The Man-Milliner."
[10] Savetier, in "The Grenadier."
[11] Toddy, in "Tanta Ra-ra-ra."
[12] Otho, in "The Blacksmith of Antwerp."

* Edwin is buried in St. Paul's church-yard, Covent-Garden.

MISS FONTENELLE.

She wore a tucker and a bib,
She danced a reel, she told a fib:
In bonnet blue, and tartan plaiddy,[1]
She humm'd the serjeant and her daddy.
Tho' soldier for her own Prince Charley,
To fighting she preferr'd a parley.
Lively as Catley, Jordan, Clive,
Whilst living, she was all alive.
Arch Moggy 's gone; Muse, tune the shell
In plaint for little Fontenelle!

HOLMAN.

Charles[2] doubts the friendship of the world,—he 's right,
Brings to his native village weights and scales:
He thus weighs friendships, and he finds them light.
All fine, the weather fair, and pleasant gales;
The tempest rises, and the rudder fails!

Yet Harry[3] in the actor found one friend,
With sentiment in action as in word.
'Cross wide Atlantic why thy wild course bend:
Could not Old England one small spot afford
To hold thy bones, till to thy Lord restored?
Good name well-earn'd beyond this life may live,
A mention kind may new existence give.*

1 Moggy, in "The Highland Reel."
2 Charles, in "The World in a Village."
3 Harry in "Wild Oats."

* This excellent actor and worthy man died in America.

JACKSON.

"Were you the original Orator Mum?"[1]
"Yes."
"Your Somnus Hall letter—perhaps 'twas a hum?"
"No."
"The Son-in-Law acted, did most people come?"
"Yes."
"Did I by that play touch a pretty round sum?"
"No."
"But you by your eloquence pick'd up your crumb?'
"Yes."
"Your No! and your Yes! you as well might be dumb?"
"No."
"I find, that in speaking, you're only so, so."
"Oh! Ho!"

"Two words! 'tis well that so your part is ended,
The saying true, that little said soon mended;
Our world 's a ball-room, Death leads down the dance,
You figured in, you figure out Mum chance:
Our senators, our orators, all must die;
For your two words, here take two words—Good-bye."

MRS. JORDAN.

Of Phœbus' train, art thou that weeping muse,
To Otway[2] kind, and Lee?[3]—thy looks how sad!

[1] Orator Mum, in "The Son-in-Law."
[2] Otway perished of hunger.
[3] N. Lee died mad.

Better betimes thy favours to refuse,
Than starve the verse-struck man, or run him howling mad.

Who sung Damascus' Siege,[1] escaped betimes,
Slipp'd from our world, thy favours to elude;
The laurell'd Dryden lost thy gifts in rhymes;
Far happier Stratford Willy won thee as he woo'd.

Lovely thy sister is, though not so tall,
Yet tall enough sweet Willy's heart to reach,
So charming he, that each would have him all;
His 'raptured thought by turns, was all possess'd by each.

But where thy cup of mix'd ingredients dire?
Thy poignard crimson'd with its *gouts* of blood?
Thy port is solemn! art that " muse of fire,"
That mak'st the tragic banquet's choicest, richest, food?

Dimple and rose seem hiding in thy cheek,
Neglected tresses fall thy neck adown;
From eyes like those, could angry flashes break?
Could those arch'd brows contract to purse fell anger's frown?

Among thy tears the laughing joys would hide,
Thro' crystal gems no laughing joy appears;
Thy gentle sorrows are my surest guide;
Thou 'rt *not* the muse of terrors, griefs, and chilling fears.

1 Hughes, author of " The Siege of Damascus, &c."

Thalia, thou !—I guess thy cause of woe,
Thy comic mask lies there thy feet beneath ;
The rivers of thine eye their banks o'erflow,
Thy favourite child of smiles—thy Dora lies in death !

Her smile was by a thousand smiles repaid,
Her art was nature, govern'd by thy laws,
To acts of good, full oft she lent her aid ;
Her talents gain'd her thus, with hands, the heart's applause.

For " She's Eloped " her gentle heart much grieved,
That jilt, call'd Fortune, ceased to use me well,
My comic efforts were but ill received ;
With Dora tho' she came, frowns greet my Arabel.[1]

Such virtues not in vain for mercy plead,
Though fate the roseate crown with cypress twine ;
Yes, gentle shade ! thy kind benignant deeds,
Before the throne of grace, in golden letters shine.

MRS. KENNEDY.

" My custom 's gone, my sign is down,[2]
I cannot face Kilkenny Town ;
I cannot stay in Fontainebleau,
To entertain the belle and beau ;
The public line I cannot follow,
My bottle 's crack'd, my tun is hollow ;

[1] Arabel, in " She 's Eloped."
[2] Mrs. Casey, in " Fontainebleau."

My tun with wine I cannot fill,
My merchant brought me in his bill:
If Lackland 's poor, oh! so am I,
I cannot sing, I cannot cry,
I cannot laugh, I cannot joke,
My credit 's up, and I am broke,
Nor hear the dice, or 'rhino rattle:'
To Sir John Bull, and English cattle
I can't bid welcome; Oh! I'm crazy,
My honies, pity Mrs. Casey.
I've left the world, I'm all alone,
I'm dead! I'm dead! Ogh hone! ogh hone!
That spalpeen Death, the dingy blade,
Has quite cut up my "roaring trade."

A soldier, and a poor one too,[1]
Although I might be call'd,
So fine I looked, 'tis very true
That I was much extoll'd.

I sang my "Pitcher and my Friend"
So well, the deuce is in it,
That when I sung it to the end,
They made me then begin it.

In cave, Alphonso[2] plumes the wing,
Fond Cable "Poll" deploring;[3]
When, like the swan, death's song we sing,
That song there's no encoring."

[1] Patrick, in "The Poor Soldier."
[2] Alphonso, in "The Castle of Andalusia."
[3] Cable, in "The Positive Man."

MRS. LEE. (Formerly Miss Keys.)

"To dance, to fence, to sing, to speak, to act,
All those rare gifts in my poor person pack'd!
To eye and ear on Covent-Garden stage
Exposed, like various birds in one small cage,
Awhile they perch, plume, sing,—now room they want,
They flutter, pine, and droop,—for breath they pant:
I would encourage them, my spirit stout,
Death ope'd the door; and all my birds flew out!
My Brighton Julia 'tangled in a twig,[1]
My Fanny Dickons with her hoax and rig.[2]
Ah, no! my birds, if e'er again they're caught,
Their plume, their songs, all now are good for nought;
And yet I've hope again my birds may fly,
Not pent in cage, but through yon glorious sky."

WILLIAM LEWIS.

Lackland! no longer should that name be thine,[3]
Thou'st here of land five feet and inches nine;
Green is the church-yard, and tho' small the tomb,
As Rover entered solus, he has room:[4]
He play'd his part, and now he is undress'd,
And in the Green-Room lies awhile to rest;
The trumpet's sound his prompter's bell! he'll wake,
And then 'tis hoped his benefit he'll take.

1 Julia, in "The Irish Mimic; or, Blunders at Brighton."

2 Fanny Dickons, in "Life's Vagaries."

3 Lackland, in "Fontainebleau."

4 Rover, in "Wild Oats."

His wherry! up the sail! for Hamp'on Court![1]
To please some thousands, that was all in sport.
Others to please he ran his frolic rounds;
He pleas'd himself with fifty thousand pounds.
"The Toy" his tavern; but he's now at home,
Where Aircourt's gold is wool, lead, wood, and stone;
Our "Life's Vagaries" over, curtain drops,[2]
The spring is broken, and the time-piece stops.
Left to a world, deserted and astray,
Poor youth! no hand to guide thee on thy way;
For ever wrong, with best intentions right,
Tho' dark thy tomb, thy prospects now are bright:
This side the grave our joys may yet begin,
Young Arthur had one friend, poor Timolin.

Here rest his bones, peace to his shade,
His part on our poor stage is done,
In life good characters he play'd,
Yet none were better than his own:
He proves that he could make us weep,
When all his comic powers were past;
Thalia puts on mourning deep,
Lewis succeeds in both at last;
All hurry, dash, for wealth, fame, power,
Life's bustling scenes must come to this,
We strut and fret our mimic hour;
Few end with such applause as his.

Aircourt, in "The Toy."
Arthur, in "Life's Vagaries."

MRS. MATTOCKS.

"Know friends, Miss Hallam was my name,
Mere sing-song all I ventured;
To win Thalia's wreath of fame,
With laugh her lists I entered:
Said she, 'Since song is come to this,
And you 're so smart a clack-merry,
Sweet Mrs. Mattocks now no Miss,
You shall be Betty Blackberry:'[1]

Then showed I wealth was thrown away,
On folks who much mis-used it;
When some to Fortune for it pray,
'Twere better she refused it.
The sparrow on the bough may hop,
With, 'I 'm a goldfinch, hear me:'
When Miss Eliza Timbertop,
True fashion ne'er came near me.

Of years five tens I pleas'd the London town:
Artists who from the life your portraits drew,
Would fix on me to hold them up to view
In fairest light, nor yet the colour 's flown:
In my poor features, maid, wife, widow, saw her own."

Oh! how unfair misnomer at the best,
To call an actor's life an idle life;
Vexation has it, heart-felt pangs and strife,
From toils, and sweets, and sours, good soul now take
thy rest.[2]

[1] Betty Blackberry, in "The Farmer."

[2] Mrs. Mattocks was living when I wrote the above lines, but she is now, kind soul, really *at rest*.

MATTOCKS.

A gentleman, and point-device,
Friendly, polite, in manners nice;
Tall and well made he was when young,
Form'd for the hero of the song;
Castle Fernando play'd with ease.[1]
Of ear attuned he touch'd the keys;
While living, all beloved, respected,
In hearts are monuments erected.

MRS. MARTYR, (formerly MISS THORNTON.)

" Sweet Michael Arne, to suit my manner,
Set "Cupid's drum" and silken banner;
Not favourite Kennedy was able,
With "Poll of Plymouth" sung by Cable;
By sighs and tears, and flood and wind,
To leave Cornelia[2] far behind.

And Shield, that soul of harmony,
A hunting song composed for me,[3]
The dawn proclaimed by chanticleer;
Who saw "the Czar," my song might hear:
But Incledon my song he sing would,
Old Towler leads the cry, not Ringwood.

1 Don Fernando, in "The Castle of Andalusia."
2 Cornelia, in "The Positive Man."
3 Ellen, in "The Czar."

Dear Carton, there my picture 's drawn,
In Colyeen oge, neat Kathlene [1] bawn;
In Kent, my lovely Molly Maybush, [2]
The Farmer's joy and blooming gay bush.

A sprightly little midshipman, [3]
The author thought, "no better can
Perform this part than Mrs. Martyr,
Bold on the quarter-deck I 'll start her."
In handsome uniform array'd,
So gay I sung, so arch I play'd:

A merry tar says to a brother,
"Tom, Nelson once was such another,
As that there jolly little trimbo,
With smart rattan, and arms a kimbo!"

The little midshipman, arch rogue,
Is lowered in the deep;
And in her cabin Kathlene oge,
In peace now lies asleep.
Beneath her window Dermot's duty 's paid,
He 'll never wake her by his serenade.

Cornelia's drum 's unbrac'd, silk banner torn,
For ever mute, blithe Ellen's hunting horn:
More fleet than horse or hound, the hours will fly,
Time comes when hunter and "the deer must die."

Kathlene, in "The Poor Soldier."
[2] Molly Maybush, in "The Farmer."
[3] George Streamer, in "The Sprigs of Laurel."

No more on Maybush hangs the morning dew,
Young Molly's blossoms chang'd to churchyard yew.

JOHN PALMER.

The son of Philip was esteemed a mad boy,
My Reuben, though so pleasant, was a Sadboy,[1]
As Alexander plum'd for masquerade;
But mad and sad, all one in earth when laid.
Few Pagan heroes had an undertaker,
In Lancashire was buried my Young Quaker.
Death has of time and place no settled rule—
Sudden the call, the place was Liverpool.
John Palmer's friends may say, without a boast,
He play'd good parts, of bad ones made the most.
In August eighty-three, the Prince of age
The twelfth, I brought "The Birthday" on the stage:
My hero Palmer—long departed since:[2]
Long may King George the Fourth outlive the Prince.
To lov'd Eblana* should I e'er return,
The flowers of James's churchyard grace *my* urn—
Dear native home! 'tis there I wish to die;
John Palmer chose his grave, why may not I?

MRS. POPE, (formerly Miss Young.)

This gem about Hibernia's neck was hung:
This charming actress, Pope, was once Miss Young.

[1] Young Sadboy, in "The Young Quaker."
[2] The Prince of Arragon, in "The Birth-Day." * Dublin.

My Amaranth,[1] oh! well bestow'd on thee,—
And like that flower my bay unfading be,—
While it adorned thee, well it was repaid,
Thou gav'st it beauty, colour, light, and shade;
My honour'd wreath receiv'd from thee such grace,
Thy heaven-tun'd accent, motion, person, face.
Grateful as odours in the Summer gale,
Thy lady-friend, and gentle Torrendel.[2]
From gratitude had she dispensing powers,
My Muse each year would strew thy grave with flowers.

ROCK.

When lov'd Hibernia got so quite in vogue,
Rock charm'd his audience with his Irish brogue;
Counsellor Flummery trod the stage in pumps;[3]
'Twixt Captain Valentine and Jemmy Jumps.
Hibernia's sons are sprightly, light, and tall,
Rock's brogue was big, but he himself was small.
Beneath an Irish turf his bed was made,
He died in Erin, happy Irish blade!
Till trumpet rouse the buskin and the sock,
Green shamrocks grace the tomb of little Rock.

SIGNORA SESTINI.

Taste, give to her all admiration,
Italian Opera must have quavers new,

[1] Lady Amaranth, in "Wild Oats."
[2] Lady Torrendel, in "Life's Vagaries."
[3] Counsellor Flummery, in "The Farmer."

"Andalusia" gave her renovation;
Proved manager in taste and judgment true;
And placed her in a happy point of view.

Soft cadenza of Lorenza,[1]
"Heart beating, repeating"
Night by night to loud encore,
"Heart surrender," to her tender
Roseate chaplets, which with grace she wore.

Then her Baba[2] of Curzola,
Where the women mann'd the Mola.
Ah! no Sestini e'er shall charm us more:
No decapo can be sung,
Once the curtain down is rung;
Lovely, charming, tuneful, clever,
At a beck must go for ever.

MRS. WELLS.

The violet withers, and the snow-drop sinks,
Carnations droop, and fragrant stocks and pinks:
The beauteous tulip too must droop its head,
The rose it fades for, ah! my Cowslip's dead,[3]

WEWITZER.

The world I left is all a Bagatellè,[4]
So said some learned men who knew it well;

[1] Lorenza, in "The Castle of Andalusia."
[2] Signora Baba, in "The Siege of Curzola."
[3] Cowslip, in "The Agreeable Surprise."
[4] Bagatelle, in "The Poor Soldier."

Tho' some are Christians call'd, and some are Jews,
Yet sorry am I, some are Shadrach Boaz;[1]
Poor mimic Colonel Epaulette's[2] gone dead,
Yet on my shoulders here I brought my head:
Britannia rule the vay! brave English foes,
In Neptune's channel, strife for ever close."

I talk'd of enemy, henceforth be friends—
Foe! thou accursed word, for ever die.
The Rainbow sign of peace its colours blends;
Peace shine on land, and sea as in yon sky,
Bright Covenant of pure Celestial harmony.
French sword be sheath'd, reversed be Britain's lance,
No gauntlet hence fling down, in glove shake hands
with France.

MISS WHEELER.

Meteor, sudden, short thy course,
Shedding light, tho' swiftly flying;
Muse of melody thy nurse,
Swan like sweet, tho' warbling, dying.
Celia's[3] song, enchanting sound,
Swift as finger of Giordini,
"Search the wide Creation round"
No such pupil found Rauzzini.

[1] Shadrach Boaz, in "The Young Quaker."
[2] Colonel Epaulette, in "Fontainebleau."
[3] Celia, in "Fontainebleau."

RICHARD WILSON.

"On Garlic Hill, tho' I was once a grocer,
I went to see a race at Fontainebleau, Sir;
There I was cheated by Squire Tally-ho, Sir:
Now all of Sir John Bull[1] you know, Sir.

No better Seaman Boatswain e'er sail'd under,
Than was my noble Captain, Sir George Thunder:
He plough'd the ocean, and he sow'd " Wild Oats;
No tighter ship upon the billow floats.
Alive, I was an odd fish call'd—John Dory,[2]
And tho' I'm dead, I scorn to tell a story."

As Wilson every effort tries,
To make his comic humour rise,
Agreeable, though no Surprise,
  To pit, and box, and gallery;
As gallery, pit, and boxes fill,
And grist is brought into the mill,
So Jewell pays with right good will
  To Wilson his week's salary.

Sir Felix Friendly[3] was his part,
Tho' Lingo of it got the start,
Yet Wilson's histrionic art
  Brought him his cheering nappy:

[1] Sir John Bull, in "Fontainebleau."
[2] John Dory, in "Wild Oats."
[3] Sir Felix Friendly, in the "Agreeable Surprise."

And well he lov'd the festive board:
Yet tho' no guineas up he stor'd,
Let 's hope, thro' mercies of the Lord,
That Felix may be happy.

WOOD.

" In Fourteenth Louis' fighting reign,
Some Irish boys, from Blarney,
At sweet Cremona, beat Eugene,*
But not Eugene Beauharnois.
To earn my bread, I was endued
With sentiments most proper,
And so became an artist good,
To draw and scrape on copper.
The monitor, necessity,
Proved to my youth a bridle,
And flat and fairly said to me,—
Eugene[1] must not be idle,
And gave me thus to understand,
No gold did I inherit:
I studied for sweet Laura's hand,
To win her by my merit."

Stern poverty unmasks professing friends,
Want brings in truth, fallacious friendship ends;
Their trick on aunt, and uncle, tho' complete,
Yet want can never justify deceit.

* A. D. 1702.
[1] Eugene, in " The Agreeable Surprise."

A loving wife her Edward[1] may survive;
She sighing says, the Dead is not Alive.

"The year was one and seven, and seven and nine,
When thus said I to me:—This year is mine,
From counting-house, in St. Mary's Axe to go,
And shine "a monstrous handsome city beau"
In Suffolk-street, close by the Royal Mews;
Large three-cock'd hat, and "sable satin shoes;"
My silver buckles big as e'er you saw;—
Who set that fashion? Royal young Artois.
Love hid me once in shell of double bass,
Tho' now a coffin is my fiddle case;
My dirge, much lov'd Cecilia, sing and play,
Strew flowers upon the grave of your Bouquet."[2]

Of man of fashion, and of man of trade,
The house must close, the bright Bouquet must fade;
High Phæton, and glorious sun must set;
All must "Whereas" it in the great gazette.
But when shall come that dread accounting day,
Let's hope poor bankrupts, tho' we cannot pay
Above our human dealings, One Supreme,
What we have lost his mercies will redeem.

CARVER, LOUTHERBOURG, and RICHARDS,

SCENE-PAINTERS TO THE THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

Though from Thalia's stores I drew my lot,
Should Painting, once my joy, be quite forgot?

[1] Edward, in "The Dead Alive."
[2] Bouquet, in "The Son-in-Law."

Tho' lost to memory thy lovely face,
Come, here amongst my numbers take thy place;
That part of thee, all grand, sublime, serene,
Which to the words and action gives the scene;
What to spectators such new pleasure brings,
From wonders done by *cloudings*, *flats*, and *wings*;
The Painter customs marks, he notes the clime,
And then adapts his scenes to place and time;
Observes what seasons, morning, noon, or night,
Sun-rise, sun-set, and stage devoid of light.
My castle, forest, cavern, undermining,
By Carver painted, Richard's first designing;
A Loutherbourg's bold genius took full range,
Through Cook's South Islands, savage, wild, and strange;
In pieces cut, broad scene that seem'd so nigh,
Thus spreading miles of distance to the eye;
Opaque he made transparent on occasion,
Volcano, sun-set, or a conflagration;
And my Omai furnish'd him with scope,
To give a full effect to ardent hope.

WILDE,

PROMPTER TO COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

Say, who conducts that grand superb machine,
By which three Muses, loveliest of the Nine,
With pen and pencil, and with voice, combine
To charm, delight,—himself the while unseen:
Not like Italian Opera prompting chap,
Who thrusts his pate and snuff-box up the trap;
Our English prompter keeps beside the scene.

The play received, by manager 'tis cast:
  Aloud in green-room to performers read,
  Each keeps his eye upon his part—nought said.
Rehearsal 's call'd, and, from the first to last,
  The prompter on the stage at table sits:
  He vers'd in works of great and little wits,
What safe and dangerous can with art contrast.

Thro' dressing-rooms is heard the warning call,
  "First music, gentlemen; first music, ladies:"
"Third music!" that 's the notice to appal;
  Like summons from Lord Mayor, or huffing cadies:
The call-boy is this herald's appellation.
The curtain up, the prompter takes his station.

'Tis not alone with art to throw the word,
  If actors in their parts should make a stand;
To prompter many duties more belong,
  Than biding at the wing with book in hand.
Of their go-off, come on, he points the sides,
  By margin letters of P. S. O. P.
Stage properties, stage business, music, band,
  Of stage arcana prompter keeps the key.
He writes the playbills out, pens paragraphs,
  Marks forfeits down for every stage neglect.
The audience gone, he, ere the lights are out,
  Of all new scenes tries every new effect:
And, from eleven o'clock, perhaps till three,
  He in his duty all that time must spend;
And then from six to twelve o'clock at night,
  Upon the stage the Prompter must attend.

Though folks who come and pay to be amused,
Have with such petty trifles no concern.
The wisest of us all more wise may be,
And all must be more wise the more they learn.

This Prompter Wilde, no stir, no bustle made,
By gentle means did all he had to do;
With diligence his task he well perform'd,
And prompted of my plays just forty-two.

As thro' the churchyard, walking with his friend,
That friend was Palmer, Liverpool the town,
Each chose his grave, and awful was the choice,
Fate gave the word, Death rang the curtain down.

HUGHES,

TREASURER TO COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

Works which the poet's fame must sink or raise,
Excited nor his censure nor his praise.
Yet critics shrewd, and managers, must say,
None better knew the value of a play.
He drew his knowledge, not from Shakspeare's school,
But judg'd by wise Sam Butler's simple rule.
Nor smiles nor frowns to actor or to bard—
He gave, as runs our world, that best reward,
Which bids the grumbling vintner's tongue lie still,
And of its terrors robs the tailor's bill.
Now, tho' his body moulder in the grave,
Let 's hope his thoughts and acts his soul may save.
No *charges of the night;* no nightly pay;
Remit his charges, Heaven! in nightless day.

THE FOLLOWING LINES

I wrote for the opening of the New Theatre Royal, Covent Garden,* the 18th of September, 1809, and sent them, but they were not spoken: however, I enclosed them in a letter to the Editor of *The Morning Herald,* in which they appeared, with my name.

Good was the heart that wish'd the work well done;
Skilful the hand that laid the corner stone;
Joy to the Prince who thus could condescend,
The royal mason, patron, and the friend.*
Here, though the Muse yet breathe her thousand words;
Good was the word first uttered on these boards.
Oh, word of joy! auspicious may it be,
To those who speak and act, who hear and see.
The stage which on this spot so lately stood,
Tho' raised for useful purposes and good:
With wit and moral, hearts to charm and mend,—
A good beginning,—had an evil end.
Yet hence, with every thought on ills gone by,
Far from these walls let griefs and sorrows fly.
Except when Pity bids the eyes o'erflow,
And tender bosoms heave for mimic woe.
Thalia here shall have her pathos deep;
And like a vernal morn in smiles shall weep.
Here sportive Farce your bursting sides shall strain,
And make you laugh until you weep again.

* The first stone of Covent Garden Theatre was laid 31st December, 1808, by His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

In splendid Melo-drama we 'll excell,
And action quaint the wondrous story tell.
Here hovers magic Lun![1] yes, motley sprite!
Again shall flap thy wooden sword of might.
To friends warm welcome give, and Christmas cheer,
Pizarro[2] givé no more house-warmings here;
We saw our Phœnix in her flames expire,
Who now revives in Shakspeare's "Muse of Fire,"[3]
Then should we sigh and say our bird is gone,
Again she lives in Avon's tuneful swan.
The thought that yet ne'er sprang athwart the brain
Shall fill this space, and swell the choral strain;
From bards unborn, new treasures we 'll derive,
They 'll store their honey in our new-made hive.
The babes now sleep, light sylphs their cradles rock,
Who yet may grace our buskin and our sock.
A future Gay[4] may whirl our Thespian car,
And future Powels[5] stalk through Temple Bar;
With Catley's[6] "Rosy wine" you may be cheer'd,
Your British sailors praised by Johnny Beard;[7]

[1] Rich acted Harlequin under the name of Lun.

[2] Pizarro was the play acted the night the old theatre was burned.

[3] Pointing to the playbill of "Macbeth," which was the performance of the evening.

[4] Author of the Beggar's Opera, which came out at Covent-Garden.

[5] Powel, the great tragedian, was apprentice to Sir R. Ladbrooke, in the City of London.

[6] Miss Catley's favorite song, in Comus.

[7] Beard the fine singer, and manager of Covent Garden Theatre.

An Edwin's joke yet rouse the general roar,
Melodious Kennedy obey, "encore!"
In Covent Garden still shall bloom the bay,
And Brents[1] and Fentons[2] warble on the spray;
Should some Sestini with a newer name
Perch here again, to us attach no blame;
Let birds of passage pipe with trill and grace,
They thrust no piping Bulfinch from its place;
Here English genius shall its perch maintain,
While English oak shall triumph o'er the main.
Your fostering smile is still our genial sun,
If you approve, our wealth is nobly won;
We would be modest, but our pride is great,
Our ship is launch'd, rigg'd, mann'd, and such a freight!
(Bows to the audience.)
Our anchor's up! *(the curtain rises.)* Behold our canvas spread, *(Points to the scenes.)*
A winged Fame the figure at her head!
We're under weigh *(the prompter's whistle is heard.)* and hark! the boatswain's call,
He pipes all hands—success—and welcome all!

THE AUTHOR'S WINNING POST.

Ere Roman triumph was decreed,
The victor for himself must plead,
And tell the when, the where, and how:
He won the laurel for his brow:

[1] Miss Brent, afterwards Mrs. Pinto.

[2] Miss Fenton, afterwards Duchess of Bolton. The original Polly, in "The Beggar's Opera."

Though for ourselves the trump we blow,
That duty to ourselves we owe.
Upon my lov'd, my native isle,
My "Farmer" shall not cease to smile;
On Irish sod my "Wild Oats" grow,
"Bowkitt" on green sod point the toe;
My "Castle" stand the shock of fate,
My "Soldier Patrick" guard the gate;
On "Wicklow Mountains" winds be still
Bribed by the gold of Croghan Hill:
On "Horseback" shall my "Beggar" ride;
My "Dead Alive" has never died;
Sly "Tom" still peep at "Coventry;"
"Rogues all" shall "Merry Mourners" be,
My "Magic Banner" nobly flap,
"Bob Dobbin" make my lady's cap,
My "Darby" crack his jokes in "Prussia;"
My "Czar" bring civil arts to Russia:
My "Rival Soldiers" never quarrel,
My "Shamrock" grace my "Sprigs of Laurel."
"Curzola's" women beat the Turk,
For them my "Basket-maker" work;
My "Highland" Mog, a roving boy,
Of "Life's Vagaries" make her "Toy;"
The "Village" be a looking-glass,
The "World" there see itself *en masse.*
While laughing 's good, my "London Hermit"
To keep the stage has got a permit:
My "Blacksmith's" hammer strikes pure gold,
While Windsor's walls his picture hold.
Phœbus on royal "Birthday" rose:
Should I in "Doldrum" take my dose?

Upon my fame be "Toby Tacit,"
Whilst every gale refreshing has it?
Where "Tony Lumpkin" came to town
He planted first my green renown,
Where my "Young Quaker" bared his block,
He placed my Muse upon a rock.

Yet when I die, though all may laugh,
"Lingo" shall write my epitaph;
Sweet mercy "Lackland's" debt discharge,
And set the "Prisoner at Large;"
And if my bust in Abbey rise,
What an "Agreeable Surprise!"

THE END.

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